

LIPPINCOTT'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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FROM CLUE TO CLIMAX.

CHAPTER I.

THE milkman left a can of milk on the front veranda and drove on to the next house in the street. The iceman came along half an hour later, looked curiously at the closed door, as he unfastened the hooks from a block of ice, and rapped loudly on the step, but no one came to answer his call.

An hour later a young man sleeping in the front room down-stairs awoke suddenly and sat up in bed. He was astonished to note that the sunlight on the carpet extended from the window far into the room, indicating that the sun had risen above the tall buildings across the street. He felt a strange heaviness in his head, and a desire to lie down again, but he shook off the feeling, and rose and began to dress.

What could be the matter? The little clock on his dressing-case pointed to ten. What had caused him to oversleep? Why had Mr. Strong not waked him as usual? The old man was always up with the sun, and had never allowed him to sleep later than eight.

The young man hurriedly put on his trousers, thrust his feet into his slippers, and drew aside the portière that hung between his room and his uncle's. Strong's bed was in the right-hand corner of the room, and Whidby could see the back part of his head and one side of his gray whiskers.

Whidby called to him softly, but Strong did not stir. Whidby called again, and stamped his foot, but still the old man remained motionless.

"That's queer," murmured Whidby, as he approached the bed. Strong's face was towards the window; his eyes were open; a ghastly smile was on his face. He was dead. Whidby saw that by the awful pallor of his face, which made each hair of the beard stand out as if under a magnifying glass. For a moment Whidby stood as if turned

to stone; then he drew down the sheet, which had been drawn up closely under the old man's chin, and saw the long deep gash in the throat and the dark clots of the blood which had soaked into the mattress.

Whidby was strangely calm. In an instant he had decided on a course of action. He stepped to the telephone across the room, and looked over the directory; then he rang, and held the receiver to his ear.

"Hello," he said, "that's the central office, isn't it? Well, all right; one seventy-six on four eighty-two, please."

"Well, what is it?" presently came from the telephone.

"Is that Police Head-Quarters?"

"Yes."

"I am Alfred Whidby, 278 Leighton Avenue. A horrible thing has occurred here during the night. I have just discovered that my uncle, Mr. Strong,—Richard N. Strong, the banker,—has been murdered. Come and attend to it."

There was a silence, broken by a low, indistinct murmuring as if people were talking at the other end of the wire; then the reply came:

"All right; as soon as we can get there."

Then Whidby hung up the receiver, and rang the bell. He went back into his room, put on his shirt, collar, and necktie, and brushed his hair. His head still felt heavy and ached a little. The electric cars were whirring past the house, and a blind man was playing an accordion a few doors away. There was a crunching step on the gravelled walk near his window: Whidby raised the sash and looked out. It was Matthews, the gardener.

Seeing Whidby, he touched his hat, stopped, and asked after Mr. Strong. Whidby made no reply, but sat down on the window-sill and stared at the old man. He was wondering if the police would prefer for him to keep the news from the gardener. It was the look of slow astonishment coming into Matthews's eyes that made him decide what to say.

"Matthews," he said, "something has happened; I can tell you that much, but that is all. I have telephoned the police; you'd better not come in till they get here. If I were you I'd go on with my work: the rose-bushes near the fountain need trimming."

Matthews stared and started to speak, but Whidby withdrew, sat down on the side of his bed, and tried to collect his thoughts. Suddenly he was roused by a sharp ring at the door-bell. Whidby's heart sank, and he was all in a quiver, but he rose calmly and went to the door. It was a boy with the morning paper. He held also a bill in his hand, and wanted to collect the money due to him for delivering the paper for the month past, but Whidby sent him away, and stood for several minutes in the door-way watching the crowd passing in the street. Then he closed the door, and went into his uncle's room and walked restlessly to and fro at the foot of the bed. Suddenly he stopped at the telephone and rang the bell.

"One seventy-five on four eighty-two, please," he said.

"Hello there," was the reply.

"Well?" asked Whidby.

"You are one seventy-six instead of one seventy-five, aren't you?"

"Yes. Did I say one seventy-five? I meant one seventy-six."

"All right; there you are, Mr. Whidby."

"Whidby!" thought the young man. "I wonder how he knew my name. Ah, he must have overheard me speaking to the police."

The bell rang.

"Hello," said Whidby. "Is that Police Head-Quarters?"

"Yes. What is it?"

"This is Alfred Whidby, 278 Leighton Avenue——"

"I know; but what is wrong now?"

"I telephoned you about the murder up here. Aren't you going to send some one to see about it?"

"That was only a few minutes ago, Mr. Whidby, and it is over two miles. Captain Welsh has just left with Mr. Minard Hendricks, the famous New York detective, who happens to be in town."

"Ah, I see," said Whidby: "the time drags with me, you know. I am all alone."

"I understand. Good-by."

"Good-by."

The young man turned and walked round the bed for another look at Strong's face. Surely, he thought, that weird smile and the twinkle in the dead man's eyes were the most remarkable things ever connected with a murder case. He could not bear to look at the face, so he went into his own room. He wondered what had caused him to oversleep. He went to his bed and smelt the pillows to see if he could detect traces of chloroform. He had decided that he could not have been drugged, when the bell of a passing car caught his ear. He knew that the car had stopped in front of the house by the whirring, chromatic sound as it started on again. Then he heard steps on the veranda and went to the door.

CHAPTER II.

It was Captain Welsh, the Chief of Police, and Mr. Minard Hendricks, the detective from New York. The latter scarcely nodded when he was introduced to Whidby. His sharp, gray eyes, under massive, shaggy brows, rested on the key which he had just heard Whidby turn in the lock.

"Has no one been out at this door this morning?" he asked, abruptly.

"No," stammered Whidby,—"yes; that is, I came to answer the ring of a newsboy a moment ago."

"And you locked the door after he left?"

"Yes."

"Why did you do it?" The detective's eyes were roving about the veranda, hall, and yard, but his tone sounded sharp and to the point. Whidby felt that he was waiting for a reply.

"I don't know," replied the young man, helplessly. "I suppose I

was excited, and it seemed to me that it would be best to keep curious people out till you came."

"Certainly," remarked Captain Welsh; but the detective went on with a frown:

"Was the door unlocked when you opened it for the newsboy?"

"I—I'm afraid I can't remember," answered Whidby.

"That is unfortunate," said Hendricks. "Where is the body?"

"This way," replied Whidby. "The second door on the right."

The detective opened the door, and the others followed him to the bed. He looked long and silently at the face of the dead man; then he said, "Has any one touched this sheet since you discovered the murder?"

"I drew it down to see where he was wounded. If I had thought——"

"No matter," replied the detective, and he lifted the sheet and examined the gash. Then he replaced it carefully, and asked, "How was the sheet arranged when you found him?"

"Just as it is now, I think," said Whidby. "Just as if the murderer had replaced it with both hands, one on each side, as you did."

"Stand where you are," Hendricks suddenly ordered. He raised the window-shade, went down on hands and knees, and made a minute examination of the carpet. Then he rose and surveyed the room. "Where did you sleep?" he asked.

Whidby pointed to the portière. "In that room."

The detective drew the heavy curtains aside.

"You came through here this morning?" he asked.

"Yes."

Hendricks looked at Whidby's bed. "Slept later this morning than usual, eh?" he asked.

"Yes; I don't know what was the matter with me. I felt heavy-headed and dizzy when I awoke."

Captain Welsh nodded knowingly, but said nothing.

"You telephoned as soon as you discovered the body?" Hendricks went on.

"Yes."

"Where do you get your meals?"

"Here, usually; but to-day the cook is away on leave of absence. Uncle and I were going over to the Randolph, the restaurant on the corner, for our meals till she returned."

"Have you eaten anything this morning?"

"No."

"Well, you'd better go: we'll look after everything and telephone the coroner."

"All right," replied Whidby. He turned to the wash-stand and filled a basin from a pitcher of water. "In my excitement I forgot to wash my face and hands."

"Stop!" cried Hendricks, and he caught Whidby's arm as his hands were almost in the water. "Pardon me, but you've stained your fingers somehow."

The young man stared at his right hand in surprise. There was a

faint red smudge on the thumb and fingers. "Why," he said, "I don't see how it could have got there, unless—— I wonder if——" Whidby turned quickly into the other room and bent over Strong's bed. "Ah," he cried to the others. "See! I must have got it from the corner of the sheet when I put it back; you see there is blood on the under side."

The detective had followed Whidby no further than the portière, where he stood indifferently watching the young man's movements.

"Yes, from the sheet or this curtain," he replied, pointing to an almost invisible spot of blood on the portière.

"Then the fellow must have been in my room too," said Whidby, wondering.

"And just after the deed was done," Hendricks remarked.

The young man stared at the detective curiously as he returned to the wash-stand and took off his coat. "Look," he cried to him, "here is some of it on my cuff."

"I noticed that," replied the detective. "It is a drop of blood. Perhaps you had better detach the cuff and give it to me. You did not sleep in that shirt?"

"No." Whidby gave him the cuff.

"Where did you lay the shirt last night when you took it off?"

"On that chair near my bed," answered Whidby.

"That's all you can do for us," said Hendricks. "You'd better go to breakfast."

Whidby crossed the street and entered the restaurant on the corner. He took a seat at the table the farthest from the door, and ordered some eggs, coffee, rolls, and butter; but he found that he had no appetite, and he drank his coffee when it was so hot that it burnt his lips. Then he bought a newspaper, and sat for ten minutes gazing at it absently.

On his return home he found the yard filled with a crowd of curious people. Some of them stood on the veranda near the windows. The door was closed. Whidby tried the knob, but it was locked. Turning, he saw Matthews coming round the corner of the house.

"Captain Welsh asked me to send you in at the rear door," the man said. "They're goin' to hold a inquest on 'im."

Whidby followed the gardener into the house. How he disliked to see the body again, and the strange smile on the dead man's face! But there was no help for it. He must do what he could towards bringing the criminal to justice.

The atmosphere of Strong's room was so close that Whidby could hardly breathe, and the perfume from the conservatory sickened him. The coroner and jury had arrived. Indeed, they seemed to be waiting for him. He sat down near a window. He wondered what they would ask him, and if he could make intelligent replies.

The coroner opened the proceedings with a few words to the jury, and Whidby thought they stared at him furtively whenever his name was mentioned. Then his testimony was called for, and Whidby felt that he was repeating word for word the account he had given Hendricks a short while before.

The detective rose next and told in careful detail how the police had been called to the telephone by Whidby and first informed of the murder; how the young man had met him and Welsh at the door, and what was said about whether the door was locked. He spoke of the blood-stain on Whidby's hand, and produced the cuff with the drop of blood on it. It was his opinion, he said, that the cuff could not have been worn at the time it received the drop, nor for at least half an hour afterwards, for, as the jury could see, the blood had dried in such a shape as to prove that it had remained motionless for some time. Mr. Whidby had said that the shirt with the cuff attached had lain on a chair near his bed all night.

Then the coroner called for Whidby's night-shirt, and the jury passed it from one to the other and examined it carefully. At that moment Whidby rose to call attention to the blood on the portière, and on the corner of the sheet, which he thought Hendricks and Captain Welsh had forgotten to mention, but the coroner ordered him, rather coldly, to sit down.

Matthews was next called, but he could testify to nothing except that he slept in the cottage behind the house and had not waked during the night. Then the coroner requested Whidby and Matthews to leave the room, and Whidby went into the library across the hall and closed the door behind him.

He sat down and tried to collect his thoughts, but it was impossible. Half an hour went by. He heard the jury tramp through the hall, cross the veranda, and go out at the gate. Then Matthews rapped on the door.

"Come in," said Whidby.

"Two undertakers are waitin' outside, sir," said the servant. "They both want the job. I tol' 'em I'd see you about it."

"Use your judgment; engage one of them. I can't attend to it." Whidby called to the old man as he was closing the door. "What was the verdict of the jury?" he asked.

"Met his death by the hand of some person unknown, sir. They called me back to open the windows, and I stayed."

"Ah, you remained in there."

Matthews opened the door a little wider and stood in the opening. "Your name came up mighty often, sir, after you went out."

"My name? what did they say about me?"

"I didn't catch it all, sir, but the detective mentioned the stain on your hand and said it no doubt came from the sheet or from the curtain between the rooms. He said your explanation satisfied him, and that he did not believe a guilty man would wait for the police to come before he washed his hands and then do it right before 'em. It seems to me it would be foolish to mix you up in it, sir, even if you did know about the will."

"Will? What will are you talking about?" asked Whidby, abruptly.

"Why, master's will, sir. They must 'a' opened his desk an' got into his private papers, for they said there was a will makin' you heir to all the property. They seemed to think there was motive enough, but they couldn't fasten it on you."

"What else did you hear, Matthews?" Whidby had turned pale, and was twisting his handkerchief tightly in his hands. "If one is to be suspected of murdering one's nearest relative in cold blood, it is a substantial comfort to know that there is not enough evidence to convict. Did you hear anything else?"

"Nothin' important, sir. There was a good deal said about a report that master was thinkin' about gettin' married, and that he would likely alter his will if he did. Mr. Soddingham mentioned that it had been talked of at the club, but that you had laughed at the report. They seemed to have found some of the young lady's letters with master's papers, and they appeared to point that way."

"I think I did deny the report at first," said Whidby, thoughtfully, "but I confess I had just begun to think my uncle was in love. She is a worthy young woman, but much too young for him, and was influenced by his wealth. Perhaps you had better go and speak to the undertaker. I suppose they will want to put the coffin in here. I shall go up-stairs and occupy the front room. I don't feel like going out; my head aches, and I don't seem to have half my wits about me. I could not rest in my old room with the undertaker in the other."

CHAPTER III.

As Whidby ascended the stairs in the hall, Matthews admitted one of the undertakers and his assistants and showed them into Strong's room. Whidby went into the bedroom above, closed the door, threw himself on a lounge, and shut his eyes. In a few minutes he began to feel less nervous. A restful sensation stole over him, and he felt sleepy. Suddenly his mind reverted to what seemed a vague dream of the night before. Was it a dream, or could it have been reality? He sprang up, quivering all over with excitement, but the more he thought of it the more the memory evaded him, till in desperation he sat down on the lounge and buried his face in his hands. Just then he heard a step in the hall, and some one rapped on his door.

He rose and went to the door. It was Matthews.

"Colonel Warrenton is down-stairs, sir, and wants to see you."

"Send him up here," said Whidby. "I don't care to go down."

In a moment Colonel Warrenton entered. He was a short, middle-aged man, with a red face and iron-gray hair. He put his silk hat on a table and gave Whidby his hand.

"I was dumfounded by the news," he said. "We are such good friends that I waived all ceremony and came right round."

"I'm glad you did, old man," returned Whidby. "Sit down, and excuse me if I am not entertaining. The truth is, I am badly broken up over this affair. Something is wrong with me: I am not myself at all."

The visitor's glance wandered aimlessly about the room in the silence that followed Whidby's remark. Then the colonel said,—

"You need not tell me anything. I have heard all about it from Captain Welsh. He and I have been intimate friends for years. You

have not asked for my advice, but, my boy, I love you like a brother, and I don't want to see you run your head into trouble for the lack of a lawyer's opinion."

"Why do I need legal advice?" asked Whidby, nervously. "In what way? I don't understand."

The lawyer drew his chair nearer to the young man, who was seated on the lounge, and laid his hand on his knee.

"Of course it is absurd to think of your being concerned in Strong's death, Alfred," he began; "but I am obliged, through the force of habit, to look at such affairs from a professional stand-point. I know you are innocent; but innocent men have been hanged before this, and I have seen men put on trial for murder with less circumstantial evidence against them than there is against you."

Whidby brushed back his dishevelled hair with a quivering hand, and stared at his friend.

"You mean that I may yet be accused?"

"It all depends on Hendricks," the colonel interrupted. "He is the brightest man in his line in the world. If he gets on the track of the real criminal, you are all right, and not a soul will accuse you; but if his investigations should be confined to this house it might grow very unpleasant for you. It struck me that this view of the case might not occur to you, and that is the reason I am here. You see, it is well that I came of my own accord, for if you had sent for me it might have had an ugly look."

The young man rose and began to walk to and fro across the room. "I am very much obliged," he sighed. "I never dreamed of being suspected. Matthews said that after I left the room during the inquest something was brought up about the blood-stain on my hand and uncle's will; but that did not trouble me."

Colonel Warrenton's glance followed his friend's form back and forth for a moment; then he said,—

"Pardon me, my boy, but do you really know if you got the blood on your hand from the sheet, or from the portière? Is your memory clear on that point?"

"No; I did not notice it till I started to wash my hands. In fact, the detective called my attention to it. I must have been very much excited, or I would have noticed a thing like that; but, old man, my head is in such a whirl that I do not know what I am saying. I overslept, and feel as if I had been drugged. Besides,"—Whidby stopped at the colonel's side and put his hand on his shoulder,—"*besides*, to tell the truth, something has come into my mind since I have been in this room,—something I did not remember at the inquest. Perhaps I ought to tell the police about it, since I did not think of it when testifying. As I was lying down just before you came up, something flashed into my mind like a dream. I seemed to recall walking about my room and being half waked by stumbling over a chair near my bed. I caught the chair to steady myself, and half remember that my shirt, which I had thrown on the chair when I went to bed, fell on the floor. It seems to me that I picked up the shirt and replaced it, and then went back to bed. I know the shirt was on the chair when

I waked this morning, but I can't imagine what I was doing up in the night."

"Ah, that is indeed curious," said the lawyer, thoughtfully. "Can you remember passing the portière, or touching it with your hand?"

"No; I have told you all I remember."

"Was the chair between the portière and your bed?"

"Yes."

"Was the back or the front part of the chair towards the portière?"

"The back."

"You are sure of that?"

"Yes; it is quite clear to me, though I can't explain why, that I ran against the back of the chair."

"Then you were undoubtedly coming from the direction of the portière and going towards your bed?"

"It seems so."

"Do you walk in your sleep?"

"Not now; at least, not to my knowledge. I used to do it when I was a boy."

"At that time were you ever conscious afterwards of having done so?"

"Yes; I would sometimes get lost in my room and be unable to find my way back to bed till I waked."

"That showed you had a habit of walking about and unconsciously returning to bed. It was only when something half roused you that you were unable to act for yourself." Colonel Warrenton reflected for a moment; then he said, "Look here, Alfred; I want to give you some advice. You have truthfully testified on oath as to what happened last night to the best of your memory at the time you were questioned. This little circumstance has since come into your mind. Now, my advice to you is to keep this to yourself,—unless, of course, you should be called to testify again."

"Why?" asked Whidby.

"For the sake of your personal safety. Innocent men have been executed for crime too often for one to deliberately put his head into a halter."

"Pooh!" said the young man, uneasily. "It seems like confessing to guilt to keep back anything bearing on the case."

"You are not capable of seeing what is best for you to-day, my boy. Don't say anything about it for a while, anyway,—at least, not till I see you again."

"All right; I can promise that," said Whidby, as he shook hands with the lawyer.

Whidby continued to pace the floor of the room until Matthews rapped at the door.

"What is it now?" asked Whidby, admitting him.

"A lady in the library to see you, sir."

"A lady to see me? Who is it?"

"I took her to be Miss Delmar, sir."

"Annette—Miss Delmar? You must be mistaken."

"I think not, sir."

"Tell her I will be down at once." Whidby turned to a mirror and stared at his haggard features and dishevelled hair. "I wonder what she can want," he said to himself, as Matthews softly closed the door. "This is no place for her. Poor girl! She has heard the reports, and could not wait."

Descending the stairs and turning into the library, Whidby found the visitor standing at a window looking into the yard.

"Annette!" he exclaimed, as she turned, and he advanced to her with extended hands.

"Oh, Alfred!" she cried, softly, as she put her hands into his. "I am so sorry about this." Then she saw his face in the light from the windows, and shrank back in amazement. "Why, why, you are ill! You look—I never saw you look so badly. What is the matter?"

"I have had an awful time of it," he said, drawing her into his arms. "I suppose I show it. But why did you come here? Why didn't you wait? I was coming round as soon as possible."

"I couldn't wait, dear," she said. "I simply should have gone mad. I knew you could explain." She shuddered. "Where is it?—your uncle, I mean."

He nodded towards the room across the hall.

"In there. The undertakers have it in charge."

She drew more closely to him.

"This is certainly a proof of my love, Alfred," she said, smiling faintly. "There never lived a soul with a greater horror of such things than I have, and yet I came. No, I could not wait. You know how papa is. He never had much faith in you anyway, and this morning when he heard the news down town he came right home to see me. Oh, he acted shamefully! I hate to think that he is my father. I could not tell you all he said."

Her voice had sunk into a whisper, and she hid her pretty face on his shoulder to keep him from seeing the tears in her eyes.

"What did he say?" asked Whidby.

"Oh, he says they think you did it. He says there is undoubted evidence against you."

Whidby was silent for a moment, drawing his breath rapidly, and looking more careworn than ever. He raised her face with a trembling hand and looked into her eyes.

"Pshaw! Didn't he know that the coroner's jury gave a verdict that—that uncle met his death at the hands of some person unknown?"

"Yes, but he said you were going to be tried for the crime, and that it was the general opinion you'd be found guilty. He said your movements were watched by the police, and that you could not escape. I stood up for you, and we had some hot words. He forbade me to receive you at home, and so I stole away and came here. Nothing on earth would make me think you could do such a thing, and I know you will establish your innocence."

Whidby made no reply. He was thinking, with a heavy heart, of the dream-like impression he had recalled of being up in the night,

and of the blood-stain on his hand. To avoid the girl's searching eyes, he turned and led her to a sofa.

"What is the matter?" she asked, taking his hand in both of hers when they were seated, and anxiously stroking it. "You seem absent-minded. You are not like yourself."

"I am awfully done up, Annette," he answered. "You don't know what I have gone through. I am acting on the advice of Colonel Warrenton. He is sure that he can pull me out of this, though even he says I am in danger unless—unless the real criminal can be traced."

"In danger? Does he think that? Oh, Alfred, I can't bear it! It was already hard enough as it was, with papa's objection to you on account of your lack of means, and now—to think that you—you! must be tried for your life, that you must be suspected of—— Oh, I can't bear it!" And the girl burst into tears.

Whidby tried to soothe her with caresses and tender words, but the horror of his situation bore down on him with such force that he found himself utterly helpless to console her.

"You'd better not stay, darling," he said, presently. "They are going to bring the coffin into this room, and you must not be here. Poor little girl! To think that I should bring such trouble on you!"

Miss Delmar rose and wiped her eyes.

"I was a goose to break down that way," she said, forcing a smile. "I came to try to comfort you with an assurance of my faith in you, and I've acted like a school-girl. You will write to me, or send Colonel Warrenton to see me, as soon as you know anything definite, won't you?"

"Certainly," he replied. "Don't worry. It will all come out right. You shall hear from me every day. I will send the colonel round this evening."

Whidby stood at the window and watched her graceful figure pass through the gate and cross the street.

"I'm sure I did right in not telling her about that after-thought of mine," he reflected. "It would only worry her, and—and perhaps it means nothing after all. And yet—— My God! it will drive me mad! Could I have done it? Will it all come back to me some day?"

He sank on the sofa, covered his face with his hands, and groaned aloud.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Warrenton left Whidby, he went down-stairs. He knew the room where Whidby had slept the previous night, but he found the door closed and locked.

Hearing the voices of the undertaker and his men in Strong's room, he entered it. The men looked up from the coffin at him, and Hodson, the undertaker, bowed and said good-morning as Warrenton approached and looked at the dead man's face.

"I've never seen anything like that smile, colonel," said Hodson,

"and I've been in this business over twenty years. It was all I could do to get my men to go to work when they first saw him. We tried to close his eyes; but the lids are as stiff as whalebone."

The colonel shuddered at the coarseness of the man's words.

"How do you explain the smile?" he asked.

"I can't explain it at all," answered the undertaker. "I don't think such a thing ever happened before."

Warrenton bent over the coffin for a moment. "It seems to me to be a genuine smile, unmixed with any sensation of pain, or even surprise."

"He was laughing, colonel, if ever a man laughed in his life. I ain't particularly superstitious. I once unscrewed a box and let a man out that had passed for dead thirty-six hours. I was alone with it at midnight. You can bet that gave me a shock; but, frankly, I'd hate to spend a night with this one."

"Whidby slept in that room, didn't he?" asked the lawyer, glancing indifferently towards the portière.

"Yes, sir, but the indications are that the deed was done very quietly. Perhaps Mr. Whidby was drugged."

Hodson turned to give some orders to his men. The colonel went into Whidby's room and let the curtain fall behind him. The room had not been put to rights. A chair stood between the portière and the bed. Its back was towards him. Warrenton listened. Hodson was still talking to his men, and the colonel could hear them using their tack-hammers. Quickly and stealthily he stepped to the chair and turned its back to the light from the window. He found what he feared was there,—a faint smear of blood just where Whidby had caught the chair with his right hand.

"Enough to draw the halter around his neck," thought the lawyer. "I hope it escaped that detective's eye." He had just replaced the chair, when the portière was drawn back and Hodson looked in.

"I beg pardon, colonel, but Captain Welsh asked me to allow no one to come in here. I thought you went into the hall."

"I was just wondering how Whidby could have slept so soundly unless he was drugged," said the colonel. "I would not have come in if I had thought it was forbidden. Whidby and I are so intimate, you know, I feel as if I were at home here."

"Oh, no harm done," said the undertaker, as he held the curtain aside for Warrenton to pass out.

The colonel went into the hall and turned into the parlor. Here he looked about aimlessly for a moment, and then, seeing an open door which led to the servants' rooms in the rear, he passed out.

In a little room adjoining the kitchen he found Matthews.

"I want to see you, Matthews," said the colonel. "I want to ask you some questions. Mr. Whidby is so excited and upset that I don't wish to disturb him, and yet I must get some light on this subject."

"I don't know much about it, sir," replied the gardener. "I've told all I know to the jury."

The colonel sat down on a window-sill and lighted a cigar.

"You can trust me, you know, Matthews. I am an old friend of the family."

"Oh, I know that, sir, well enough."

"You have been in Mr. Strong's service a long time, Matthews, and you may now remember some things that you did not think of when you were testifying. For instance, have you any recollection of ever having seen anything which might tend to show that Mr. Strong had an enemy?"

Matthews stared at the lawyer for a moment in silence, and then sat down in a chair and folded his hands nervously over his knees.

"I can't say I have, colonel," he said; "and yet—well, you know my master was a very excitable, suspicious sort of a man."

"I never knew that."

"Well, he was, sir. He used to have spells of it, sir,—spells I call 'em. He didn't seem able to sleep well at times. He has once in a while had me sleep on the floor at the foot of his bed."

"Ah! Is that so?"

"Not often, sir, but perhaps twice a year, or thereabouts."

"Do you happen to recall anything that might have caused him uneasiness at those times?"

"Well, I did have a sort of idea that he might 'a' brought home some money and was afraid o' bein' robbed of it."

"Can you remember ever having seen any one about just before or after those spells?"

Matthews was silent, deep in thought, for a moment, then he said,—

"Yes, I do remember somethin' rather odd, sir. It was when Mr. Whidby was at the sea-shore in the summer, and master was makin' me sleep in his room every night while he was gone. One evenin' master told me he was lookin' for a visitor to see him on important business, and that I was to stay back here till he left."

"Did you see the man?"

"Yes, sir. I opened the door when he rang."

"How did he look?"

"Very queer-lookin' individual, sir, it struck me. He looked like he might be a drinkin' man. He was tall and thin, and had dark eyes and white hair. He was so queer-lookin', sir, that I thought strange o' master havin' a appointment with him. To tell the truth, sir, I kinder thought it might be some poor relation in trouble, that master didn't care for people to see about. I showed him into the parlor, and went back into the kitchen. About fifteen minutes after that, I thought I heard loud words and a scramblin' o' feet in the parlor. Their voices would sink down and then rise up again like they was quarrelin'. I was frightened, but was afraid o' displeasin' master if I went in, so I just come as far as the room next to the parlor."

"Did you then hear anything?"

"They kept it up, sir. Master seemed to be arguin' with him in a low, steady voice, and the stranger would break in and beat the table with his fist. Once I heard him say he wanted half of somethin', and just after master answered I heard blows, and the fallin' of chairs. I thought I had waited as long as I could, and, grabbin' a old pistol that I always kept by me, I rushed in. Master was on one side of the room, behind a sofa, and the fellow was holdin' a chair by

the back and just about to raise it. When he saw me and my pistol, he put down the chair, and, with a oath, backed out of the room. I followed him as far as the front door, and saw him spring over the fence and walk away quick.

"Then I went back to master. To my surprise, he was tryin' to smile as if nothin' had happened; but he was as white as a ghost. For a minute he couldn't say a word. Presently he said,—

"'Rather nasty temper he has, Matthews. My friend was a little upset, but he would have come round all right. You frightened him away with that pistol.'

"'Didn't he strike you, master?' I asked. 'I thought I heard you fightin'.' And then I noticed a bruised spot on his forehead which showed mighty plain under his white hair an' on his pale skin. He saw me lookin' at it, and put his hand over it, but he was so excited he couldn't keep from showin' that he didn't want to let me know what the cause of the trouble was.

"'The fellow was drunk,' master said. 'I think his mind is wrong, too, a little. Yes, he did strike me, and I reckon you were right to come when you did.'

"Then he asked me if I was sure my pistol was loaded, and told me to sleep in his room, and see that the windows and all the doors were locked."

"Was that all?" asked the colonel, deeply interested.

"Yes, sir, except he made me promise not to mention the affair to Mr. Whidby nor any one else. I'm sure he didn't sleep a wink that night, for I heard him rollin' and tumblin' in bed, an' he'd get up every now and then and cautiously look out of the window."

"After that, did you see anything to indicate that Mr. Strong was ever frightened or greatly excited about anything?"

"Nothin', sir, except he bought a fine watch-dog, the one that died last winter, you know. He was always interested in him, and particular about leavin' him unchained at night. Then I do seem to remember that now and then master would get a letter that would excite him somewhat. They always came in strange-lookin' blue envelopes. Once when I gave him one at breakfast he turned pale when he opened it, and didn't finish eatin'."

Colonel Warrenton rose, and knocked the ashes from his cigar.

"I've got an appointment down town," he said. "See here, Matthews: don't say anything about what you have told me. I am investigating a little on my own account in this matter, and I don't want any one to know it. Hold your tongue, and I'll see that you don't lose anything by it."

A few minutes later the colonel was in his office down town. He had just begun the dictation of a letter to his stenographer, when he heard the cry of a newsboy in the street:

"Extra! Extra *Morning News*! New developments in the Leighton Avenue murder case! Extra! Extra!"

The colonel went to the door quickly, and returned reading a newspaper still damp from the press. Under large, sensational head-lines he read a detailed account of a circumstance that seemed to bear strongly

on the murder of the night before. No less than twenty-five typewritten notes had been picked up in different parts of the city early that morning: they had been found on the side-walks, under the doors of private residences, in the yards of unoccupied houses, in the mail-boxes by letter-carriers, behind the counters of shops, and one in the coat-pocket of Mr. William Roundtree, the mayor, who had declared to a reporter that it must have been put there while he was wearing the coat.

The wording of all the notes was exactly the same, and ran as follows:

"Nobody will ever discover who murdered Richard N. Strong. It will be useless to try. The secret lies in the smile on the dead man's face. Who put it there, and how was it done? These questions will remain unanswered till the end of time. But this is not all. Before long, others will wear the dead, white smile.

"One who knows his business."

Colonel Warrenton hurriedly read the rest of the sensational article, then threw aside the paper, and went down the street for two or three squares and up to the office of the mayor. He sent in his card, and was admitted at once. Mr. Roundtree was writing at his desk, but he rose and drew a chair near him for his friend to sit down.

"I just ran in to see about that note you got," said the lawyer. "Is it a fact that you found it in your pocket?"

The mayor thrust his right hand into the pocket of his sack-coat. "He put it right there, colonel. I could show it to you, but I sent it to the police. I thought it was the only one till I read the extra just now."

"How could it have got into your pocket?" asked Warrenton. "Have you been in any crowds to-day?"

"Several, as it happened. At the post-office this morning there were a great many people waiting for the mail. I stopped at the Imperial Hotel in a throng of politicians, and at the corner of Main and Broad Streets I was in a crowd around the driver of a cab who had been thrown against a lamp-post and considerably injured. It could have been put into my pocket at any one of those places without my knowing it."

"What do you think ought to be done?" asked the colonel.

"I think the villain ought to be run down at all costs," was the reply. "I have just sent out a circular to be posted, in which I offer, in the name of the city, five thousand dollars for his capture."

"A good idea," said Warrenton. "Do you know this detective Hendricks?"

"By reputation only. I understand he is the sharpest fellow alive in his particular line. I am glad he happened to be in town. You know he refused to come here just after the McDougal murders, he has so much to do in the larger cities. But I think he's interested in this case. They say he's like a blood-hound: when he smells blood he can't stop till he has run something down. By the way, he has

bound us to secrecy. He says he will drop the case the moment it gets into the papers that he is here."

"So Welsh said. I would not have mentioned it to you, but he told me you had given your consent to Hendricks being employed."

CHAPTER V.

MAYOR ROUNDTREE lived in a large two-storied brick house standing back a hundred yards from the street, in extensive grounds. It was in the suburbs of the city, and at the end of one of the electric car lines.

When the mayor went home that afternoon, about six o'clock, he found his family sitting on the front veranda waiting for his return. The group consisted of his son Marion, a young man just of age, his married daughter Lilian, her husband, Fred Walters, and Mrs. Roundtree.

"Talking about the murder, I know," said the mayor, as he came up the steps.

"We are concerned about your offering that reward, dear," Mrs. Roundtree replied. "If I had been down town I should have begged you not to do it. The murderer is evidently of unsound mind, and the reward may direct his attention to you. You know he says——"

"Mamma's only nervous," interrupted Lilian. "She hasn't talked of a thing all day except the isolation of our house and how easy it would be for a creature of that kind to make us his victims."

"Pshaw! that's all nonsense," exclaimed the mayor, taking the seat vacated for him by his son, who had thrown himself into a hammock. "Besides, the reward may be the means of putting the man under lock and key."

"I wish it had been the duty of some one else to offer it," replied Mrs. Roundtree, plaintively. "Why, dear, he was near enough to have killed you when he put that note into your pocket."

"He is not that sort of criminal," said Lilian, to the surprise of the others. "He will never kill any one in open daylight on the street, where he might be seen. As the murderer says in his letters, the secret lies in that smile on Mr. Strong's face. Dr. Kramer saw the body, and he said this afternoon that he had never heard of any one being killed with just such a facial expression. It is my opinion that you'll have to go deep into psychical phenomena to get at the mystery."

"Hush, Lilian: I don't like to hear you talk that way," said Mrs. Roundtree. "I have never approved of your reading the books you read."

"You object to my reading anything which is really new and progressive," said the young wife, pettishly. "The world would stand still if we did not study the new sciences,—if we did not allow ourselves to think on new lines."

"It seems to me, sister," remarked Marion, "that you have talked more about the murder than any one else. Since we have been out

here, I have noticed that mother has changed the subject three times, but some remark of yours has always brought the conversation back to it."

"Brother, you know that is a deliberate—it is not true," Lilian retorted, angrily.

"I must say I thought so, too, dear," interposed Fred Walters. "Don't you remember mother said something about the services at church to-night? Well, before any one had time to reply you began talking again about whether it could be proved that Whidby had not been out of the house to distribute the notes."

Lilian seemed to forget her anger in her interest in the subject. She rose and stood in the door-way. "As far as that is concerned," she said, with animation, "Whidby could have had an accomplice. It was a strangely dramatic thing the way he called up the police at the telephone and remained with the corpse till they came, not even allowing the servant to enter. If he is guilty, he is at least original. In these days of masculine stupidity it would be a pity to execute an original man. I never could see why murderers should be such short-sighted fools. I read the other day of a man who shot another down and went to the jail pretending to be insane to escape punishment. How much more effective it would have been if he had systematically pretended to be insane a month or so before he committed the deed!—I mean if he had done little things which would scarcely cause remark at the time, but which, coupled with the crime afterwards, would have pointed conclusively to insanity. If I wanted to drown myself in the river, and did not want any one to think it was done intentionally, I would first do a great many things to make it look as if I had never dreamed of such a thing. I would make engagements, leave things unfinished, as if I intended to return to them the next moment, and——"

"Oh, hush, my child!" interrupted Mrs. Roundtree. "What can make you say such things? I have never heard you talk so peculiarly."

"Everything is peculiar to mamma," the girl coldly laughed, as she turned into the drawing-room. The next moment they heard her playing on her violin. It was a strange, weird air, and she played it with skill and power. The others listened silently for a few moments; then Mrs. Roundtree said to the mayor,—

"We really must not talk about that affair before her: her mind has been dwelling on it all day. She has been to me three times to say that it would be quite natural for such a criminal to desire to be revenged on you for offering the reward. She tries to hide her interest in the subject, but it shows itself every minute. She was so eager to hear the news that she went down to the gate to meet the newsboy with the afternoon paper, and I had to speak to her twice to get her attention after she had read the account of the crime. Listen to her music! Can't you detect her nervousness in her playing? She doesn't play that way usually. Hush! she has stopped."

"It is tea-time," said Lilian, coming to the door. "Why don't you come in?"

With a solicitous expression on his face, Fred Walters rose, and,

putting his arm round her slender waist, led her before the others into the dining-room. She was tall and graceful and quite pretty. Her eyes were large and hazel, her hair light brown and abundant. Her feet were small and well shaped, her hands long, tapering, and strong-looking.

The family talked of other things than the murder during the meal, but Lilian took no part in what was said. She ate slowly and daintily and seemed thoughtful. After tea, Marion, his father and mother, and Fred Walters had a game of whist in the drawing-room. Lilian had never liked the game. She improvised some soft airs on the piano, and then rose and went out on the veranda. Through the open window her mother could see her chair rocking back and forth. Later Mrs. Roundtree became interested in the game, and did not think of her daughter for half an hour. When the game was finished, she looked towards Lilian's chair. It was vacant.

"Why, where is Lilian?" the mother asked, excitedly. "She was on the veranda just now." Mrs. Roundtree called the girl's name aloud, but there was no reply.

They all rose hurriedly and went to the door, vaguely alarmed.

"Lilian! Lilian!" Mrs. Roundtree called from the veranda.

"Here I am, mother."

The reply came from down the walk among the boxwood-and-rose-bushes. "I am coming: don't be frightened."

"Why, my child, how could you be so imprudent?" cried Mrs. Roundtree, as the girl came into the light of the gas in the hall. Lilian seemed to be trying to conceal something under the light shawl she wore, and walked rather awkwardly as she came up the steps. As her husband approached her, she retreated into the shadow of the wall near the door. Then suddenly she broke into a low, mechanical laugh.

"The truth is," she said, seeing that the others were waiting for an explanation of her actions, "I came near having an adventure. I saw a man climb over the fence down by the rose-bushes. I knew he had no business there, and——"

"You went down there?" her mother gasped.

The girl laughed coldly and drew a revolver from beneath her shawl. "I ran up and got Fred's revolver. I was not afraid. I knew—I don't know how I knew it, but I was sure he was not armed, and that if I could catch him I could frighten him into submission." She swung the revolver to and fro skilfully in her strong fingers. "But he got away. He sprang over the fence and ran as soon as he saw me. I would have fired at him, but I knew he was beyond range, and that the report would frighten you out of your wits."

The group stood motionless and silent for a moment. Then Fred Walters drew a long breath, as he stepped towards his wife with extended hand.

"Give it to me," he said, in a strange, imperative tone.

With a sudden look of defiance, she held the revolver behind her, and as he drew nearer she threw it over the balustrade into the flower-beds.

"I did not mean to do that," she cried, impulsively, then she was doggedly silent.

Fred Walters went down the steps, picked up the revolver, and came back examining it in the light.

"It's loaded," he said under his breath to the mayor.

"Of course it's loaded," the girl blurted out. "Do you think I'd go down there to meet a—a red-handed murderer with an unloaded revolver?" Then, with a deep flush on her face, she passed through the light at the door and resumed her seat in the rocking-chair before the window.

"My darling——" began Mrs. Roundtree, finding her voice at last, and advancing towards her.

"Don't call me pet names!" broke in the young wife. "Women are such weak beings that the moment one of us does a sensible thing she is reproved. I am not afraid—really afraid—of any creature that ever walked on the earth. I only did what Fred or papa would have done. Why, I am a better shot than Fred, and he knows it. Let's talk of something else."

Without another word the mayor and his wife and son left Fred Walters with Lilian and went into the drawing-room.

"She has always been a strange creature," sighed Mrs. Roundtree, "but she has never acted so queerly before. Oh, I'm very much afraid she and Fred will not get along well together. They are so different. Don't you think he looked a little vexed just now, dear?"

"More surprised than anything else, I thought," replied the mayor.

Just then Fred and his wife passed the door, going towards the stairs. "There are two sides to the question," Lilian was saying. "Would you mind keeping yours to yourself?"

Fred looked in with a flushed face. "We are going to bed," he said. "She will be all right in the morning. I had no business to teach her to shoot."

CHAPTER VI.

LATE in the night Mrs. Roundtree was awakened by a light touch on her brow.

"It is I, mamma: don't be frightened." And Lilian sat down on the side of the bed. "I have not been able to sleep for—for my hasty words this evening. If you will forgive me I can go back to bed and sleep."

Mrs. Roundtree drew her face down and kissed it.

"There is nothing to forgive, darling," she answered. "But why have you got on that heavy wrap, and—why, I declare, it is damp! Have you—surely you have not been out again?"

The girl drew herself up stiffly and was silent for a moment. The room was faintly lighted by the moonbeams; but Mrs. Roundtree could not see her face.

"No, I have not been out," she said hesitatingly at first, and then, speaking more rapidly, "but I have been sitting at the open window, and the dew may have fallen on me from the vines."

"But why have you been up, dear?"

"Because I could not sleep and did not want to disturb Fred by my restlessness. And—and then, mother, to tell the truth, I was not certain that the man I saw might not come back again. Now, don't be frightened, but I am pretty sure that it was the murderer, and that he has designs against us. It would be the most natural thing in the world. Father's offer of a big reward is like an open challenge to him. The man who wrote those notes and did that deed is deep and cunning, and I don't believe he'll be easily caught."

Mrs. Roundtree sat up in bed and put her arm round her daughter. "Oh, dear, you don't know how miserable your talk makes me. You speak and act so queerly! Go back to bed, and try to sleep. You have thought of all this till it has unnerved you."

The girl coldly drew herself from her mother's embrace and stood away from her.

"I was never calmer—absolutely never calmer—in my life," she said, quickly. She stared at her mother for a moment; then she stepped towards her with an arm outstretched. "You know when the pulse of any one is excited. Feel mine. No, you have got to do it! I am serious. I will *not* be accused of being agitated, when I am as calm as I can be. Feel it, I say!"

Mrs. Roundtree was obliged to take her wrist and press her trembling fingers on the veins.

"You see," the girl went on, "I am not excited; but *you* are, for you are quivering all over. Lie down and go to sleep again. I am sorry I waked you." And she turned and went out of the room.

The next morning, while the family were at breakfast, James, the butler, brought a folded paper to the mayor. He said he had found it among the rose-bushes near the gate. It was typewritten, and addressed to "Mayor Roundtree." As he opened it, Mrs. Roundtree turned pale, and Fred Walters stared fixedly at him. Lilian did not seem to have noticed the man's entrance, nor did she seem to hear her mother say, "What is it, dear?" as she leaned towards her husband. The mayor finished the note and mutely handed it to his wife. Fred Walters got up and stood behind Mrs. Roundtree's chair, reading the note over her shoulder.

"Bring me a hot roll, Jane," said Mrs. Walters to the girl who was waiting at the table. Then she seemed to notice that Fred had moved from her side. "Why, Fred!" she said, "is it polite to look over mamma's letters?"

A look of deep concern was on Walters's face. He came back to his chair without replying. The mayor took the sheet of paper, put it into his pocket, and awkwardly resumed his breakfast.

"Something I've no hand in, that's plain," said Lilian. "Well, I don't care; you've always tried to make a baby of me." Then her color rose suddenly as she added, "But I know what it is as well as you do. It is a communication from the man who was prowling round the house last night. I wish I had shot him."

A deep silence followed her remark. Fred Walters looked at her with a pained, puzzled expression, and as he saw that she was folding

her napkin preparatory to leaving, he put out his hand to detain her, but she pushed it away impatiently. "Keep the matter to yourselves," she said, angrily. "You all have so much more intelligence than I have."

After she had left the room no one spoke for several minutes. The mayor took the note from his pocket and silently reread it. It was as follows:

"DEAR SIR:

"Make your reward five hundred thousand dollars, and even then you would never capture me. That was a rash thing for you to do. Look to the safety of your own family. You'll never know the moment it will happen. Your case shall receive my earliest consideration.

"One who knows his business."

"What are you going to do?" Mrs. Roundtree faltered, rising with her husband.

"Take it to the police and that New York detective," he answered.

"It's all I can do, and that's my duty."

"I would not go out so early," said Mrs. Roundtree. "Do you think it will be safe to leave us alone?"

"Fred can stay; I shall not let this make any difference in my usual habits. Besides, I think it is only an idle threat."

"Yes, I will stay," Walters agreed. "I don't like to leave Lillian, anyway; she is not well; she has not finished her breakfast."

"Had you not better ask the police to guard our house? We are so isolated, you know." And in her deep anxiety Mrs. Roundtree leaned heavily on her husband's arm.

"I shall ask the police and Mr. Hendricks about that, and shall do as they advise. I'd better go down at once."

CHAPTER VII.

A WEEK went by. The body of Richard N. Strong had been buried, and Alfred Whidby was considered the legal possessor of his effects. Whidby had not been seen on the streets or at his club since the murder. It was on the eighth day after the burial that Colonel Warrenton called to see him. He was shown up to Whidby's room.

The young man rose from the table at which he was writing, and shook hands with his friend. He was pale, thin, and nervous. His eyes were sunken, his hair and dress untidy.

"Still up here in your new quarters," said the colonel, sweeping the rather small room with a glance. "I thought you'd move back to your old room."

Whidby shuddered. "I don't care to sleep there: by Jove, I don't believe I could close my eyes."

The two men had taken seats opposite each other, and the lawyer emphasized his next remark by laying his hand firmly on Whidby's knee. "My boy, this will never do. You'd never make a soldier.

You've got to rouse yourself and shake it off. You'll lose your reason if you go on brooding over this thing. To tell the truth, you are looking worse and worse every day. Did you sleep last night?"

"About two hours, all told," replied Whidby. "I know I am in bad shape. I can see it and feel it."

"Look here, my boy,"—the colonel slapped Whidby's knee soundly,—"I want you to pull up and take a trip to Europe. It will give you a change of scene and something else to think about. You'll be a new man in a month."

Whidby rose and began to place his papers in order on the table. "I'd never be able to think of anything else, no matter where I was; and then it would look like running away; by Jove, it *would* be running away. I am sure that I've done wrong in keeping back that matter from Hendricks. It's cowardly."

"You could tell them nothing that would help them, and it would only place you under deeper suspicion," the lawyer replied.

"My God! I'd just as soon be in a prison cell as here under, the awful uncertainty as to whether I did it or not."

"What did you say? What do you mean?"

Whidby walked slowly from the table and laid his hand on his friend's shoulder.

"I am afraid I had something to do with the murder. I can't figure it out any other way. The blood on the curtain; the stain you found on the chair; my dim recollection of taking hold of the chair; the drop of blood on my cuff—why, my hand—it was the right hand, you know—must have been absolutely wet with it."

"Are you fool enough to think you could have killed a man in your sleep without being conscious of the act? Besides, remember the smile on Strong's face: you're obliged to admit——"

"That's exactly what put me on this line," Whidby interrupted. "I noticed in a New York paper an interview with Dr. Henry Lampkin, the famous hypnotic expert, in which he said casually that from what he had read of the case he judged that my uncle was hypnotized by the murderer. Well, Warrenton, I am sure if I were to tell him what occurred to me that night he would say that I was also hypnotized,—that—perhaps—I was made to do the deed for some one else. Such things have been done. Old man, that is what is troubling me. It is awful!"

There was silence for a moment; then the colonel said,—

"I'll tell you what I would do, Alfred. I don't think you could have been under any one's influence that night; but if you are going to brood over the matter this way till you are insane, I propose that we have Dr. Lampkin to come down here and give us his opinion. He is said to be a wonderful man, and he may, at all events, give you some peace of mind. He is said to be making marvellous cures among intemperate people, and children naturally depraved, through what he calls hypnotic suggestion. From what I hear of him, I believe he can be trusted even in such a delicate matter as this."

Whidby's face brightened. "That's just what I want," he said. "Anything is better than this suspense. He may be able to tell me

whether I actually did the deed. If he can assure me that it was not my hand that held the knife, he is welcome to every dollar of my uncle's estate."

"Oh, he won't break us; his prices are not high; he does a great deal for no pay at all. But I shall write him at once, and report to you as soon as his reply comes. I believe hypnotism is a wonderful thing, but something tells me that it could not be carried to the extent you fear. Besides, you may not have been hypnotized at all; you may have been slightly disturbed by the fellow's movements in Strong's room, and got up half awake and gone—after the murder—to his bed to reassure yourself. It may have been then that you got your hands in the blood without knowing it."

"Ah, you give me the first bit of hope I have had," cried Whidby. "Write to him at once. I wish he were here now."

"I'll get him as soon as he can come," the colonel promised, and he rose to go. At the door he turned back.

"I am trying to work up a little clue for myself," he said. "I am fond of this sort of thing. I'd give anything to beat this expert detective and run our man to the ground without consulting him. By the way, you and I might try to think of some motive for the crime. The others are doubtless losing valuable time in suspecting you. Now, do you happen to remember if your uncle ever had an enemy?"

"Not that I know of," Whidby answered. "I don't think he could. He was an easy-going man, and lived very quietly,—that is, since I have known him. Years ago, when he was a young man, I believe he had rather an adventurous life in the gold-mines out West somewhere. You know he made his start there. He has never told me much about those days. In fact, I have often thought he was oddly silent on the subject. It seems to have been the only part of his history that he has not talked to me freely about."

"Do you know of any poor relation that may have troubled him for aid in any way?"

"No. But why do you ask? I don't understand."

"I can't tell you now, but I am searching for a motive for the crime. Even if you could have been hypnotized, there would still have to be a motive for the crime. If the murderer was a skilful hypnotist he was no fool, and the motive must have been a strong one. But I see you are getting the blues again. Brace up. Good-by: I shall see you to-morrow."

When the colonel reached his office, he found a lady waiting for him in the anteroom. It was Miss Delmar. She wore a thick veil, which she threw back when he came in.

"Good-afternoon, Colonel Warrenton," she said. "I was too impatient to wait for you to come to see me, knowing how busy you are, and I did want some news of Mr. Whidby."

"I understand, and he will be glad I saw you." The colonel stepped back, took a look into his office, and then softly closed the door. "Poor boy," he went on, as he sat down near her, "he has had enough to bear, without this unreasonable opposition of your father's. He certainly needs all the friends he can get now."

Miss Delmar's lips quivered, and she twisted her hands together in her lap as she spoke:

"Papa is even more severe than ever since he learned that I have been to see Mr. Whidby. I can't imagine how that could have got into the papers. Papa says I am watched, and that everything I do is noted."

"He is still confident that Whidby is the murderer?"

"Yes, and he thinks he knows a motive that no one else does."

"What can that be?"

"Just a week before Mr. Strong's death, papa had called on Mr. Whidby and forbidden him to pay his addresses to me. I am sorry to say papa is worldly-minded. He had heard the report of Mr. Strong's intended marriage, and thought, in that case, that Mr. Whidby would not——"

"Not be Strong's sole heir?"

"Would not be his heir at all. Papa thought Mr. Strong would change his will altogether. It is very heartless for him to think so, but he believes that Mr. Whidby committed the crime—through love for me—because his poverty was a barrier to our marriage."

"That is an ugly view of the matter, and it might have weight with a jury," replied the colonel. "Our only hope lies in finding the real murderer. The note dropped at the mayor's house the other night by the man who was seen about the grounds proves that he is in this city and at large."

"Papa says it is reported that some accomplice of Mr. Whidby's did that to mislead the police."

Colonel Warrenton nodded thoughtfully.

"Yes, and it would seem very plausible to them; but to us, who know the innocence of the one suspected, it proves other things, and we must profit by it. I could give this detective Hendricks a point or two, but I'm afraid he would think me not disinterested in my friend's case."

Miss Delmar rose to go.

"I haven't a minute. I am afraid papa will miss me and be angry again. Tell Mr. Whidby that I am very hopeful,—that I haven't a single doubt that it will all be cleared up soon. Tell him I would write every day, but I know that my last letter was intercepted. Tell him I shall see him as soon as possible, and—and—but you know what to say. Don't let him lose heart."

The colonel held her hand till they reached the door.

"Don't worry," he said, in parting. "I shall have some good news for you in a day or two, I am pretty sure."

CHAPTER VIII.

CAPTAIN WELSH showed considerable excitement when he read the note of warning which the mayor placed in his hands. Mr. Minard Hendricks was looking over a bundle of New York papers which had been sent to him, and did not look up when the mayor entered the room.

Without a word, Captain Welsh held the note before his eyes, and waited for him to speak. After reading it, Hendricks stroked his beard thoughtfully for a moment, and then said,—

"I don't think you need have any fear up at your place, Mr. Roundtree, but under such circumstances women are usually uneasy, so I should advise you, Captain Welsh, to have a couple of policemen in citizen clothes hang about the grounds for a few days."

This was done for a week, but, as nothing occurred to indicate the presence of danger, the men were ordered away. Everything went on smoothly till the day following Colonel Warrenton's visit to Whidby. Mayor Roundtree, accompanied by Fred Walters, had gone down town, leaving his wife and Mrs. Walters alone with the servants. Mrs. Roundtree was in the sitting-room giving orders to the cook, and Mrs. Walters had strolled down the gravelled walk among the rose-bushes.

The cook had just left her, when Mrs. Roundtree heard the report of a revolver outside. She sprang up and ran to a window. Not seeing her daughter on the veranda, she screamed, and almost fainted with fright. She staggered through the hall and reached the front door. Then, looking in the direction of the gate, she saw Mrs. Walters emerge from the rose-bushes and come slowly towards her.

"Don't be frightened, mamma," she cried, seeing her mother. "He did not touch me." In a moment Mrs. Roundtree was by her side, but so excited that she could not speak. "I really did have a narrow escape, though," continued Mrs. Walters. "You see now what I missed by not carrying the revolver. I think I could have hit him before he got away."

"Oh, what was it? what do you mean?" gasped Mrs. Roundtree, throwing her arms about her daughter.

Mrs. Walters twisted herself from the embrace and pointed to a round hole in the sleeve of her wrapper. "See that?" she said, with a cold, calm smile. "I've been shot at. As I was gathering these roses" (she still held them in her hand) "I heard a report and felt something touch my sleeve lightly. At the corner of the lawn, just this side of the trees, I saw a man and a puff of smoke. He was about to shoot again, but, seeing me looking, he ran into the woods. I suppose he is out of reach by this time."

"Come into the house, quick!" cried Mrs. Roundtree, drawing her along forcibly. "He will shoot us!"

Mrs. Walters impatiently drew herself from her mother's arms.

"I shan't be a coward, if you are," she said, sharply. "Don't you know if you run from people of that kind they will be all the more apt to pursue you? Besides, he is gone. Do you suppose he would wait to be arrested after firing a revolver here in open daylight?"

They had reached the steps of the veranda, and Mrs. Roundtree drew her into the house. James and Jane were standing, wide-eyed and frightened, in the hall.

"Close the door, quick, James!" Mrs. Roundtree screamed, following her daughter into the library.

"Leave it open. Do you want to smother us?" asked Mrs. Wal-

ters, poutingly. "Mother, I am ashamed of you. There is not a particle of danger, and I am no baby."

"James, telephone to my husband and Mr. Walters, quick," Mrs. Roundtree ordered.

James went to the telephone and rang. Mrs. Walters followed him. "What do you want him to say?" she asked her mother. "He'll frighten them to death. I'd better do it.—James, what is the matter with you? Can't you stand still? Nobody will hurt you."

She took the receiver from him and placed it to her ear. "Give me five sixty-seven. What? yes, five sixty-seven,—Mayor Roundtree's office." There was silence for a moment. Mrs. Roundtree sat on a sofa, staring at her, a strange question in her eyes.

"Is that you, papa?" said Mrs. Walters in the telephone. "Yes, you are right; it is Lillian. Don't you know my voice? What is it? Well, the truth is, there isn't a thing the matter; we are all right; but mamma is nervous and frightened, and perhaps you or Fred ought to come up."

Mrs. Roundtree ran to her. "Aren't you going to tell him what has happened? How can he tell the police if you don't? Give it to me."

"Mamma, do be reasonable," replied Mrs. Walters, holding the receiver out of her mother's reach. "Well, let me alone: I'll tell him.—Yes, papa, that was mamma talking. I was on the lawn just now, and a man shot at me; but he did not touch me, and ran away. Mamma thinks you ought to notify the police."

"Fred is coming at once," the mayor telephoned. "Stay in-doors. I shall notify the police, and come as quickly as I can."

When Mrs. Roundtree had heard her husband's message she drew her daughter down on the sofa beside her and sat silently stroking her hand and looking anxiously towards the door. James took a position on the veranda, and the other servants stood expectantly in the hall.

In fifteen minutes a cab dashed up the drive, and Fred Walters alighted, ran into the library, and took his wife in his arms.

"Oh, my darling, are you hurt?" he asked, beside himself with excitement.

"Fred, don't be silly," she said, coldly pushing him from her. "I telephoned that I was unharmed."

"Look at her sleeve," wailed Mrs. Roundtree, almost in tears. "The bullet passed within an inch of her arm. Oh, I don't know what to do! It is awful!"

Fred stooped to examine the hole in the sleeve.

"I was standing this way," Mrs. Walters explained, with sudden animation, "and when I heard the report——"

"Your father is coming," interrupted Mrs. Roundtree, as the sound of wheels was heard, and they all went to a window. It was the mayor, with Captain Welsh and Minard Hendricks, in a cab.

"I wonder if that detective hasn't a high opinion of his ability," said Mrs. Walters. "He looks as if he thought he would get to the bottom of the whole mystery in a very short time." She sat down in a rocking-chair, spread out her skirts, and pulled at the big sleeves of

her wrapper. "I suppose he will begin to catechise me. I am not presentable like this, but if—if I ran up-stairs, to fix up a little, you would think—I suppose you think I am an odd creature anyway."

No one answered her. The mayor was entering, followed by the others. He bent down and kissed his daughter, and then said, "My dear, this is Mr. Hendricks. There is not a second to lose. He wants to ask you some questions."

Mrs. Walters bowed and smiled. "I am ready, Mr. Hendricks. I think you'll find me calmer than any of the rest."

"It is usually the case," Hendricks replied, with a smile. Then his smile vanished, and he bent his piercing gray eyes upon her so steadily that her own wavered a little, and she dropped her hand to arrange her skirt. "You were on the lawn?" he said, glancing out at a window, as if to relieve her embarrassment.

Mrs. Walters instantly recovered her self-possession and looked him coldly in the eyes.

"Yes, on the right of the walk, among the rose-bushes. I was gathering roses. The bullet passed through my sleeve. See! it was near enough, wasn't it?"

"Quite, I should think. It must have surprised you."

"It did, of course," answered Mrs. Walters, holding her roses to her nose. "I heard the report, and then felt something like a little, a very little, tug at my sleeve."

"You are sure about that?" asked Hendricks, in an indifferent tone. "You are sure that you heard the report before you felt the ball touch your sleeve?"

"Quite sure," said she; "but why——?"

"He was not inside the fence?" went on the detective, looking through the window again.

"No; outside the fence, at the corner of the lot."

"Ah, yes, I see," he replied, in a non-committal tone. "He must have been a hundred yards from you. Permit me, please." And, taking a silver-mounted lens from his pocket, he carefully examined the bullet-hole. For a moment no one spoke; then he said, "I wonder if we could find that little piece of lead. Would you mind coming with us and showing me exactly where you stood?"

"Not at all." Mrs. Walters rose with a gratified smile.

"Don't you think we are losing time, Mr. Hendricks?" asked Captain Welsh, in an undertone. "I am afraid——" But Hendricks pinched the captain's arm warningly, and the remark was not finished.

They had reached the lawn, when Hendricks stopped Mrs. Walters and examined her sleeve again.

"Not satisfied yet?" she laughed.

"I can see better here in the sunlight," he answered. "I have made a study of the effect of bullets, fired at different distances, on various stuffs."

"I have often thought your profession must be a fascinating one," Mrs. Walters remarked, as they started down the walk.

"It is getting to be rather uninteresting employment. It is so easy to catch up with people unskilled in our craft. If would-be criminals

only knew that we understood half we do, they would not commit crime so often."

"I had not thought of that," said Mrs. Walters, curiously studying his features. "But here is the spot.—Now, don't let any one come here but Mr. Hendricks," she added to the others; "you ought not to track it up till he sees my footprints.—There they are, Mr. Hendricks: don't you see where my sharp heels went in? You can see that I was facing that way. The man stood over at the corner of the fence."

"I see," said Hendricks. "What did he look like? How was he dressed?"

"I am afraid I can't describe him accurately. He seemed of medium height, had on gray clothes, and wore a long dark beard."

"The smoke may have given you the impression that his clothes were gray," said Hendricks. "May I take your place a moment?"

She stepped back, smiling at the others, who stood on the walk, and he changed places with her. He stuck his umbrella in one of her tracks and left it there. "Only to mark the spot," he said, indifferently. "Now let's all go over to the fence, and see if the rascal left any footprints there."

They all walked to the corner of the fence, and looked over towards the trees near by. "I think——" Mrs. Walters caught the sudden, sharp glance of Hendricks, and paused. "I started to say that it looks as if there were footprints over there," she said, pointing to a spot where the yellow clay showed in the short grass; "but I may be mistaken."

Hendricks moved into her place, lowered his height to hers, and gazed at the spot for a moment, then he looked at her sharply. "Your eyes are better than mine, Mrs. Walters. I can't make out anything."

"You have the keenest eyesight in America," said Captain Welsh, with a smile. "We have all heard about your experience with the Brooklyn blood-specks——"

"Now I think I see what Mrs. Walters means," Hendricks broke in, with a slight frown. "It is easy to see what we know exists." He put his hands on the rail of the fence, and, with the grace and ease of an acrobat, sprang over the sharp-pointed palings. The others passed through a gate near by, and came round to him as he was on his hands and knees, examining two deeply marked tracks in the yellow clay.

"Wore a number ten," he said. "Had any rain out here in the last two days?" He was looking up at Fred Walters.

"I think not,—none for a week," replied Walters, looking inquiringly round the group.

Hendricks said nothing, but, motioning them to stand out of the way, he stood behind the footmarks and, with half-closed eyes, steadily sighted at the umbrella he had stuck in the earth, slowly moving from side to side and up and down.

"That's all we can do here," he said, finally. "I shall run over in the yard and see if I can see anything of the bullet." Again he vaulted over the fence, walked hurriedly across the grass, passed his umbrella, and began to examine the plastered wall of the conservatory

beyond. He did not turn his head or make any remark as the others approached.

"Did you expect to find it there?" asked Mrs. Walters, with a smile.

"Hardly," he replied. "I only wanted to confirm my belief that it was not there."

"Ah!" she said, and her eyes fell before his sharp glance.

"If you are through, we will go in out of the sun," said the mayor, a trace of impatience in his tone. "You may use my telephone if you want to communicate with your men."

"I want to nose around a little out here," said Hendricks, lightly. "Where does your gardener keep his tools?"

Mr. Roundtree called Robert, the gardener, who stood on the veranda with the other servants, and he came to him.

"Where do you keep your tools?" asked Hendricks,—"your hoes, rakes, knives, and such things?"

"In the little room in the conservatory, sir," Robert replied.

"Oh, in here." Hendricks entered the conservatory, and tried the door of the little room near the entrance.

"It is locked, sir," said Robert, producing a bunch of keys.

"It was not last night," said Hendricks, as he thrust the key into the lock.

"No, sir, I forgot it last night." And Robert looked at the detective superstitiously.

"No harm done," replied Hendricks. He opened the door and glanced at a heap of gardening implements on the floor.

"You ought to hang up your watering-pot," he remarked to the servant. "It will rust the bottom to set it down damp."

"I usually do, sir," the man stammered. "I thought I did the last time."

The detective picked up the watering-pot and emptied about a quart of water on the ground. "You ought to have given that to your thirsty plants," he said.

"It is the first time I have left water in it, sir," apologized Robert. "I suppose I was absent-minded yesterday."

"So you have not used it to-day?"

"No, sir."

"Well, that's all," said Hendricks, turning to the mayor. "It is a very perplexing case indeed."

"Shall I telephone my men?" asked Captain Welsh. "Don't you think we ought to take some steps to catch the fellow?"

"Not yet," replied Hendricks; and, walking by Welsh, he nudged him sharply with his elbow. "But we can go into the house out of the sun."

As they started to the house, Hendricks dropped back with Fred Walters and his wife, but she went forward and joined her mother. When they were in the hall, Hendricks said, "Where is your study, Mr. Roundtree? This room on the right?"

"Yes," replied the mayor.

"Well, let's go in there a moment. Ah!" he exclaimed, in a tone

of satisfaction, as they entered the room, "you have a typewriter. It is just what I want; I must write a letter at once to my assistant in New York, to tell him that I am detained here. But I can't use this make of machine. Who uses it, Mr. Roundtree? Ah, I see Mrs. Walters does."

They all looked at Hendricks in wonder.

"Pray, how did you guess that?" asked Mrs. Walters, a cold smile on her face.

"One of the tricks of my calling," was the reply. "It's easy. I noticed that the nails of your two index fingers are worn down roughly, so I know that you not only write on the machine, but you do it slowly, for you employ only those two fingers. Experienced writers use all the fingers of the hand."

"It is simple enough since you have explained it," replied Mrs. Walters. "And you are exactly right."

"Will you oblige me by writing a short note at my dictation?" Hendricks asked, pushing a chair towards the machine. "I would scratch it down with a pencil, but all the letters I send to my office are carefully filed, and they look better typewritten."

"I have a machine and a stenographer at the office," interposed Captain Welsh; "my man will do it for you in a hurry. Surely we have no time to lose: the mayor and the ladies will feel insecure if we do not make a move pretty soon."

"I think myself, Mr. Hendricks——" the mayor began, but the detective interrupted him:

"Oh, it will only take a moment. I have an addressed envelope ready in my pocket, and I can drop it in a letter-box as I go down. Take a seat, Mrs. Walters."

Lilian obeyed, with a curious upward look into his face, and a touch of hesitation, as she put a sheet of paper between the rollers.

"DEAR HASBROOKE," Hendricks began,— "Your letter received. Am engaged on important case here. Can't come this week. Will wire you later. Ladsley affair must wait. HENDRICKS."

When Mrs. Walters had drawn the sheet from the machine and given it to the detective, he turned to the mayor.

"What did you do with your old typewriter?" he asked, as he folded the letter and put it into an envelope and took a stamp from his watch-case.

"Why, I—I—think it is in the lumber-room," the mayor stammered. "But how did you know I had one?"

Hendricks smiled as he touched the stamp with his tongue and placed it carefully on the corner of the envelope. "Another easy thing. Judging from its appearance, this machine cannot have been in use more than a month; and Mrs. Walters writes too well to have learned within that time. I did not think it likely that she had practised out of this house. She looks like a stay-at-home little body."

"How very simple!" the mayor exclaimed. "If only your keen sight will help us solve this mystery, we shall all be grateful."

Mrs. Roundtree seemed displeased with the delay.

"Aren't you going to do something towards protecting our house, captain?" she asked, turning to Welsh. "Some one has attempted the life of my child. I shall go mad if something is not done at once."

Captain Welsh looked embarrassed. "The case is really in Mr. Hendricks's hands," he said, awkwardly. "It is so hard to get his services, owing to his wide reputation and the demands on his time, that he is usually granted unlimited authority, and——" He stopped for lack of words.

"There is no reason why you may not place a guard round the house night and day, captain," said Hendricks, frowning slightly at Welsh's compliment. "If it allays the fears of the ladies, it will serve a good purpose."

"Thank you," said Mrs. Roundtree, coldly.

"Where is your telephone, mayor?" asked Welsh.

"In the library, across the hall.—Show it to him, Lillian," said the mayor.

When Mrs. Roundtree heard the telephone bell ring she went into the library to hear Welsh give his order, and Fred Walters followed her, leaving the mayor and Hendricks together.

"While they are in there, I should be glad to get a look at the grounds from a back window up-stairs, if you will show me up," said the detective.

"Certainly, with pleasure," the mayor replied. "This way." And he led Hendricks up the rear steps to the floor above. "There is a window in this servant's room," he went on, pushing a door open, "but it looks out on the side rather than the back. The old lumber-room is in the rear; but you'll get all over dust if you go in there."

"No matter: it won't hurt me."

When they had opened the door of the lumber-room and were making their way through dusty piles of old furniture, carpets, rugs, pictures, and broken statuary, Hendricks smiled and pointed to a typewriter on a table near the window. "See how well I guessed," he said, crossing the room and bending over the machine. "I am interested in typewriters. I had a chance to buy stock in one before they became the rage, and if I had done so I would now be too rich to have to be nosing round in other people's affairs like this. This machine was made about '85: purple and copying," he added, rubbing his finger on the ribbon and transferring the stain to his cuff. "I like the black better." Then he went to a window and carelessly looked out. "Ah!" he said; "you see how thick the woods are behind the place where we found his tracks? He could have got away very easily. Would your daughter be able to defend herself, Mr. Roundtree, in case of sudden attack?" Hendricks asked, as they came back towards the stairs. "Can she use a revolver?"

"Quite well indeed," the mayor answered: "her husband taught her. But I don't like her to carry one. It makes her mother uneasy."

As they reached the lower floor the others were coming from the library. Welsh went out to call a cab, and Hendricks joined him. The moment the cab stopped at the door, the captain got in, but Hen-

dricks held back. "I have left my umbrella out there," he said, apologetically. "Wait a moment."

Hendricks went down the walk, and was soon hidden from view by the boxwood-bushes. Five minutes passed. Welsh was impatiently wondering what had become of him, when he emerged from the shrubbery, lighting a cigar. Without a word of explanation for his delay, he got into the cab beside Welsh, and told the driver to go ahead.

"Well," said Mrs. Roundtree, as the cab drove away, "that man must be overrated, certainly. If I had not heard that he was a brilliant member of his profession, I should have said he was the most stupid man alive. I was so irritated by his dawdling actions that I was tempted to turn my back on him. The idea of his wanting to see the gardening-tools, lecturing Robert about not hanging up a watering-pot, and using our house to write his correspondence in,—and at such an awful time, too!"

"I think he was unable to find a ghost of a clue," remarked Fred Walters. "He was trying to hide his disappointment by indifference. He has no doubt accomplished great things in Europe and elsewhere in this country, but any one can see he has met his Waterloo here."

"What did he go up-stairs for?" Mrs. Walters spoke to her father in a tone that was too low for the others to hear. He had sat down at his desk, several feet from where his wife and son-in-law were standing.

"To get a look at the grounds from the back windows," the mayor replied.

"From the servant's room," she asked.

"No, the lumber-room." And the mayor drew a sheet of paper towards him, and began to write. He did not notice that she stared at him strangely for a moment after he had answered, and that she sat down in a rocking-chair with her back to the light, and took no part in the conversation going on between Walters and her mother.

CHAPTER IX.

HENDRICKS sat smoking beside Welsh all the way down town. He seemed so deeply thoughtful that Welsh was afraid to disturb him. Presently, however, Hendricks sighed, looked into the captain's expectant face, and said,—

"My New York case is puzzling me. I can't make head or tail of it. It is certainly a most complicated matter. You may have read of the Sixth Avenue jeweller who was found dead——"

"My God, Mr. Hendricks!—pardon me," broke in Welsh, with a flash of the eyes, "but this is really going too far. Surely you don't realize my position. I have taken it on myself to employ you with the city's money, and—and—surely this is no time to be talking of other cases."

Hendricks stared in surprise, blushed, and threw away his cigar.

The cab was slowing up at Welsh's office. Hendricks said nothing till they were inside and he had closed the door; then he coolly lighted another cigar, and went on:

"You must pardon me, really, captain, but I have always worked with men who understand my awkward ways. They usually let me alone; and I forgot that you don't know my methods. I am a great economist of time when I am in thinking trim, and, as I had already arrived at the only conclusion possible in your case, at least at this stage, I was working on the other matter I mentioned."

"Conclusion? what conclusion?" cried Welsh.

"Why, I thought you were following me step by step, up at the mayor's; though now I do recall that you made one or two proposals that rather seemed to indicate a lack of proper caution."

"Why, I saw absolutely nothing," replied Welsh. "To be frank, I thought you were hopelessly stumped, and were simply trying to kill time and make a favorable impression on the ladies."

"I *was* trying to be agreeable, Welsh, I confess it. That's my style. It makes an unpleasant job pleasanter to all concerned. If you ever have to handcuff a woman, tell her she has pretty wrists and she won't mind it half so much."

"I am at sea," said Welsh, "and completely overboard."

Hendricks leaned back, threw his feet on a desk, and chewed the end of his cigar. "I did not expect to find what I discovered up there," he said, musingly, "but when I once got started the whole chain of circumstances began to unroll, and was so easy to follow that I felt as if I were playing with a toy. I could have kicked myself for having to appear to take it all so seriously. I was tempted to make a joke of it. When I was half through, I wanted to throw down my hand and say, 'Look here, I hold so and so, and I'll bet my reputation you haven't a thing!'"

"I'm still in deep water," said Welsh. "I saw the bullet-hole, her tracks, the fellow's tracks, and that was all. The nervousness of the ladies and the mayor's anxiety absorbed me."

"I did not go there to sympathize with any one," answered the detective. "I was looking for facts. But follow me now, and draw your own conclusions as we go. Well, what was the first incongruous thing that happened after we arrived? Why, if you remember, Mrs. Walters said she was sure she heard the report before she felt the ball pass through her sleeve. The distance was about one hundred yards, and if the difference were noticeable at all it would have been, scientifically, you know, exactly the reverse."

"But surely," protested Welsh, "you'd hardly expect an excited woman to be correct about such a minor detail as that."

"Mrs. Walters was not excited," Hendricks answered. "You must have noticed that. If she had been, I should not have made a point there. However, that was only a little thing to start from, but it was sufficient, as I found out later. The next thing I did was to examine the hole in her sleeve. What did I do that for? To find out if it were made by a bullet. It was rather too dark in the house to see well, but out in the sunlight I got another look. I saw that it

really was a bullet-hole. I noticed a few black specks on the cloth, but, without being openly impertinent, I could not decide whether they had been caused by powder or soot, for the gown was gray."

"At that distance? Who ever heard of——"

"Hold on! not so fast! Ah, I see you are not following me; but you'll catch on in a moment, so let's continue. She next showed us her tracks. Did you notice how deep and distinct they were? It was the first thing that struck me. Her mother is twice as heavy as she is, and stood in the same sort of soil, but her feet made hardly any impressions. Don't forget that I marked the spot where Mrs. Walters stood, with my umbrella; after that, you know, we went over to the fence. There is a minor point here in Mrs. Walters being the first to see the footprints beyond the fence, but we will pass that, and come to the footprints themselves. Did you notice nothing remarkable about them, captain? No? Well, in all my experience I never saw such comical footprints. I was tempted to laugh outright, but it would have spoiled everything, so I smothered my amusement."

"I saw nothing remarkable about them," said Captain Welsh, impatiently.

"They were made, captain, by men's slippers, a number ten, with very thin soles. The heels had been well pressed down into the soft clay, and so were the middle parts of the soles, but the thin edges all round had turned up so easily that only a faint impression of the entire bottom was left."

"What did you deduce from that?" asked Welsh, still perplexed.

"That they were worn by feet not half large enough for them, though they had doubtless been drawn on over a pair of boots. I saw by the shape of the track that the right one had come off once as the wearer drew it from the mud."

"Ah! curious!" exclaimed the captain; "but I don't yet see what you are driving at, though I think you suspect—but how could you? Why——"

"But that is not all," the detective went on, smiling. "You remember, perhaps, that I asked if it had rained out there recently. Well, I was trying to account, since there has not been any rain lately, for that naturally dry spot of clay being soft enough to have received such distinct footprints. On close examination, I detected the faint semicircular mark of a vessel in the edge of the grass, and, at exactly the right distance from it, a spot where a little water had trickled down from the spout on the clay."

"Ah, the watering-pot!" cried Welsh. "Wonderful! wonderful! Now I know what all that rigmarole to the gardener meant."

"Yes, and I found a little water in it, too, and learned that it had last night been left on the floor when Robert declared that he usually hung it up, and on the bottom of it the stupid rain-maker had left a trace of the very clay in which we found the footprints. But I am too fast; for you remember, as I stood at the big tracks, I sighted along over the fence at my umbrella on the lawn."

"I remember," said Welsh, with a laugh. "And I own I thought you were making a blooming ass of yourself, and simply pretending

to make investigations when you knew you were wholly at sea. But what were you doing it for?"

"When I got my bearings in that way, I calculated that the handle of my umbrella was just about where her sleeve must have been when she was bending over. As I sighted along at it, I saw that if a bullet were fired from where I stood and passed through her sleeve it must—as it would naturally go in a straight line—strike a certain portion of the wall of the conservatory beyond her. I found, on examining the wall, that it had not."

"So you knew no shot had been fired?" ejaculated the captain.

"No, not that," returned Hendricks, "for there were the specks on the gown, you know. I was, you see, convinced that the specks were made by a revolver at short range, and a woman of nerve made them, captain, for the ball passed very near the arm."

"I begin to see what you suspect," said Welsh, "but I am so much astonished that I am unable to grasp it all. Surely she could not be——"

"Wait till I have finished," the detective interrupted. "Don't jump to conclusions. I don't think you were watching my work in the mayor's study, for you seemed on pins and needles to get away."

"You don't mean that you did not really want to write that note?"

"No; for I wanted *her* to do it," said the detective, with a smile, taking from his pocket the threatening letter addressed to the mayor, and the note Lilian Walters had written at his dictation. He opened them side by side on a table, and continued: "Notice this, captain: in the letter to the mayor the writer has misspelled the word received. It struck me, you see, that in nine cases out of ten a person that misspells a word once will do it again: so in my make-believe note I purposely made use of that word. You see the mistake occurs on both these sheets."

"And you infer that——"

"That the two communications were written by the same person."

"But evidently not on the same machine," said Welsh. "This is purple, and the other black."

"True; but don't you remember I surprised them all by telling Roundtree he had discarded an old machine?"

"Yes. Ah! that's a fact."

"Well, while you and the others were at the telephone, the mayor showed me up-stairs to look at the grounds from the lumber-room. There I saw the typewriter, examined the ribbon, and found that it was purple and beaten in holes, as the writing in the threatening communication shows by the badly printed letters through it."

"I understand so far," said Welsh. "But what kept you so long in the rose-bushes when you went after your umbrella? I thought you would never come."

Hendricks smiled. "I went to find her revolver. I knew it must be somewhere near, for I had seen a freshly broken boxwood twig near her tracks, and knew that she would not have wished to be seen with the revolver after the report. I found it carefully hidden in a thick cluster of long grass about two yards from her footmarks. I

would have brought it with me, but she will go for it to-night, and if it were not there she would suspect what I know."

"You have taught me a lesson," laughed Welsh. "I should have brought it away, and told the reporters about it. Shall you arrest her?"

"No; but I want you to watch her and report her actions to me. I have other things to attend to." Hendricks was silent for several minutes. He rose and walked to and fro in the office, a thoughtful expression on his face.

"Anything else?" asked Captain Welsh, when the silence was becoming embarrassing.

"I hardly know," said Hendricks, stopping suddenly. "But perhaps you can do something for me. You know this town better than I do. I want you to discover if there is any reason for Mrs. Walters desiring to leave the city at present. Find out, if you can, what sort of girl she was before she married. Was she in love with Walters? and does she know Whidby personally—be sure about that—and has she ever had any affair of the heart with him?"

"Ah, I get a little light!" exclaimed Welsh. "If she is interested in Whidby, and knows him to be guilty, she may have played that part to mislead us, to establish an alibi for him, which would not be hard to do, since he is under watch in another part of town. Ah! she is a clever girl."

Hendricks paid no attention to Welsh's remark. He had begun his nervous walk up and down the room again. Welsh cleared his throat, and Hendricks caught his eye. "Oh!" he said, "I forgot you. To be more frank, I am watching the movements of a distinguished stranger who is at my hotel under an assumed name. I know him well; that is, I did in New York. I have an idea that he came by appointment with Whidby and Colonel Warrenton. If he did, I shall be absolutely nonplussed, and shall have to begin all over again. What I have discovered at the mayor's won't amount to a row of pins."

CHAPTER X.

THE next morning after the sensation at Mayor Roundtree's, Warrenton called on Whidby.

"Well," he began, cordially, as his friend motioned him to a seat in the library and stepped back to close the door, "you've read about the shooting at the mayor's. That ought to make you feel better: it is additional proof that you are not the man."

Whidby sat down by his friend and crossed his hands over his knee.

"On the contrary, I am more miserable to-day than ever."

"Why, what is the matter?"

"Annette has just left me."

"She has been here again? How very imprudent! She ought not to have come."

"Poor little girl!" sighed Whidby. "She had heard about the

shooting at the mayor's, and was so happy over it that she came right in, regardless of consequences."

"Well, surely there is nothing in such a beautiful proof of her love as that to make you despondent. You ought to have been glad to see her happy, you ungrateful dog!"

"Unfortunately, she went away more miserable than she has been since the murder. I know I acted the fool. I broke my promise to you about keeping the theory of my having been hypnotized to myself. I could not help it, old man: don't scold! It is done. She expected me to be elated over the new developments, and with that bloody horror over me I simply could not be so. She wormed it all out of me finally, and now she is quite undone. She turned sick and almost fainted in the library, and could hardly walk when she left the house. She went home crying at every step."

"You might have known that such a thing would horrify her."

Whidby groaned.

"Poor little darling! She begged and begged me to tell her what depressed me so. She knows very little about hypnotism, and when I tried to explain that I feared I had been made to kill my uncle with my own hands she shrieked and looked at me as if she thought I was mad."

"I am awfully sorry you told her—at least until we have had the opinion of that hypnotic doctor. He may prove to us that you were not hypnotized at all."

Whidby rose and began to pace the floor nervously.

"I shall welcome any advice or opinion he can give me. I have just begun to think I did wrong in not reporting everything to Hendricks at the start. It may have been a very necessary clue. I mean, you know, the blood on the chair."

"I begin to think so myself, now that the murderer has actually shown himself in broad daylight and attempted another life. You can easily prove an alibi. You were here all day yesterday,—Matthews and I can testify to that; and, besides, I am pretty sure your movements are being watched by the police. I want you to see Hendricks, but not before we have an interview with Dr. Lampkin. He is at the Hotel Imperial. He came yesterday, and at my request has registered under an assumed name. I made an appointment with him to meet me here, and expect him every minute."

"What, so soon?" and Whidby shuddered. "Ugh! old man, I hate the subject. I am actually afraid of what he may tell me."

"Never mind; nothing can be worse than the suspense you are suffering. You will lose your reason if something is not done."

The door-bell rang. "That must be our man," said Warrenton. "Keep your seat. I told Matthews to let me answer the bell, and I will bring him in."

The next moment the colonel ushered in the visitor. He was short, thick-set, and about forty-five years of age. His hair was stiff, very abundant, and dark brown, with dashes of iron-gray. His face was of the round German type; his eyes were steely gray, and shot with strange spots of brown, which, with his long lashes, gave a

peculiar effect to his glance. He wore a heavy beard, which he stroked continually, in a nervous way, and a cutaway suit of ordinary gray material. His manner was very easy, and inspired confidence. On being introduced to Whidby, he held his hand tightly for a moment and looked steadily into his eyes; then he released the hand and sat down.

"I presume you have looked over the newspaper accounts I sent you, doctor," said Warrenton. "I thought they would prepare you for the slight additional information we are going to give you."

"I had seen them all before I came," replied the hypnotist. "I had no sooner read that the dead man—pardon me, your uncle, Mr. Whidby—had been found murdered with that smile on his face than I wanted to know all about it. No other case has ever occurred that I know of, except that of Goetz of Berlin in '88. But tell me, gentlemen, in what way I can serve you. My time is valuable. I want to say just here that I am afraid Hendricks, the detective, has recognized me. I knew him in New York, but had no idea that he had been retained here. I tell you this so that you may dismiss me if my presence could injure your case in any way. I tried to follow your instructions as to my disguise here, but was thrown entirely off my guard by meeting him face to face."

"It does not matter now," returned the colonel. "There are only one or two points that he does not know about our side, and we have decided to place ourselves wholly in his hands after our interview with you."

"I am sure that is wise," said Dr. Lampkin. "Hendricks is the most far-seeing man I ever knew. It would be unjust for any reason to withhold the slightest light you may be able to throw on the matter. Mr. Whidby, you need not tell me what your particular trouble is, for I think I have already guessed it from one look at your sensitive face. You fear that hypnotism was used by the criminal in some way?"

"You have guessed it," faltered Whidby.

"You think Mr. Strong was hypnotized just before his death?"

"Yes."

"That you may have been hypnotized and made the murderer's tool for performing the act?"

"Yes."

"You were led to this conclusion by the blood-stain on your hand, on the portière, and the drop on your cuff?"

"I have other reasons, which have not been made public."

"May I ask what they are? I thought you testified to your experience in full at the inquest."

"Some things seemed to come back to me later in the day. I can't say even now that I was not dreaming, but I have an indistinct remembrance of being up that night, of walking from the portière towards my bed, and of striking a chair and catching it with my hand to keep from falling. It seemed to me that I caused my shirt to fall from the chair to the floor, and that I picked it up and replaced it before going back to bed. I told Colonel Warrenton about it the next day. He went

into my room and discovered a blood-stain just where my hand had been on the chair. I think it escaped the notice of the detective."

"If it did, it is the first blood-stain that ever escaped him."

"He did not mention it."

"He never mentions anything. He has been discharged from more than one case for looking like an idiot, but that's part of his method. He knows what he is doing."

There was a short silence then. Whidby and Warrenton could see that the hypnotist was deeply engaged in thought. Presently he said brusquely, "I'll have to see you again to-morrow, or next day, Mr. Whidby. I can do nothing now. Will you come with me to my hotel, colonel? I want to consult you on a point of law before we go any further. I think it will be necessary, Mr. Whidby, for you to get a good night's rest before we do anything. Where do you sleep?"

"Last night I began occupying my old room just across the hall," replied Whidby. "I was sleeping there when the crime was committed, and I have had an aversion to it ever since; but I was glad to find that I slept better there last night than I had up-stairs in another room."

"You naturally would, and you were wise to move back. If you go to bed with the idea that you are doing even a slight thing for self-protection, the thought will haunt you in your sleep. It is one of the psychic laws. Would you mind showing me the room?"

"Not at all." The three men rose and went into Whidby's room.

"Which is the chair you spoke of, and where was it placed that night?" asked Dr. Lampkin.

Whidby drew it from behind a screen in a corner.

"You ought not to have placed it there," remarked the hypnotist. "The idea of its being pushed away out of sight will remain with your sub-consciousness longer than you dream of. Such things belong to a wonderful science that all people ought to know. Where was the chair standing that night, as near as you can remember?"

"Exactly there." And Whidby placed the chair within a few feet of the bed.

"Ah, yes," said the hypnotist. "I see where you touched it that night with your hand. Now, do as I direct you. Leave it exactly where it is, and to-night when you go to bed place your shirt on it precisely as you did before. All these things will aid you to sleep soundly, and, believe me, that is what you need above all things just now. Remember when you lie down to-night that I have told you positively, on my honor, that you will sleep better than you ever have slept before."

"You mean," Colonel Warrenton interposed, "that it will be necessary for him to sleep well before—before the—the test?"

A slight, almost unnoticeable, look of vexation passed over the face of the hypnotist, but it was gone when he began to speak.

"Oh, no, only that it will put him in a better humor. He is rather too despondent for his own good. I don't want to talk to him about any test now. That will be for the future. Perhaps we won't have it at all."

CHAPTER XI.

AFTER Dr. Lampkin and Colonel Warrenton had taken their leave and were on the way down town, Dr. Lampkin said,—

"I must make a confession to you. What I said about wanting to talk over a legal point was only a pretext to see you alone about another matter. Your friend must be hypnotized to-night after he falls asleep naturally. You see, I had to get the idea of the test out of his mind, for that would have made him unusually wakeful. If he was hypnotized on the night of the murder it was done when he was asleep, and of course, for our test, the conditions must be the same. I have prepared his mind so that he will sleep soundly to-night, and, if everything works well, I think I can prove conclusively what his actions were on the night of the murder."

"I see," replied the colonel. "I place myself in your hands. Use me as you will."

"You must take him for a short drive this evening at about seven," continued the doctor. "While you are out, I shall come in and secrete myself somewhere up-stairs. Then you must make some excuse for wanting to spend the night in his house. I would have you occupy the bed of the murdered man, but I am afraid Whidby would be surprised at your choice: so stay wherever he puts you, but manage to send that man-servant away for the night. We shall want the house entirely to ourselves. About two o'clock in the morning I shall come to your room and arouse you. Whidby won't awake: I shall see to that."

"You can rely on me," the colonel promised; "but I should like to ask one question, if I may."

"As many as you like."

"From your observations so far, would you think the blood on the portière, the spot on the chair, and the drop on the cuff could have come from Whidby's hand after simply touching the bloody sheet?"

"To be frank, I am going to work on the supposition that they could not," answered the hypnotist; and he left the colonel deeply perplexed.

A few moments after two o'clock the next morning, Warrenton, who had been put by Whidby into the large guest-chamber over Strong's old room, heard a light step on the stairs. He rose from a chair near the window and opened the door. It was the doctor.

"Why," said the visitor, in surprise, "not asleep? I thought I should make you furious by rousing you from sweet dreams."

"Couldn't sleep to save my life," said the colonel, sheepishly. "I tried for four solid hours, but it was impossible. It was the thought of the whole uncanny business, I suppose."

"It is always impossible when one tries very hard to sleep," said the hypnotist. He closed the door softly, and sat down on the side of the bed. "The idea is to forget all about it, and nature will do the rest. An effort to sleep keeps the mind active, and activity of thought prevents sleep."

"Where have you been?" asked the colonel.

"Slumbering sweetly on a lounge in the library ever since Whidby turned in. If I had known that you were restless, I could have put you to sleep without even seeing you."

"I shouldn't care to have you do it," said the colonel, with a smile.

"It's absolutely harmless. The fact is, you often hypnotize yourself when you go to sleep. But we are losing time. Before we go down to Whidby's room, I want to say that I have some hopes of demonstrating that he was not an instrument in the hands of the murderer; but, no matter what may be the result of our investigations, it is clearly our duty to confer with Minard Hendricks."

"I fully agree with you," replied Warrenton, "and so will my friend."

The doctor rose. "Whidby will be unconscious of all that takes place to-night, and if it should happen to be very unpleasant we need not tell him the particulars."

"Certainly; a good idea, indeed." Warrenton looked down at the feet of the hypnotist. "But you need slippers. Had I not better get you a pair?"

"No; the soles of my shoes are thin, and I can tread like a cat when I wish. Follow me."

Slowly and cautiously they descended the stairs. At Whidby's door the hypnotist stopped, held up his hand warningly, bent his body forward, and stood motionless for about two minutes. Warrenton did not know whether he was listening for a sound within or concentrating his hypnotic power on Whidby. In the dim moonlight that fell through the frosted glass of the front door, the colonel could see that the doctor's forehead was wrinkled, and his massive brows drawn together. Then the hypnotist stood erect, took a deep, full breath, and said, "He's all right now: come in."

He turned the door-knob and entered. Whidby was lying on his side. In the white light from without, his face looked pale and thin. The doctor bent over him and said, softly, but imperatively, "Sleep! sleep! you are sleeping now deeper and deeper. Ah, there you go!" Then, to the great astonishment of the colonel, he turned, laughed aloud, and spoke to him in an ordinary tone.

"Good! so far it could not be better. Now we are ready for the test. Ah!"—as he noticed the colonel's start,—“you need not be afraid of his hearing us: he is as far away as if he were dead. See,”—the hypnotist chuckled with satisfaction as he pointed to the blood-stained chair near the bed and Whidby's shirt upon it,—“see, he has followed my instructions to the letter. Good! The folding doors, I think, on the night of the murder, were pushed back and the curtains hung between: is that not so?”

"Yes."

"All right." The hypnotist slid the doors apart, and released the portière from the holders on each side. "Now for your rôle, and then we will begin. It may not be very pleasant for you, but you will oblige me if you will lie down in the bed in the next room in the same position as that in which they found the dead man."

Warrenton stared ; then he laughed awkwardly, and said,—

“All right : I am at your service.”

“Whidby won’t hurt you, I give you my word,” said the doctor. “Take off your coat and throw down your suspenders,—so. Now off with that collar and cravat, and turn the shirt under at the neck, this way. I would have asked you to wear a night-shirt, but I was afraid you’d catch cold.”

The colonel took off his slippers, turned down the sheets, and got into the bed, lying on his side with his face to the window.

“Was that Strong’s position ?” asked the hypnotist.

“As nearly as I can remember.”

“All right. Now let me cover you,—so. Now watch Whidby, and don’t stir if he comes to you,—not even if he touches you rather forcibly. I assure you he won’t be able to hurt you.”

“All right. I am ready.”

The portière was hanging between the two rooms, but Dr. Lampkin held it behind him as he leaned against one of the folding doors so that Warrenton could see Whidby’s bed. The colonel could see the face of the hypnotist. His great flashing eyes were fixed on the sleeper, his brows contracted : all his mental force seemed concentrated upon one idea.

“Come, get up, get up !” he said, presently, in a tone of command.

Whidby caught his breath audibly, as one suddenly waking from sleep. He turned over, rose slowly, and put his feet on the floor. “Come, stand up !” the hypnotist ordered, firmly. Whidby obeyed, looking as if he were wide awake. “Do as you were told to do on the night of the 10th of June. Do it, I say ! don’t hesitate.”

Slowly Whidby walked towards the window at the head of his bed, but within a yard of it he suddenly stopped, threw up his hand in front of him with a repellent gesture, and retreated backward to the centre of the room. “Do it, I say !” repeated the hypnotist. Once more Whidby slowly approached the window, with hand outstretched, but again, with the same gesture, he stopped and retreated to the centre of the room.

The colonel witnessed the whole proceedings. He fancied he saw an expression of vexation on the face of the hypnotist, every muscle of which seemed drawn, every vein about to burst. His large eyes seemed to start from their sockets. For the third time, though now no word was spoken, Whidby approached the window, and then, with a deep sigh and a strange child-like whimper, he returned to his bed and sat down on the side of it.

Ten minutes passed. The hypnotist stood like a statue. A thrill of sudden fear passed over the colonel. Could any man be sane with that look on his face ? Some one passed along the street whistling, and carrying a lantern. Its light danced about on the walls for an instant. In the flashes the colonel saw that Whidby had covered his face with his hands.

“Come, get up !” In the awful silence the tones sounded like a clap of thunder. The colonel heard them ringing in echoes in the hall. Whidby rose, passed the folding doors, and entered Strong’s

room. The hypnotist released the portière, letting it fall across the opening, and cautiously followed Whidby, who slowly approached the foot of the bed and then went round to the right and bent over the colonel. The young man was breathing hard, and excitedly. He felt the colonel's body through the covering, and then, turning it down at the top, he pressed his fumbling fingers against Warrenton's bare throat two or three times, then drew himself up, and, turning, went slowly back towards the portière. He caught it with his right hand, drew it aside, and passed in.

Dr. Lampkin was close behind him, followed by Warrenton. They drew the portière aside just in time to see Whidby strike the chair which was between him and the bed. He grasped the top of it with his right hand and leaned so far forward that the others thought he was going to lose his balance and fall on his face. However, he recovered his equilibrium, and paused to replace the shirt, which had fallen on the floor. Then he lay down on the bed, turned his face from them, and closed his eyes.

The hypnotist bent over him. "Sleep, sleep!" he commanded. Then he turned to the colonel, a look of disappointment on his face. "Poor chap! I am sorry for him. It looks very much as if he had been made to commit the deed. I understand now what caused him to have a slight remembrance of touching the chair, picking up the shirt, and so on. When he stumbled and almost fell that night, the hypnotizer was so fearful of the noise his fall would make that for an instant he lost control of his subject; but he regained it in a moment, and put him to sleep. What was that? I thought I heard a sound in the other room."

"Don't be frightened: it is I," sounded from behind a screen in a corner, and a man in a broad-brimmed slouched hat, long whiskers, and linen ulster rose into view. He drew off his hat and his false beard, bowed, and smiled. "Doctor, we are not strangers," he said. "Pardon my lack of ceremony. I confess I have been spying on your movements. I had to see what was going on, and in my own way."

"Minard Hendricks, by Jove!" ejaculated the doctor. "I should never have dreamed of your being here at such a time. This is Colonel Warrenton, a friend of Mr. Whidby's. We were experimenting."

Hendricks bowed to the colonel, and went on: "I know: you need not tell me. I was in the colonel's room just now, and overheard your talk. I felt less like an interloper when I heard you say you were going to give me the benefit of your investigations, so I followed you down here, and have seen and heard all. I am glad to make your acquaintance, Colonel Warrenton, but you must both pardon my impatience. I am dying to make a little examination on my own account. Will he—is the young man sound asleep?"

"Yes: he can hear only what I address to him."

"Go ahead," Warrenton joined in. "You may do as you like here."

"Thanks." Hendricks lighted the gas with a soundless match,

and, going to the window which Whidby had approached so many times, examined the sill closely. Then he crossed the floor to the corner nearest the door, and, taking a small dark-lantern from the pocket of his ulster, he went down on his hands and knees, and, throwing the light here and there about the corner, made a minute examination of the carpet, and then of the plastered walls near where he crouched.

Warrenton and Dr. Lampkin watched him curiously, both with long faces. When he had finished and closed his lantern with a snap, Warrenton ventured to say,—

"If you have discovered anything, sir, which would lead you to believe that my young friend was not the instrument of a hypnotist, and not made to commit the crime, I should be very grateful. I am really afraid the morbid fear that such is the case will drive the poor fellow mad."

Hendricks smiled as he buttoned his ulster around him.

"That point, I believe, lies in Dr. Lampkin's province. I was trying to discover traces of the murderer where I failed to search the other day. For the present I can tell you no more. However, I may say that in spying on you to-night I have discovered enough to prove to my mind, at least, that either the murderer was a hypnotist, or Mr. Whidby is a capital actor."

"What do you mean?" asked Colonel Warrenton, sharply.

The detective smiled.

"Only that there are two sides to the case. Either Whidby is guilty or some one else is; and that is what the public thinks. I should be glad to prove him wholly innocent. If he is guilty, he is listening to me now, and has gone through a superb piece of acting. Eh, Whidby? But he may be asleep."

"I can testify to that," said Dr. Lampkin, uneasily. "I don't make mistakes in that line."

"If you do in others," laughed Hendricks. "But I must be going. You fellows have made me lose a lot of sleep to-night."

"What do you mean about my mistakes?" asked Dr. Lampkin, coldly.

"Never mind now: I shall perhaps explain before long," answered the detective. "Good-night." And he opened the door and was gone.

For several minutes Dr. Lampkin and the colonel stood looking at each other in silence. The pause was ended by the colonel.

"Well, we haven't any bright news for the poor fellow, have we? Shall we wake him and tell him the result of our investigations?"

"No: let him sleep till morning. It will brace him up. It is the first good sleep he has had for several days, I'll venture to say. No, don't tell him till I call to-morrow. I think I can put it before him so that he won't brood so much over it. I have a good many patients who employ me simply to keep them from worrying. Some of them I have cured permanently of the disease, for that's all it is, and a bad one. Good-night. I'll be round here in the morning."

CHAPTER XII.

THE next morning about ten Miss Annette Delmar was admitted to the drawing-room of the Strong residence. She was thickly veiled. She told Matthews she wanted to see Mr. Whidby at once. As she took her seat she heard voices in the library across the hall. She recognized Whidby's voice and Colonel Warrenton's, and now and then heard masculine tones she did not recognize. She rose when Whidby came in, but was startled at the sight of his pale, troubled face.

"Don't scold me," she said, extending her hands and speaking tenderly. "I could not let another day pass without seeing you after my weakness yesterday when you told me about your foolish fears in regard to hypnotism and your being the—the tool of some one with that power. I was so horrified, you seemed so earnest about it, and it shocked and frightened me so that I could not comfort you. But now that I have thought it all over I am not worrying at all. Dear, it is only imagination on your part. You have read of such things and fancy them possible to yourself. I don't believe a word of it. You had nothing in the world to do with it. It is only an absurd idea."

Whidby put his arm round her and drew her to a sofa. He did not speak for a minute, but sat stroking her gloved hand. Then he said,—

"You ought not to come here, dear; it is imprudent; but it makes me very happy, for it is such a strong proof of your love and confidence. Unfortunately, however, my morbid fears have just been confirmed. Dr. Lampkin, the hypnotic expert, of whom I spoke yesterday, is in the library with Colonel Warrenton. There is now no doubt that I was hypnotized and made to do the deed."

"What? Oh, Alfred!" Miss Delmar paled, and he felt her shudder as she leaned nearer to him.

"There is no longer any doubt about it," he repeated. "Dr. Lampkin has just been giving me a good talk against worrying over what can't be helped, and really I do feel more hopeful about it. Besides, all may come out well in the end."

"But—but how do you know you did it? It's perfectly absurd!"

"They put me to a test last night. I won't trouble you with it. It would only try your nerves to go into details. I knew nothing about it. I was hypnotized after I fell asleep, and they got sufficient proof to convince them. Now, don't get excited, darling: you are trembling all over, just as you did yesterday."

Miss Delmar drew her hands from his clasp and covered her face.

"Oh, I can't bear it! I simply cannot bear to think that you did it in—in such a horrid way. Alfred, you didn't! You didn't!"

The door-bell rang. Whidby sat staring into the frank eyes of the girl, unable to formulate a reply. Neither spoke just then. They heard Matthews go to the door and open it; then a gentleman entered the drawing-room.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Whidby," he said. "I am Minard Hendricks, the detective who witnessed the proceedings in your bedroom

last night. I thought I might find Dr. Lampkin and Colonel Warrenton here."

"They are now in the library," answered Whidby. "Matthews will notify them that you are here. Take a seat, Mr. Hendricks."

Miss Delmar arose and extended her hand to Whidby.

"I must be going," she said, in a low voice.

"I beg your pardon," said Hendricks. "You are Miss Delmar, I am sure. I would not detain you, but I am certain that I can tell you something you would like to hear. Now, I see," Hendricks went on, smiling reassuringly, "that you think I am pretty bold to introduce myself in this abrupt way; but you must remember that I am a detective, and that it is my business sometimes to introduce myself without much ceremony."

Miss Delmar smiled faintly and bowed. "Of course; that is your right, sir," she said.

Then Colonel Warrenton and Dr. Lampkin came in.

"Good-morning, gentlemen," said Hendricks. "I have been thinking over our mutual investigations of last night, and have come to the conclusion that it cannot harm my proceedings to endeavor to remove a false impression from your minds in regard to Mr. Whidby's actions when hypnotized by the criminal. I could have told you the truth last night, but was not quite ready to do so."

"You don't think he was made to do the deed?" asked Dr. Lampkin.

"He didn't," broke in Miss Delmar, excitedly. "I don't see how any one could think so for a moment."

Hendricks smiled. "That's the way I like to hear it expressed," he said to the young lady. "If you had been present last night, Miss Delmar, you would not have let them think so."

"How are you going to prove it?" asked Colonel Warrenton, hopefully. "Don't make any mistake this time. Much depends on it. Whidby has been fretting his heart out over the horrible idea."

"May we go into Mr. Whidby's room now?" asked Hendricks. "Miss Delmar may come also. I can explain things better to ladies than to men."

Warrenton opened the door. "Certainly; the room has been put to rights. Come on."

"Now," began the detective, when they had entered Whidby's room, "we won't indulge in so much realism as to have the colonel representing the dead man, nor Mr. Whidby playing the rôle of a peaceful sleeper, out of respect for Miss Delmar's nerves; for, while she would really make a better detective than any one of you, she is only a woman, after all, and we won't make the picture any more gruesome than is necessary. For our purpose we will simply imagine that the other room contains a sleeper, and that Mr. Whidby is reclining on this bed. Now, Dr. Lampkin, when Mr. Whidby was hypnotized last night and you made him get up, did you notice whether his right hand was closed or open?"

"I did not," replied the doctor, with a sudden start and then a questioning stare into Hendricks's face.

"Then you could not tell whether he had a knife in his hand when he got up on the fatal night or not?"

"Ah! No. I was a fool not to think of that; but I could not watch everything: one has to concentrate the mind on a single idea to hypnotize successfully."

"Quite right, doctor; but, having my eyes well open last night, though I did have to look through a slit in that screen over there, I observed that Mr. Whidby, before getting up, seemed to be trying to push something away from him. It was a knife the murderer was trying to give him. And finally when Mr. Whidby did get out of bed his hand was not closed."

"Ah! I see," cried Dr. Lampkin. "I was very stupid."

"Not at all," returned the detective, with a laugh. "I make a great many mistakes, and sometimes my mistakes help me to get on the right track in the end. That was one point you missed. Here is the other. Come over to this window. Do you see anything unusual here?"

"I examined it early this morning," broke in Colonel Warrenton, putting on his eye-glasses, "but to save my life I could not guess what you were looking at last night."

The detective put his finger on the window-sill.

"Don't you see that little crack?"

"Plainly now," said Dr. Lampkin; "but it means nothing to me."

Hendricks looked round at the circle of faces.

"After failing to put the knife into Mr. Whidby's hand, the murderer stuck it—a big one it was, too—right here, with the handle up; then he stood away and tried to make Mr. Whidby go to it and take it. He failed three times. You remember how Mr. Whidby would slowly draw near the window and then go back? Well, that is the explanation. The hypnotist could not control his subject sufficiently. What did he do next? He made Mr. Whidby sit on the side of the bed, just as he did last night, you know, for about ten minutes. Then he took the knife himself, hastily, perhaps angrily, for you notice the wood is splintered a little. If he had been perfectly cool he would have drawn it out carefully. He was vexed over his failure to control Mr. Whidby. His next move was to hypnotize Mr. Strong into a merry mood, and then he committed the deed."

"What did he do after that? To me it is as plain as the nose on a man's face, for I made a thorough examination of that corner last night. He stood there with his dripping knife in his hand, and succeeded in controlling Mr. Whidby to the extent of making him go into the other room. He made him touch the murdered man's throat and return to bed. His plan was to make Mr. Whidby sleep till he was found next morning with signs of guilt on him. But, as you know, the cook, who usually called the two men in the morning, was absent. Mr. Whidby slept till late, waked of his own accord, and summoned the police with such an appearance of innocence that he was not arrested."

"We are delighted, and very grateful to you, Mr. Hendricks," said Colonel Warrenton, when the detective had concluded. "I'm sure it has taken a load off the minds of this young couple."

"I can only say that I am so happy I cannot express my feelings

on the subject," said Miss Delmar. She blushed as she caught Whidby's arm, and they walked from the room.

Hendricks found them in the library a few minutes later, Colonel Warrenton and Dr. Lampkin having left the house.

"I have explained all this for a purpose, Mr. Whidby," said he. "As a rule, I make no explanations to any one till a mystery is completely solved; but I must have your assistance at this point, and I wanted to put you into a more hopeful humor. I think I may add that there is no one so deeply concerned in the discovery and detection of the criminal as you are."

"That's true," said Whidby, "and I feel so pleased with what you have just said that I would work my fingers to the bone to help you."

"Do you think, Mr. Hendricks," asked Miss Delmar, "that, if you don't succeed in capturing the criminal, the circumstances surrounding the affair will reflect on Mr. Whidby?"

"In a way, yes, decidedly," was the reply. "There is not, I think, quite enough evidence to convict Mr. Whidby, but the circumstances are very awkward. If we don't catch some outside party half the world will continue to believe Mr. Whidby guilty."

"Continue?" asked Miss Delmar, with a sudden upward glance; "then you think——?"

"That public opinion is about half divided? Yes. You see, even if we offer the theory of hypnotism, it won't go down with the orthodox world, which doesn't believe in such things. By reading the papers you will see that there is really a great deal of honest doubt of Mr. Whidby's innocence in all parts of the country."

"That's true," sighed the girl. "Oh, please let me help you in some way! I'm sure I ought to be able to do something."

"You shall help me and Mr. Whidby very soon; but I can't remain with you longer now to explain. Could you—how would it suit both of you to meet me here this afternoon at two o'clock?"

"I think I can come," gladly answered Miss Delmar. "Father has forbidden me to see——"

"I know that very well," smiled Hendricks. "You see that you, too, have been watched."

"I understood so," replied the girl; "but I didn't care. I knew my intentions were good."

"I discovered that pretty soon,—in fact, the moment I saw you with your veil off," said the detective,—"and felt ashamed of my precaution." He had risen, and held his watch in his hand. "Will the arrangement suit you, Mr. Whidby?"

"Perfectly," answered Whidby; and Hendricks bowed himself out of the room.

CHAPTER XIII.

HENDRICKS called a cab at the door and drove to the office of Captain Welsh. He found Welsh pacing the floor in a fever of impatience.

"I thought you never would turn up in the world," said Welsh,

as they took seats. "It seems to me that everything is at a standstill. The city is wild with excitement and demanding that something be done."

Hendricks shrugged his shoulders as if he had only half heard the remark and had been disturbed in some train of thought. He reached for a cigar in a box on the captain's desk, bit the end of it, and then seemed to sink into a reverie again.

Welsh stared at him a moment in vexation, then he said,—

"I was on the watch myself at the mayor's last night. About ten o'clock I saw Mrs. Walters slip out on the lawn. She came very cautiously from the rear of the house. I saw her stoop to pick up something near where your umbrella was left, and then she returned by the front door."

Hendricks nodded slowly, but did not look up from the spot on the carpet at which he had been staring for several minutes. Welsh flushed slightly, and went on awkwardly :

"I had expected to find out a lot about her early life from a lady friend of mine, but, as bad luck will have it, the lady has left the city for the summer, and I don't know exactly where she has gone. I was thinking of hunting her up and going to see her, if you think——"

Hendricks rose abruptly.

"I must write a letter," he said. "Give me some paper, please."

Welsh's face fell as he rose and drew some writing-materials from a drawer and put them before the detective.

"Do you want me to cease my investigations?" he asked, impatiently.

Hendricks dipped a pen into the ink-well, and as he did so he looked up and caught sight of the captain's face.

"Oh, hang it all, captain!" he said,— "pardon me: I have not heard half of what you were saying. I only caught enough at the start to know that you were not on the right track. Let the woman alone for a while. Do you remember I said that if I discovered certain things about a mysterious stranger in the city I should have to begin all over again?"

"Yes, certainly; but——"

"I have begun all over again." And Hendricks began to write hurriedly.

"Can I help you in any way?"

"I am afraid not now, captain. A little later, perhaps; but time is too valuable just now for useless explanations: every minute must count. This is the hardest nut I ever tried to crack."

Welsh said nothing further. He sank into a chair and looked out of a window till Hendricks had finished and sealed his letter.

"Now," said the detective, as he rose and grasped his hat, "I am going out for a little lunch, and then I have an appointment. I shall see you later."

At two o'clock Hendricks rang the bell at the Strong homestead. Whidby himself opened the door.

"Is Miss Delmar here?" asked the detective.

"She has been here several minutes," answered Whidby. "She is in the library."

"Good!" said Hendricks. "Now for business," he went on, cheerily, as he entered the library and bowed to Miss Delmar. "Move up your chairs, both of you. There, that will do. Now, here's what I want to get at. Colonel Warrenton was good enough to put me on to a little circumstance which he says he has not yet mentioned to you, Mr. Whidby, but which we must sift to the bottom. It may lead us to a motive for the crime, and that is what we are looking for. Do you happen to know if your uncle had an enemy of any sort?"

Whidby shook his head thoughtfully.

"I can't think who it could be, if he had one," he said. "On the contrary, uncle seemed to make friends with every one."

"You don't know much about Mr. Strong's early life, which he spent in the mines out West, I believe?"

"No, I don't. He did not speak of it often."

"It is possible, you know, for him to have had an enemy even that far back. Matthews, with whom I have talked, remembers your uncle's having had a strange visitor here a year or so ago, while you were at the sea-shore. It seems that Mr. Strong had a sort of quarrel with him, and, for some reason of his own, he requested Matthews not to mention the visitor to you. Now, we must find that fellow if we can."

"But how are you going to do it?" asked Miss Delmar.

"That's what I'm here for," replied Hendricks. "And you are both going to help me. Now, that visitor came here and threatened Mr. Strong about something, so Matthews says, and one who will threaten a man to his face is apt to do so in other ways. Mr. Whidby, do you remember ever having seen your uncle receive any letters which seemed to disturb him at all?"

Whidby reflected a moment, then he looked up with a start.

"Yes; I had not thought of it before, but my uncle has once or twice acted peculiarly after receiving letters. About a month ago he opened a letter at the breakfast-table and seemed almost to turn sick over it. He was white and trembled all over. I asked him what was the matter, but he said he felt suddenly faint, and that was all he would tell me. I was concerned about him, and wanted to send for a doctor, but he refused to let me, and declared he was all right. He seemed so unstrung that I felt uneasy. I really feared his mind was affected: so I watched him through the curtains for a while after he went into the room where he keeps his papers."

"What did he do there? Try—try to think of everything," urged the detective, his eyes glittering as he fixed them on the young man's face.

"He stood at the window," went on Whidby, "and read the letter again. From where I was in the hall, I could see the paper quivering in his hands. He remained there for a long time, as if in deep thought, and then threw the envelope into a waste-paper basket, took down a file, and put the letter carefully away."

"Ah, I see. Good, so far!" exclaimed Hendricks. "Do you think you would know that letter again?"

"I don't know; perhaps so. It was in a large, square, bluish envelope, and the sheet was of the same color, and of letter-paper size."

"I am glad you remember those details," said Hendricks. "Now let's inspect that file. May we not go into the room where Mr. Strong kept his papers?"

"Certainly," said Whidby. "The coast is clear. Matthews is staying down-stairs. I am answering the door-bell."

"At this young lady's suggestion," said the detective, with a laugh, as they were crossing the hall.

"Pray how did you guess that, I'd like to know?" Miss Delmar asked.

"You were afraid your father would call here, and if Mr. Whidby answered the bell you would have time to hide. Is not that true?"

"Perfectly," replied the girl, with a laugh. "I'm glad he isn't a famous detective. He would have found me out long ago."

When they had entered the little room and approached the desk, which was near a great iron safe by a window, Whidby started to draw the letter-file from a pile of books and papers on a shelf overhead, but the detective called out, "Hold on! Don't touch it!" and he brought a chair and placed it under the shelf. Then he went to the window, raised the shade as high as it would go, and let in the sunlight; after which he stepped upon the chair, and, with a hand on each end of the shelf, looked carefully at the books and papers on which the file rested.

"Ah, blast his ugly picture!" he ejaculated. "He's nobody's fool!"

"What's the matter?" asked Whidby.

"We shan't find the letter, after all." Hendricks lifted the file and stepped down to the floor.

"Why, you haven't looked," protested Miss Delmar.

"Yes, I have," said the detective, in a disappointed tone. "Those books and papers up there are thickly covered with dust, but the file is comparatively free from it."

"Ah!" said Miss Delmar. "Some one has been handling it."

"Exactly; and quite recently." Hendricks opened the box-like file and began to turn over the papers fastened in by sharp-pointed steel prongs. "Ah! I see they are arranged according to date of arrival. You think, Mr. Whidby, that the letter you remember noticing came about a month ago. Well, we must turn to about the 20th of June. Ah! here is the spot; and, by Jove! our friend was in a hurry, —not so very cautious, after all."

"What is it?" asked Whidby.

"He has torn a letter out at this place. And it was a blue one, too, for he has left a tiny fragment of it on the prongs." Hendricks held a minute piece of paper towards Whidby. "Does that look like the paper on which that particular letter was written?"

"I think so."

Hendricks nodded, and put the torn piece into the back part of his watch-case. Then, taking the letter-file to the window, he laid it on the end of the desk, and, keeping it open at the place where the letter had been abstracted, he examined it closely.

Miss Delmar drew nearer her lover.

"I do hope he will find the criminal. It would make me happier than anything in the world," she whispered.

"I don't think there is very much hope," replied Whidby, in a low tone, as he stealthily pressed her hand, his eyes on the broad back of the detective.

"I think there is a great deal," said the girl. "Oh, I should simply be delighted to be able to show papa that you are innocent, after all! He would never object then, you know, for you would be your uncle's legal heir, and worth more money than I could ever expect from papa. If only——"

"By Jove!" Hendricks's startled exclamation drew their eyes to him. He was holding the file close to his face, and examining a letter with his lens.

"What is it?" asked Whidby.

"B-l-o-o-d!" said Hendricks, playfully, in a deep, gurgling tone. "The fellow extracted that letter within two minutes after he cut Strong's throat."

"How do you know?" asked Miss Delmar.

"I find traces of blood on each of the two letters between which the missing one lay. So far, so good! Now, there is but one course of action, and if that fails I shall be at sea: so, Mr. Whidby, keep your wits about you. The letter taken from this file must have been of such a nature that it would associate the writer of it with the crime. That means a good deal. It is quite likely that the murderer witnessed your uncle's reception of the letter and saw him file it away; otherwise he could not have gone to it so readily. Now, what we have to do is to find the envelope you say your uncle threw into the waste-paper basket."

"Impossible," said Whidby.

"Why?"

"Matthews has been looking after the rooms since the maid went off, and he takes out the waste paper as soon as it accumulates. It must have been thrown away several weeks ago."

"Where does he throw such things?"

"I don't know."

"Call him."

Whidby rang, and in a minute Matthews came up from the basement.

"We want to find a certain blue envelope, Matthews," the detective began. "It was thrown into this basket by Mr. Strong about a month ago. Can you help us?"

"I don't know, sir. I have been emptyin' everythin' of that kind in the cellar. I keep all the paper in one barrel and all the rags in another, and a junk-shop man comes every now and then——"

"And gives you a little something for keeping the stuff for him," interrupted Hendricks.

"Yes, sir," the servant nodded.

"Has he been here lately?"

"Just a day or so before the murder, sir. I remember——"

"Could you take Mr. Whidby and myself to his place?" said the detective. "We might be in time to keep our bit of evidence from being made up into new paper."

"Yes, sir, without any trouble. His shop is on First Street, under the bridge. It is a pretty tough place, sir, but we can take the cars and get down quick enough."

"I see I am to be of no further assistance," jested Miss Delmar.

"I didn't quite think you would care to soil your skirts in a ragman's shop," replied the detective. "But as soon as we get a clue, Mr. Whidby may bring the news to you. We'd better be going, too."

Hendricks and Matthews started out at once: Whidby lingered in the drawing-room with Miss Delmar.

"If you have the time, you might stay here until we return," said Whidby. "I am sure we shan't be long."

"I'll wait an hour, anyway," the young lady promised. "I am dying to know if you accomplish anything. But run on: they are waiting for you, and here comes the car."

In ten minutes the three men had reached the bridge spanning the murky river and were entering the shop indicated by Matthews.

"We must tell him exactly what we want," Hendricks whispered to Whidby at the door. "He hasn't a very honest face, and if he thinks we have lost something of intrinsic value he may tell us a lot of lies. Usually they do all they can to aid a detective."

"Ah! I see," answered Whidby. "I should have blundered there if I had been alone."

The dealer, a little Jew, with a very crafty face, came from behind a counter piled up high with sacks of rags and paper.

"What can I do for you, gentlemen?" he asked.

In a few words Hendricks explained what they were searching for.

"Ah! and you want to catch him, eh? Well, I hope you can," said the Jew. "I think I know the bags I got from dere. They are up in the loft. I will throw them down, and you can look through them here."

"You are very good," said Hendricks: "that's exactly what we want."

The Jew ran up a ladder through a hole in the ceiling, and in a moment three sacks filled with old paper tumbled down at their feet.

Hendricks pointed to a clean place on the floor, and said to Matthews, "Shake them out."

Matthews emptied one of the bags in a heap, and Whidby bent over it.

"No doubt about the stuff being from our house," he said. "Here is a note addressed to me, and there are some old bills of uncle's." But after five minutes' search he declared he saw no envelope which looked like the one he had in mind. The second bag was searched without success, but the third had hardly been opened before Whidby picked up a large, square envelope.

"I think this must be it," he said.

"You are right: it matches the color of the paper. They must have gone together," replied the detective; and he opened the case of

his watch and held the corner of the envelope down to the tiny bit. "We are all right so far." Hendricks walked to the front of the shop alone, studying, with a wrinkled brow, the envelope. Whidby paid the Jew for his trouble, and then joined him.

"Can you make anything out of it?" he asked.

"Not a blasted thing," replied Hendricks. "It was mailed in New York. I did not expect that. At present I have the murderer's handwriting, and that is all; but——" His face darkened, and he clinched his fist, and swore under his breath.

"What is it?" Whidby questioned.

"I don't know myself," said the detective. "I have seen something like this before, but I can't tell where. By Jove! it will drive me crazy if I don't make it out. There is something about this envelope that is familiar, but it eludes me like the memory of a nightmare. But I'll get it after a while. Leave me, you and your man. I'll walk back alone. I want to tussle with this thing. I shall see you as soon as I come to any conclusion."

CHAPTER XIV.

HALF an hour afterwards the detective arrived at his hotel, and went up to his room. His face still wore a look of deep perplexity. He sat down at a window and stared at the envelope steadily for ten minutes. Then there was a rap at the door. It was a servant, to say that Captain Welsh was down-stairs, and that he was anxious to see him.

"Send him up," said Hendricks, and he put the envelope into his pocket. He picked up a newspaper two or three days old, and was hidden behind it when the captain rapped.

"Come in," the detective called out.

"I am sorry to disturb you," began Welsh, "but the truth is we are making so little headway that the mayor's people are showing a good deal of impatience. Mrs. Roundtree says we are entirely too slow, and she is laying it all on me and my men. The mayor himself has just left my office. Of course I could not tell him what you suspected about his daughter, and——"

"I should think not, captain, since you yourself don't know what I do or do not suspect." And Hendricks threw his paper on the floor.

"Of course, of course; but aren't you really going any further with your investigations up there? I thought when I told you that I spent the night in front of the house, and saw her come out and secure the revolver from the grass, that——"

Hendricks broke into a low laugh, bent forward, and rubbed his hands between his knees.

"You didn't see me, captain, that night. We were both a pretty pair of fools. I recognized you in the flaming disk of your cigar a block away. You looked like a head-light, and I made for you as

soon as I turned the corner. I knew the gate must be near where you stood."

"What do you mean?" cried Welsh, in surprise.

"I was in Mrs. Walters's room from half-past nine till ten o'clock that night, and made a thorough examination of her belongings."

"Why, I was on watch at that time! You could not have gone in at the front, and my men were in the rear."

Hendricks smiled broadly.

"I never go in at a back gate if I can help it. I was the driver of the cab that took the mayor home from his office that night. I overheard him ask the fellow to wait for him. I called the man into a bar-room, explained who I was, promised him five dollars, exchanged coats and hats with him, and took his cab. Of course I wore my whiskers. I would not be without them when I go driving on cool nights. I catch cold easily, and they protect my throat.

"I pulled up when you waved me down to tell the mayor you were watching his house personally, on account of your special interest in his family, and that you would see to it that they were not disturbed through the night. When the mayor got out at the side door of his house, I took my fare, explained that a piece of my harness had given way, and was tinkering with a strap under the belly of the horse when the mayor went in to his supper. Then I ran my rig out of sight behind a sort of wood-shed, and went up the back stairs to Mrs. Walters's room. I knew it by her dresses in the closets."

"What were you looking for?"

"Books, chiefly. I had found out that she had purchased a box of them in New York the other day, and I wanted to see them. I thought they might be treatises on hypnotism and things in that outlandish line; but they were only modern yellow-backed novels, translations of Emile Gaboriau, and detective stories by Doyle and Anna K. Green. They put me on a new scent. A light broke on me. I felt like a fool. I went down, got on my cab, and drove off like mad. I passed you at the carriage-gate and asked you the time. You told me, and I said I had to catch a train, and whipped up my horse."

"I remember. What a blamed fool I was!" said Welsh, with a deep flush. "What did you do next?"

"Turned the cab over to its owner, and went and had a private talk with the family physician of the Roundtrees. After that, to use slang, I kicked myself soundly, and in twenty minutes was dogging the footsteps of the distinguished stranger of whom I spoke to you."

"But don't you think Mrs. Walters had anything to do with the murder?" asked Welsh.

"Nothing at all. Here it is in a nutshell. She will be a mother in about three months. In her condition she is always queerly imaginative and deceitful. She lost a child a year ago in childbirth, and for several months before it was born she almost ran her family wild with her strange fancies. She has been reading sensational literature for a long time, and when that murder occurred, and her father offered a reward for the capture of the criminal, it struck her that the murderer would be apt to resent it. She tried to rouse the fears of her

father and husband on this line, but, as they failed to see it her way, she determined to make them do so. She invented the yarn about having seen a man on the lawn the night she astonished them by going to the gate with her husband's revolver, and, following the murderer's idea of using a typewriter, she wrote the threatening letter to her father and enjoyed the excitement it caused. Later, fearing that some one would see through her little deception, she determined to make the circumstances more convincing. The detective stories she had read gave her the idea of pretending to be shot at. As I have shown you, she dampened the clay with the watering-can, made the foot-marks by wearing her father's slippers, shot a hole through her sleeve, hid the revolver in the grass, and has had a lot of fun out of our careful investigations. If she had dreamt, however, that she herself would be suspected of that murder, she would have shown the white feather long ago."

"What are you going to do now?" asked Welsh, completely crest-fallen.

"I am on quite another line, and am at a stand-still. I hardly know what I shall do."

"Can I aid you in any way?"

"I think not, now. I shall come round as soon as I find out anything tangible."

CHAPTER XV.

THE next morning at nine o'clock Miss Delmar called at Whidby's.

"I have had to run for it," she said, laughingly, as the young man came into the drawing-room. "I had to give papa the slip. He heard that I was out all day yesterday, and demanded an explanation. Of course I refused to tell him anything, and he ordered me not to show myself out of doors to-day. But when I got the telegram from Mr. Hendricks to meet him here at nine, I slipped out at the back gate, and have run nearly all the way."

Whidby drew her to him and kissed her.

"You are bound to pull me out of this hole," he said. "A week ago I was nearly crazy with forebodings, but now I really enjoy it."

"I am sure I do, almost," she laughed. "I wonder if Mr. Hendricks can have discovered anything more. Here he comes now. I heard the gate click. Let me admit him."

She went to the door, and in a moment entered with the detective.

"He knows something new," she said laughingly to her lover. "I can see it in his eyes."

"You certainly don't seem so perplexed as you did when I left you yesterday," said Whidby, as he cordially shook hands.

"A little nearer, that's all," was the reply of the detective, as he sat down and took out the envelope they had found at the shop of the rag-dealer. "You know," he went on to Whidby, "I said yesterday that there was something familiar about this envelope that I couldn't make out. Well, last night, as I was studying over it, this large D in the centre of the postmark suddenly recalled an incident to my

mind, and I must relate it to you, so that you can follow a certain chain of circumstances in which I am interested and which may lead us to something definite.

"Three days after I had been detained down here by the murder, my mother, who lives with me in New York, received a letter. Here it is. I will read it to you :

" 'DEAR MADAM,—

" 'An important business matter makes it necessary to wire your son, Mr. Minard Hendricks, at once. He and I are friends, but I have missed him round town lately. I was told at his club that he had left the city. If you will kindly send his address to me, I shall be greatly obliged. I am, dear madam,

" 'Very sincerely yours,

" 'FREDERICK CHAMPNEY,

" '234 Union Street, Brooklyn.'

" 'There seems to be nothing remarkable about that note. Do you think there is?' asked Hendricks when he had finished.

" 'Not that I can see,' said Miss Delmar, deeply interested.

" 'Rather a bold thing to do, if the fellow that wrote it wanted to steer clear of you, I should think,' Whidby remarked.

" 'The bold things are the very ones we are less likely to suspect, as a rule,' said the detective. " 'But I haven't told you how it came into my hands. My mother, while very old and naturally unsuspicious, has learned a good deal of caution from me, especially where anything pertains in the slightest to my profession : so she did not reply to the note, but sent it down here to me. I fell readily into the trap set for her. I could remember no one by the name of Champney, but I flattered myself it was some one who knew me better than I did him : so, thinking that my mother's caution in not replying to the note had perhaps caused the writer some inconvenience, I wired my address, and at the same time wrote a cordial note of explanation and apology, which I mailed to the address given.

" 'The matter might then have escaped my memory, if the note had not left a sort of uneasy impression on my mind that I might suddenly be called to New York, and, as I was deeply interested in this case, I dreaded interruption. It was this frame of mind that caused a very trifling circumstance to bring back the whole thing to me.

" 'The letter of apology which I had sent after the telegram happened to be put in an envelope bearing the business card of my hotel in this city, under which, being rather methodical in almost everything, I had written the number of my room. Well, in a few days it was returned to me marked 'Not Delivered.'

" 'This at once excited a suspicion that something was wrong,—that some designing person, for reasons of his own, had tricked me into betraying my whereabouts. The telegram had not been returned. That showed that some one at 234 Union Street, Brooklyn, had received it and signed for it in due form, or I should have been advised of his failure to do so by the telegraph office here. The letter addressed

in the same way had been returned. That proved that Frederick Champney either was not there or wanted me to think he was not, and my curiosity was roused. But, as your case was just then becoming more interesting, I put the letter away for safe keeping, along with the note to my mother, to take up again when I was more at leisure, and dismissed them from my mind. However, as I said just now, there was something strangely familiar about the envelope we found at the rag-shop yesterday, and I could not for the life of me tell what it could be. It was not until I had left you and reached my hotel last night that I found out. It was simply the large capital D in the centre of the New York postmark, for it corresponded exactly with the big D in the postmark of the letter my mother had received. You smile. You think that a very little thing. Well, so it was; but wait. The D indicated the station at which the letters were posted: they had both been mailed in the same postal district. I knew that much, you see, as a starter; but I was not satisfied. I was sure the two envelopes held a better clue between them, and I was bound to have it.

"I lay awake half the night, thinking, thinking, till I got so wrought up I could not reason logically at all. I knew that would do no one any good, so I banished thoughts of all kinds, and was getting into a drowsy state, in fact was almost dropping off, when suddenly an idea popped into my brain.

"I sprang up, lit the gas, and with my magnifying-glass examined the letter which had been returned to me from New York marked 'Not Delivered.' What do you suppose I discovered? My letter had been steamed and carefully opened. It was perfectly evident. I could see indications of its having been regummed and resealed. It is almost impossible to put paste on an envelope as smoothly by hand as it is done by a machine."

"So you thought——" began Whidby.

"That when the individual who had written my mother under the name of Frederick Champney had received the letter coming on the heels of my telegram, his first impulse was to return it unopened, being afraid the reception of it would tend to show his whereabouts. But, being curious to know what I had to say, he first opened it, read it, and then sealed and returned it. Not a bad idea, eh?"

Whidby nodded. "It failed, however, to take you in."

"And, moreover, it put me on to a substantial clue. See, here are the two envelopes side by side,—the one addressed to my mother and the other to Mr. Strong. Now for points of resemblance. The handwriting, though disguised, is the same; the ink under a glass shows the same crystal formations; the two letters were sent from the same postal station in New York; and, though the color and quality of each envelope are different, yet under the flaps, in raised letters, are the names of the same retail dealers in New York. See,—Ramage and Co., Stationers, East 14th Street. The two envelopes were purchased at the same shop."

"But," said Whidby, "doesn't it strike you that it is rather an unnatural thing for a man guilty of murder to do,—to openly write to the mother of a detective to get his address?"

"People guilty of crime will do the most foolish things in the world," Hendricks answered; "but I have to resort to my own vanity to account for his having done as he did. I flatter myself that he knew something of my skill in detecting crime, and once he found himself guilty he regarded me as the man he had most to fear. He discovered, as his note to my mother shows, that I was out of town. That made him uneasy. The thought troubled him so much that he simply had to satisfy his mind on that point. He supposed his little game with my mother would succeed, and that she would think no more about it after replying to his note."

"Ah, yes!" exclaimed Miss Delmar, "and when he got your letter and telegram it must have frightened him to find himself in direct correspondence with the man of all others he was most anxious to avoid."

"Exactly," the detective agreed; "and I shall lose nothing by what he has done, for his letter shows me where to look for him. He is in New York, and has been there ever since he committed the murder and scattered those notes about town. They were designed to make us think the murderer lived here."

"But," said Miss Delmar, "surely you have overlooked the fact that Mr. Roundtree has received a warning since then, and that Mrs. Walters has been shot at by the man himself?"

Hendricks looked a little embarrassed.

"I can't explain that now," he said; "but I know whereof I speak. He is in New York. I am going there to-night, and shall do my best to lift the cloud from over your two heads. If I fail, it won't be my fault. I shall not leave a stone unturned."

"Whether you succeed or not, we shall never forget you for all you have done and are trying to do," said Miss Delmar. "I really don't know what we shall do. My father is threatening to disinherit and disown me, and if half the world continues to believe Mr. Whidby guilty we shall be miserable enough."

"You are, indeed, in a disagreeable situation," said Hendricks, in a kindly tone. "No one knows that better than I. To be frank,—though the bare fact may pain you a little,—I must tell you now that it has only been on my earnest assurance that I had hopes of producing the real criminal that I have kept Welsh and his gang from arresting you, Mr. Whidby."

There was silence for a moment. Miss Delmar changed countenance, though she strove hard to keep her self-possession.

"Father mentioned something about the probability of an immediate arrest," she said, in a wavering tone. "But I thought he did it out of spite."

"No, I presume he must have got it from something the police have set afloat," Hendricks replied, "and I think you ought to know what to expect. But, even if they should arrest you, Mr. Whidby, try to put a brave face on the matter, and hope for a clear acquittal at a trial in court. I shall hurry up matters in New York, I promise you. Dr. Lampkin has agreed to join me, and together we are going to track the reptile."

"Do you expect to find anything about the man at that Brooklyn address?" asked Whidby, gloomily.

"Perhaps so; but it may only be a private letter-box place, and those people are very hard to get anything out of. As a rule, their business is a little off color, you know, and they dread exposure. The return of my letter shows that the murderer is on his guard, and he may steer clear of that address."

CHAPTER XVI.

IN the afternoon, two days later, Hendricks called at the office of Dr. Lampkin in New York. He was shown into an anteroom where half a dozen patients sat in a row against the wall, each awaiting his turn. Hendricks sat down at the end of the row, crossed his legs, and soon became deeply absorbed in thought.

Presently he heard a cough, and, looking up, saw the doctor beckoning to him from the office door. Hendricks rose and went in.

Dr. Lampkin was laughing heartily.

"You don't know how comical you looked," he said. "You were sitting beside the worst old morphine reprobate in New York. He had a sleepy stare in his eyes, and with yours you were trying to dig an idea out of a spot on the carpet. Why didn't you come right in? If you had only sent up your name, you need not have waited a minute."

"I didn't want to get in ahead of anybody," replied the detective, with a good-natured smile. "I thought I'd take my turn, and get you to focus some of your magic on me."

"What is your complaint?"

"Stupidity. I understand you can cure a great many mental troubles."

"How does the disease affect you?"

"Keeps me from attending to business. I am continually chasing fancies which lead nowhere. But, jokes aside, I want you for a while this afternoon, if you can get off."

"I'm at your service."

"But the—these patients?"

"Oh, my assistant can dispose of them easily. Business is very light to-day. Besides, I am dying to do something in the Strong case. The truth is, I want to help that young man out. I took a great liking to him the night I saw him lying there helpless, going through with that bloody rôle. And his girl,—Miss Delmar,—did you ever see her?"

"You know I know her. What are you talking about?"

"That's a fact. I had forgotten. She is simply lovely; and I admire her pluck. I'd like to thrash that father of hers. But what do you propose?"

"Have you found out anything about a hypnotist answering the description I have given you of our man?"

"Not a thing, so far, but I don't despair of doing so soon. But what are we going to do to-day?"

"I want you to go over to Brooklyn with me. I think the only thing now is to find out how the fellow used that address."

"Perhaps he lives there."

"Hardly likely; but we shall see."

In fifteen minutes the two men were on the bridge cars, crossing the river to Brooklyn. Reaching the other side, they continued on the elevated road to Union Street, where they alighted. Then they walked along the pavement, looking at the numbers on the plate-glass over the doors.

"By Jove! there you are,—directly opposite," exclaimed Dr. Lampkin. "That's two hundred and thirty-four, and no mistake about it. Now for an interesting climax or a downright failure." And he started to cross the street.

"Stop, d—n it!" cried Hendricks, looking straight ahead of him and walking on. "Come along."

"What's the matter?" asked the doctor, in a low tone, as he caught up with his companion.

"Nothing serious; no harm done; but we must approach the place more—more casually, so to speak, than that. Suppose we had crossed there, some one in the house might have seen us and been aware of our approach."

"You are right: I never thought of that. Henceforth I'm going to hold my tongue and act only as you direct," said Dr. Lampkin.

"We'll go to the end of the block, and cross over," Hendricks returned. His brow was wrinkled, and the doctor saw that he was inwardly disappointed about something. They had reached the end of the block and crossed over before Hendricks spoke again: "I may be sadly mistaken, but I am afraid we are on a wild-goose chase. The house looks like the respectable home of middle-class people. If it had been a lodging-house, or a cheap boarding-place, the outlook would have been more encouraging."

"How do you know it isn't one or the other?" asked the doctor.

"Door-plate, for one thing; and then it is too clean," was the reply, just as they reached the steps. "Now we'll see what name is on the plate. By Jove! hang me if it isn't Champney! I don't like things that look so easy."

A servant-girl answered the ring.

"Does Frederick Champney live here?" asked the detective.

The girl stared for an instant in surprise, then she recovered herself with a start, as if she had suddenly recollected something.

"Oh, I suppose you're the teacher," she said. "He is up-stairs, a-studyin' his lessons. I'll call him."

Hendricks bowed.

"We'll wait for him in the parlor," he said, glancing into a room on the right of the hall.

"Very well, sir. He'll be right down."

The girl closed the outside door, and went up the stairs. Dr. Lampkin sat down, watching his companion's face curiously. Hen-

dricks remained standing where he could observe the stairs through the half-open door. He bent towards the doctor.

"I'll do the talking. It is well that she takes us for some one he is waiting for. It may throw him off his guard, unless he suspects—Hang it! I feel as if I ought to have gone up to his room." He put his hand into his sack-coat pocket, and, with a cautious look into the hall, drew out a revolver and handed it to Lampkin. "Hide it, but have it ready to draw. Remember, we don't know what sort of man we are going to meet, nor his humor. Let me manage him; but if he should happen to get the drop on me, come to my assistance."

"All right," replied the doctor. "You can depend on me."

Hendricks took another look into the hall.

"I hadn't the slightest idea we should run up on this," he said. "I told you I wanted treatment for stupidity. Something is radically wrong with me. 'Sh!'"

There was a sound of footsteps on the floor overhead, a clatter on the stairs, and a boy eleven or twelve years of age, very neatly dressed, came into the room hurriedly. He stopped short, and his eyes widened in astonishment.

"I—I beg your pardon," he stammered, flushing. "Sarah told me my teacher had come—and—and wanted to see me."

A look of perplexity darted across the face of the detective, and for a moment there was an awkward pause. Then Hendricks said,—

"We wanted to see Frederick Champney on a matter of business. Does he live here?"

"That's my name, sir," said the boy, timidly.

"Perhaps it is your father's also," suggested Hendricks, in a reassuring tone.

"My father is dead," replied the boy. "His name was Stephen H. Champney."

"Then you are the only Frederick Champney in the family?"

"Y-e-s, sir." The boy spoke slowly, and then ended with a start. His glance wavered under the sharp gaze of the detective, whose face had undergone a remarkable change. When Hendricks spoke, his voice sounded to Dr. Lampkin strangely harsh and firm:

"I received a letter from this street and number. It was signed Frederick Champney. Did you write it?"

The boy suddenly fell to trembling, and his face worked in an effort to control himself, but he hung his head in silence. Hendricks repeated his question, but still the boy would not reply. He looked towards the hall, as if he wished to escape.

Seeing this, Hendricks stepped between him and the door.

"I may as well be plain with you, my boy," he said. "I am a detective, legally authorized to arrest any one suspected of law-breaking. A letter of very grave importance has been written over your name. If you know anything about it, and won't tell me, I shall be compelled to arrest you on suspicion."

The boy stared into Hendricks's face for an instant in abject terror; then he burst into tears. He darted towards the door, but the detective caught his arm, and drew him, struggling, back into the room.

"Mamma! mamma!" shrieked the boy with all his strength, and he rolled on the floor in Hendricks's clutch and beat the legs of his captor with his fists. Just then a white-faced, middle-aged woman ran into the room from the rear stairs, followed by the maid who had admitted them. On seeing her, and being released by the detective, the boy ceased his cries, ran to his mother, and hid his face in her lap. She could only stare at the two visitors in speechless amazement.

Hendricks bowed very low and stammered out an explanation.

"I am a detective," he said. "A very important letter has been written under the address of this house and over the name of Frederick Champney. I can't think this little fellow could be guilty of any misdemeanor, you know, madam, but from his actions it is plain to me that he knows something about the matter. He started to run away, and I had to hold him."

"Fred!" The woman almost gasped as she forced the white face of the boy towards her own. "Fred, do you know anything of what this man is talking about?"

The boy darted towards her lap again, but she held him firmly in front of her, and shook him fiercely.

"Speak, I say! What is the matter with you? If you have been up to any devilment——"

"I didn't write it, mamma," the boy whimpered.

"Well, who did? What do you know about it? Speak, I tell you, or I'll thrash you within an inch of your life."

"Don't be hard on him," Hendricks interposed. "I think I understand. He will tell us all about it. That is the best way."

The boy dried his eyes, and took his head out of his mother's apron. For a moment there was a deep silence as he stood hesitatingly before her.

"Uncle Tom," faltered the boy. "He did it. I promised him not to tell a soul,—not even you; and I wouldn't, but you made me."

"Ah, I see," said the woman, angrily, and her gray eyes flashed as she turned to Hendricks. "It is some of my brother's mischief; but I will not have him mixing my innocent children up in his miserable affairs. It is shameful, the way he has been acting!"

"He asked me to let him use my name," said the boy, who had grown calmer. "He told me it wasn't anything but a joke on a friend of his,—a woman, who thought she was writing to a man she never saw. I took the answers to Uncle Tom."

"Outrageous!" cried the woman. "I am ashamed of my own name when one who bears it can do such things."

"Where is he?" asked Hendricks, with sudden craftiness of look and manner. "It is only a trifling matter, that can easily be settled, but I'd like to see him."

"He's up-stairs, asleep, now," the woman replied, still angrily. "He's sleeping off one of his all-night prowls around town. I have been willing to give him a bed and board here when he is with us, in spite of his being a regular disgrace to us all with his queer notions. Sarah," she broke off suddenly, seeing that Hendricks had moved nearer the door and signalled to Dr. Lampkin, "run up and tell him

to come down here, and to be quick about it. I want an explanation of his conduct, and I'll have it now."

Hendricks sprang into the hall, and caught the girl's arm.

"Where's his room?" he asked, under his breath.

"Second floor back," answered the girl.

Hendricks turned to the doctor. "Quick!" he said. "Follow me."

Mrs. Champney's mind, however, had acted with the rapidity of lightning. She ran between Hendricks and the foot of the stairs, and with outstretched arms stood in his way.

"What has he done? What are you going to do with him?" she said. "He is my brother, and——"

"Pardon me! I *must* do it!" and Hendricks caught her arm, pushed her back towards the hall door, and, signalling to Dr. Lampkin, who had determined to be as agile as his friend, sprang up the stairs. Hendricks was as active as a greyhound, and he was half-way up the flight before the doctor had started.

Dr. Lampkin caught up with him at the closed door of the back room on the second floor. He was trying to force it open with his right hand, while in the left he held his revolver.

"Hang him, he's on to us!" panted the detective. "That kid made too much noise. Get out your gun, and come against the door with me. Quick! we must smash it. The lock is strong."

They struck the door simultaneously. It did not yield at first, and the house shook, and resounded with the hollow noise. There was a startled cry from below, a woman's voice, and then steps on the stairs.

"Quick! come again!" grunted the detective; and shoulder to shoulder they struck the door once more. The fastenings gave way, and they plunged into the room, only keeping their feet by falling against a bureau which had been rolled against the door, and which now, with its broken mirror, stood in their way.

The room was empty. An open window told a story. Hendricks swore under his breath as he made his way to the window. He pointed to the sloping roof of a shed and a pile of boxes below.

"That's the way he went. Come on! we must not wait to run round the block. We are as nimble as he is. He went over that rear wall into the alley. I see where he dislodged some of the bricks."

Hendricks thrust his revolver into his coat-pocket, crawled over the window-sill, swung down to his full length, and then let go. Dr. Lampkin was in the window when Hendricks struck the roof. The next instant they stood together in the yard, and a minute later had scaled the brick wall and were in the alley.

Vehicles and workmen were going to and fro, but the pursuers saw no one who appeared to be trying to escape them. The driver of an ice-wagon said that only a minute before a man had sprung over the wall, and, laughing heartily, had run towards the street on the right. The iceman thought he was playing a joke on some one, as he had often seen him about there.

"Come on," said Hendricks. "He may make for the Union Street Elevated Station. It is about our only chance."

Turning into Union Street, the pursuers made all the speed possible towards the station, looking about them as they went.

When within half a block of the station, Hendricks cried out excitedly,—

"I'll bet my life I saw him going up the steps on this side. It was just for an instant, as he turned the corner of the stairway. I saw a white-headed, slender fellow, and he was going too fast not to be trying to escape something. We may get him after all. Hang it, here comes the train! We must catch it!"

Hendricks broke into a run, but the long train slowed up overhead and came to a stop just as they reached the foot of the steps. A wild look of mingled anger and disappointment swept over the face of the detective as he dashed at the stairs. Up he ran, like a deer, taking three or four steps at a time. It was with the greatest difficulty that Dr. Lampkin kept up with him. Just as Hendricks plunged through the swinging door leading to the train, steam was heard escaping from the engine. The guards on the platforms of the cars were jerking the bell-cord and closing the gates.

"Wait, for God's sake!" yelled the detective, as he darted past the man who was receiving the tickets, and reached the nearest car. But the gates were closed, and the train was moving. The guards, as they swept by, stared in astonishment at the two men and motioned them back.

But Hendricks did not heed their warning. Grasping the gate on the front end of the last car, while the guard was closing the sliding door of the car ahead, he swung himself first to a foothold on the platform, and then, before the guard could prevent it, leaped over the gate.

Dr. Lampkin, determining not to be left, swung on to the platform of the rear car, where there was no guard, and, with some difficulty, slowly climbed over the iron railing.

Hendricks smiled grimly when he saw that the doctor was safe, and, passing the guard, who was speechless with amazement, ran through the crowded car to Dr. Lampkin on the rear platform.

"Come with me," he whispered, panting from his hard run. "We must nab him before we reach the next station. He'll be desperate, and we must cover him with our guns. He must not escape us. He is a regular devil!"

Just then the guard came up.

"See here, what does this mean?" he asked, sternly. "Don't you know——"

"Detectives," whispered Hendricks. "Murderer on this train. Let us alone. If you interfere,"—as the guard seemed to hesitate,— "I'll have you slapped into jail. Get out of the way.—Come on, doctor. He is likely to be about the middle of the train. He may have seen us get on."

The train was now going at full speed. They had passed into the fourth car from the end, searching on each side for the fugitive, when they heard a startled cry from a woman at a window on the left.

"A man fell off!" she cried, her face pressed against the glass. At

once the people in the car rushed over to the side she was on. The windows were so crowded that Hendricks could not get to them. He ran out on the platform of the car and looked back. A tall, gray-haired man, without a hat, stood on the track, leaning against the iron railing. He did not seem injured, for he began to walk easily along the narrow plank. Presently, just as the train was turning a curve, he lowered himself between the cross-ties and vanished.

Hendricks turned to Lampkin.

"Beat!" he said, simply. "He is the most reckless fellow I ever chased. I have got a mother to support, or I would follow him. But I can't jump off a flying train, even for him."

"You are sensible. You would be a fool to try it," said the doctor. "It's all right for him: his neck is at stake. What next?"

"Get out at the first station, and go back to where he descended."

By this time the guards through the entire train knew that Hendricks was a detective. The one on the front of the fourth car volunteered some information:

"He saw you come in at the end, sir, and made a break for the door. I thought somethin' was wrong with the fellow, so I tried to hold him back when he started over the gate, but he slipped through my hands like an eel. Before I knew what he was about, he was swingin' down at the side of the car, as white as a corpse, but smilin' all the time. Then he came to a place where the planks were wider, between the two railroads, and let go. It knocked him down, but he got up again."

"Do you think it hurt him at all?" asked Hendricks.

"Not a bit in the world, sir: he's as nimble as a cat." Then the guard slid the doors open, and began to call out the next station. The train was slowing up.

"Let's be the first out," said the detective, pressing past some men to the door, and drawing his friend by the arm.

Reaching the street below, Hendricks turned back towards the direction whence they had come.

"I suppose it is about four blocks," he said, as he started into a brisk walk. "All we can do now is to go back to where he let himself down from the railroad. We may pick up something there; though I doubt it."

It was easy enough to find the spot desired, for quite a crowd of people had gathered under the elevated track, and two policemen seemed to be trying to disperse them.

"Where did the fellow go that got off that train?" asked Hendricks of a policeman. "I am a detective."

Both the policemen stared.

"Was you chasin' 'im?" asked one of them, in astonishment.

"Yes. Where did he go?"

"He called a cab, and got in it. He said he fell off the train and hurt himself a little, and wanted to go home."

"Did you hear the direction he gave the driver?"

"No: did you, John?"

The other policeman shook his head.

"I couldn't hear, the crowd kept up such a racket. What's the chap done?"

Hendricks ignored the question, and at once went up in the estimation of both the policemen.

"Do you know the cabman?"

The policemen exchanged questioning glances, and then answered, "No."

A street urchin spoke up. "It was one of Jimmy McGuire's rigs, but I don't know who was drivin' it."

"Jimmy turns 'em off and hires new ones every day," explained one of the policemen. Hendricks thanked them and turned away, a look of disappointment on his face. They had gone half a block back towards the elevated station which they had just left, before he spoke. Then he said,—

"I shall leave you, doctor: I know you want to get back to business, and you can't really help me just now."

Dr. Lampkin understood that the detective wanted to be left alone, so he held out his hand.

"You are going to follow up that cab, I suppose," said he, "and find out where the man was taken."

"There would be no use in that," Hendricks replied. "He was simply driven to some railway or ferry station, and will soon be in New York, lost like a needle in a hay-stack. The truth is, I have got to find some other line to work on. If the fellow should take a notion to leave the city, he might never be caught, and we should not be able to help that young man and his girl out of their trouble. Good-by. I'll see you before long."

CHAPTER XVII.

HENDRICKS walked back to 234 Union Street, and rang the bell. Mrs. Champney came to the door, holding her son by the hand. She was pale, and her eyes were red from weeping.

"Come in," she said, coldly. "I suppose you did not catch my brother, and now want to search the house."

"We did not catch him, that is true, madam," replied the detective, as the three went into the parlor. "But I did not come to do anything that would be unpleasant to you. I came chiefly to apologize for my roughness just now. If I had reflected, I would not have pushed you aside as I did; but, as it was, it seemed our only chance of securing him, and we had already been delayed."

"Why, you must be——" She paused.

"Minard Hendricks," the detective interpolated.

"Good gracious!" she cried, putting her arm round her son and drawing him to her. "I knew it was you, because I have heard how considerate you always are with women. Is it—is it, then, so—so serious? At first I hoped it was only some trifling act of misconduct; but if—if—I suppose you are employed only on criminal cases. Has he——?"

Hendricks sat down.

"I am afraid it is a very serious charge, Mrs. Champney; but it is only a charge, you know: of course he has not yet been convicted."

The woman's face fell, and the arm round the boy was trembling visibly.

"What has he done?" she gasped. "You may as well let it out. I want to know. What has he done?"

"There was a certain man whom your brother hated," replied the detective. "His name was Strong,—Richard N. Strong."

The woman stared, then Hendricks saw her eyes waver.

"Yes, perhaps he did hate him. He had good reason for doing so: Strong robbed him of every cent of his savings when they were partners in mining enterprises out West years ago. That was my brother's one weak point; he was really a sort of monomaniac on the subject. But what has that to do with——"

"Strong was murdered in his bed three weeks ago," said Hendricks, impressively.

"Oh, my God! you don't mean it? My brother could not have killed him! Tom could not have done such a thing! Oh, Mr. Hendricks, don't tell me it is true! He has been enough trouble to me, without my having to face such a horror as that."

"I am sorry to say that it looks very much as if he did it," Hendricks replied. "In fact, I have rather strong evidence against him."

Drawing her child to a sofa with her, the woman sat down. Hendricks was afraid she was going to faint, she had turned so white, but when he started to rise to her assistance she motioned him back.

"Now I understand," she said. "He went away about three weeks ago, and would not tell us where he had been. In fact, it irritated him when we asked about his absence. Fred!" she cried, as she held the boy a little way from her, "your uncle Tom has killed a man. He is a murderer, and will have to be executed like any other criminal. That's what has been the matter with him lately. That's why he has been so restless and unable to sleep, and why he is so anxious to read the newspapers. Poor Tom! He used to be a good brother to me when I was a girl. Oh, Mr. Hendricks, I can't bear it! it is awful—awful!—to think of what may come of it. Is there no hope?"

"If he is not brought to justice, an innocent man will most likely suffer in his place," said Hendricks,—“a man with the world before him, a young man engaged to a lovely girl. She, too, will have to suffer. Your brother is without doubt guilty, and I really see little chance for him.”

"You came back to search his room, I suppose," answered the woman. "You know where it is. I shall offer no objection. I want to do what is right. If he has done wrong deliberately, he must take the consequences."

"I shall not search his room," replied the detective. "This is your house: you are suffering enough already. I shall not try to find, under your roof, evidence against him. I think I can do without it. I only thought you might not be unwilling to tell me something about

his past business relations with Strong. I suppose your brother has given you the facts in the case?"

"Yes, he has often done so, and I will tell you, as well as I can, all about it." The woman stroked her son's head thoughtfully for a moment, then she went on: "I really believe this Richard N. Strong did my brother a great wrong. They were equal partners in several small mining ventures in Colorado twenty years ago, and seemed to get along pretty well together, but it happened that just at the time they were trying to get possession of a certain tract of silver-mining land which my brother was confident would enrich them both, Tom was compelled to return to New York on important business of his own. Now, my brother, Thomas Farleigh, was known to be an exceptionally good judge of mineral indications, and it often happened that when he showed interest in property the owners would refuse to sell at any reasonable price. So, in this case, Mr. Strong proposed to him that he be not known in the transfer at all, but that he leave in his hands his part of the purchase-money, and let the property be made over to him while Tom was in New York. My brother thought it a good idea, and consented, leaving all his savings, something over five thousand dollars, with Strong, simply on the assurance that on his return he should have a deed to a half-interest in the property.

"Strong no doubt meant to be honest, and I believe only an accident to my brother prevented him from being so. On Tom's way to New York he fell from a train at Cincinnati, struck his head against a stone, and was taken insensible to a hospital. The doctors said his skull was fractured, and he became insane. From the hospital I had him taken to a private asylum, where I remained with him as long as I could. After I left Cincinnati, Mr. Strong heard of the accident, and went to see him. My brother did not recognize him, and, believing that Tom would never be restored to his right mind, Mr. Strong said nothing to any one about the money put into his hands by my brother. He went ahead and organized a big company of Eastern capitalists to operate the mine. They struck a rich vein, and Strong became wealthy at once.

"About five years afterwards a skilful surgeon trepanned my brother's skull, relieved the pressure on the brain, and restored his reason. Tom, of course, remembered the last transaction with his old partner, and, hearing of Strong's great success, at once set about trying to recover an interest in his fortune. Mr. Strong was not, I believe, a very bad man, and he would have been willing to undo what he had done, but to divide his profits with my brother would have been an open admission of guilt: so he disputed the claim.

"Tom has told me often that Strong privately offered him at one time twenty-five thousand dollars as a settlement of all claims against him, but that he had indignantly refused it. Another time Strong offered him fifty thousand dollars. They were alone in my brother's room in a hotel in Denver. Tom answered the proposal by striking Strong in the mouth and shooting at him as he ran down-stairs.

"Strong escaped unhurt, but my brother was arrested and tried for attempting manslaughter. At the trial Tom made a statement of his

wrongs, but Mr. Strong brought proof that the claimant had been in an insane asylum and testified that he had never been wholly restored. He even pleaded for Tom's release on that score, and was praised in the papers for so doing. My brother was let off with a small fine, but the wrong rankled in his mind, and for the past fifteen years he has thought of nothing but getting even with the man who had wronged him.

"He has had no regular employment, but has lived in a sort of hand-to-mouth way in several cities in the East and West. Most people thought his mind impaired, but I believe he is as sensible as he ever was. I have a small income, and for five years—since my husband died—he has lived with me. He has been studying hypnotism for the last two years, and experimenting on every one who would allow it. At first I did not object, because it seemed to keep him interested; but lately he has almost frightened me with his wonderful skill. He can make people do anything he wishes, and on Friday nights the neighbors come in this parlor to hear him talk and witness his experiments. They always give him money, and so I could not object, as it is now the only way he has of earning anything."

"You say that of late he has frightened you with his experiments?" said Hendricks. "Would you mind telling me the nature of some of the most objectionable?"

"He seems very fond of making his hypnotized subjects imagine they are murdering some one, and they always go through with it in such a way that it makes my blood run cold. He usually has a pillow, a chair, or some piece of furniture, to represent the man to be killed, and then——"

"I think I know the process," interrupted Hendricks, as if a thought had suddenly come into his mind. "He would stick up a knife somewhere, and make his subject take it of his own accord and stab the imaginary man."

"Exactly."

"He would, however, fail sometimes," said the detective; "he would now and then be unable to control a subject."

"Not if the person had ever been hypnotized before," replied the woman. "Those people who had been under his influence more than once would promptly do his bidding."

"I presume he sometimes called his make-believe victims by the name of Strong," Hendricks remarked. "It would be natural, after all he has borne."

"Yes, quite frequently. Some of his friends knew the name of the man who had wronged him, and it became a sort of joke at the gatherings; but it was no joke with Tom, and that is why I hoped he would not meet his old partner again. Not long ago he heard somehow that Strong was to be married to a pretty young lady, and it infuriated him beyond description. Perhaps——"

The woman paused and looked at Hendricks suspiciously. She lowered her head, and began nervously to stroke the hair of the child. Then she said, abruptly,—

"Somehow, I trust you, sir. I have heard so much of your kindness to women that I feel down in my heart that you are sorry for me

in spite of the duty you have to perform ; but I don't want to say anything thoughtlessly that would go against my brother. I couldn't bear to think that——"

The woman's eyes began to fill, and Hendricks rose.

"I am, indeed, in full sympathy with you, Mrs. Champney," he said. "You have had a mighty big load to bear, and if I can possibly make it lighter I will do so."

"I thank you," replied the woman, "but there is only one thing I can ask, and I shall be grateful if you will do it for me. I want to know the worst as soon as possible. If—if you—arrest him, please let me know at once where I can go and comfort him. Poor fellow! he is not so very much to blame. His whole life was ruined by that man's act, and if he did kill Mr. Strong he hardly knew what he was doing."

"I will keep you posted," said Hendricks; and he bowed and left the room.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"Be at my office at five o'clock sharp, and wait till I come.

"HENDRICKS."

As soon as he received this message, Dr. Lampkin turned a patient over to his assistant, and went down to Hendricks's office in Park Row, arriving a few minutes before five. The office-boy said Hendricks had not come. The doctor went in and took a seat.

An hour passed, and still there was no sign of the detective. Another hour dragged by. It was growing dark. The office-boy came in, lighted the gas, and laid down an evening paper.

"Any message from Mr. Hendricks yet?" asked the doctor.

"No, sir."

"You have no idea where he is?"

"No, sir."

"Is there a restaurant near here?"

"Just round the corner, sir."

"I have had nothing to eat since lunch," said the doctor. "If Mr. Hendricks comes in, tell him he can find me there, or will meet me on the way back."

Dr. Lampkin went to the restaurant, remained there twenty minutes, and returned to the office. Hendricks had not arrived, nor sent any word of explanation. The time passed very slowly to the doctor. He smoked a cigar, stretched himself on a lounge near an open window, and, concentrating his mind upon the idea that he would wake at the slightest sound, allowed himself to sleep.

At half-past eleven he was aroused. It was Hendricks's step on the stairs. He opened the door, entered slowly, as if wearied, and, with a sigh, sank into an arm-chair.

"By heavens!" he exclaimed, suddenly noticing his friend on the lounge, "you must forgive me, doctor, for not showing up. All the afternoon and evening I have been on a dead run after that chap, but

he has given me the slip half a dozen times. I would have sent you a message, but I could not tell you where to meet me."

"You have not given up the chase?" asked Dr. Lampkin.

"I am stumped for to-night, it seems," was the reply. Hendricks rose and began to walk the floor excitedly. He paused suddenly in front of his friend, and, with his hands deep in his pockets, said, "I was never so absolutely cut up in my life. I'd give my right arm to have that man, dead or alive, to-night."

"Why, has anything particular happened?"

Hendricks took from his pocket some papers, telegrams, and letters, and handed one to the doctor. "Is that not enough to make a man desperate? I received it two days ago."

The telegram ran as follows:

"Mr. Whidby arrested. What shall I do? ANNETTE DELMAR."

Dr. Lampkin's face fell.

"That's bad," he said,— "very bad indeed."

"Of course it is bad," grunted Hendricks. "That's why I haven't seen you. I have never given any mortal such a dead close chase in my life, hoping every minute to be able to telegraph the little girl that I had nabbed the right man, and that her sweetheart was safe."

"But," said Dr. Lampkin, "why wouldn't they wait down there? Surely——"

"That blasted blockhead Welsh! The other day the papers began to ridicule him for turning the case over to a New York man, who had gone away without doing anything. I was afraid then that Welsh would weaken; and he did the minute the *Times* published the truth about the shooting at the mayor's and Fred Walters took his wife away for a change of scene. You see, that knocked the alibi theory into a cocked hat, and the police were obliged to lay hold of Whidby to satisfy the public. The poor boy has been in jail two days, and, if you want to weep and kick yourself for not doing more up here, read the little girl's letter. I got it this morning. She wrote it soon after she sent the telegram."

Lampkin opened the envelope handed him by the detective. Hendricks turned and continued his nervous walk.

"DEAR MR. HENDRICKS," the letter ran,— "As I telegraphed just now, they have arrested poor dear Mr. Whidby. It seems to me I cannot bear any more. I am completely broken-hearted. We had kept up hope, knowing that you and Dr. Lampkin, two of the best men on earth, believed in his innocence and were trying to establish it. So long as we could meet occasionally, read your letters together, and hope for the best, it was not so very bad; but now—oh, I could never describe the depth of my woe! It seems that the whole world is against us. As soon as I heard of the arrest, I went down to the prison in a cab, but they would not let me see him. The jail was surrounded by a great crowd, hooting and yelling with all their might. They say Mr. Whidby would have been mobbed if he had not been jailed secretly. The crowd even sneered and laughed at me, and father came

down almost frantic with rage. He forced me into a cab and brought me home. I don't know what to do. There is not even a soul who is willing to go on Mr. Whidby's bond, except Colonel Warrenton, and he has been unable to arrange it. Every newspaper but one has declared editorially against the likelihood of Mr. Whidby's innocence. Oh, if only he could be cleared now, what a happy, happy girl I should be! If only you or Dr. Lampkin were here to advise me! Colonel Warrenton is good, but he is helpless; public opinion is somewhat against him. If you never get the proof you are seeking, or never catch the real criminal, I shall still be grateful and love both you and the doctor to the end of my life.

"ANNETTE DELMAR."

Dr. Lampkin folded the letter with trembling hands. Hendricks paused in front of him, and smiled coldly.

"Now it is your turn to wrestle with your sympathies, old man. I have been at it all day."

"Do you think you'll ever get within a mile of the scoundrel?" asked Lampkin, gloomily.

"I don't know," said Hendricks, with a frown. "I have told you several times that I was a bloated ass, haven't I? Well, get up here and kick me, and don't let up till daybreak, either. At eight o'clock to-night I was as near our man as I am to you; I even shook hands with him; and yet God only knows where he is now."

"What! You don't mean——"

"Yes, I do. I mean everything. Read this." Hendricks thrust a sheet of paper at the doctor. "What do you think of that?"

Dr. Lampkin stared at the lines in growing surprise.

"MINARD HENDRICKS, Detective, New York," the letter began,—
"I am the man you are looking for. I did the deed, and the game is up with me. I am tired of dodging you, and am ready to surrender like a man. I would come to you at once, but I have an engagement this evening that I want to fulfil before losing my liberty. I have agreed to give a little lecture on 'Hypnotism and its Practical Uses' to some people at Albridge Hall, in Grand Street. It is a small place, but you can easily find it. I begin to talk at eight o'clock, and the lecture will last an hour. If you will let me finish, I shall be obliged, as I owe a man some money and have promised him the door receipts. Please take a seat in the front row, as near the centre of the hall as you can. You will be in tough company; but you won't mind that, if all the adventures told of you are true. You need not fear any foul play on my part. I have got nothing against you. You are simply doing your duty, and I admire you for it.

"Sincerely yours,

"THOMAS HAMPTON FARLEIGH."

"Did you go?" asked Lampkin, looking up from the letter.

Hendricks smiled grimly. "Yes, I was on hand early enough. It was a frightful place, a little narrow hall, used for lectures, political meetings, and low-class concerts. About a hundred people were present,

mostly men. You can judge what the crowd was when I say that the price of admission was fifteen cents. I got a seat near the centre of the little stage, in the first row. The drop-curtain was down, but promptly at eight it was drawn up.

"A boy came out on the stage from behind the scenes, bringing the lecturer's table, and placed it near the foot-lights. The crowd began to applaud with sticks and umbrellas, and in the uproar our hero appeared, bowing and smiling,—quite at ease, I assure you. Really, I admired him for his coolness. He was exactly the style of man described by Matthews as having paid the mysterious visit to Strong. His hair was white, and he was very thin, sallow, and dark-skinned. He looked as if he had not eaten anything nor had a square night's sleep for a month.

"He recognized me, and singled me out with a bow and a smile, then stepped down from the stage and held out his hand cordially.

"'I am glad to meet you, Mr. Hendricks,' he said. 'I hope my talk will not bore you; that is, if you have decided to let me make it.'

"'Go ahead, by all means,' I replied. 'I shall be interested.'

"He thanked me, and went back on the stage. He talked for twenty minutes in a very eloquent, smooth way about hypnotism, and called several men up to be hypnotized. He made them do a number of laughable things, and then asked them to take their seats in the audience. While he was doing this, I saw a change come over his face that I could not interpret. He seemed suddenly to become depressed. He leaned forward, with a hand on each side of his table, and said, 'Now, gentlemen, I am going to show you a mechanical arrangement that will interest you.' Then he turned and went behind the scenes.

"It did not take me half a minute to smell a mouse. I sprang over the footlights, and surprised the boy who had been assisting him by suddenly rushing into the dressing-room.

"'Where is Mr. Farleigh?' I asked.

"'Gone,' the boy replied. 'He told me to tell you he had changed his mind and would not wait for you. The lecture is off for to-night.'

"'Which way did he go?' I asked.

"'The stage door, sir,' said the boy.

"I tried the door. It was locked on the outside. It would have been folly to force it. He had escaped me. I went quietly out at the front door, leaving the audience impatiently waiting for the return of the lecturer and his 'mechanical arrangement.' Since then I have been searching every possible hole that the man might have run into, but am dead tired, and have been taken in worse than I ever was before."

"Remarkable," said Dr. Lampkin, thoughtfully. "I can't make it out. Do you think he did it for the fun of the thing?"

"No. I'm sure he really meant to keep his word," said Hendricks, "and that something suddenly caused him to change his plans."

"Perhaps it was the awful fear of the gallows brought vividly to his mind by seeing you there," suggested Dr. Lampkin.

Hendricks made no reply, but, with corrugated brow and impatient stride, continued his walk to and fro.

"Lie down here," said the doctor. "Relax your body, and let me

put you to sleep. This sort of thing will do no good: you won't be able to work to-morrow."

Hendricks threw himself on the lounge, but at the sound of footsteps on the stairs sprang up expectantly.

"Thank God!" he muttered. The door opened, and a messenger-boy in blue uniform entered and handed the detective a letter. "It is from our man," said Hendricks, as he opened it.

"DEAR SIR," the letter said,—*"I did not want to break faith with you this evening, but I had to do it. The truth is, something occurred to me that I must attend to before giving myself up, and I was afraid you would not give me the time. I want as little sensation over this matter as possible, on account of my sister and my little nephew, whose name I so thoughtlessly used. Through them you have me in your power. I would not otherwise give up so easily. I confess I killed Richard N. Strong. He deliberately robbed me, and has wrecked my life. I heard he was about to marry a young lady, and that was 'the straw,' as the saying is. I hypnotized Whidby, and tried to make him commit the deed, but failed. My first intention was to lay the crime on him, but after I left the house I wrote the notes and scattered them about town to keep the young man from being suspected. I hated them both, one for stealing, and the other for being the person who would eventually get the benefit of my money, but I could not let another suffer for a deed of mine. If you will come, as soon as you get this, to 567 Mott Street, where I have a room,—top floor front,—you may do with me as you like. I shall wait for you.*

"THOMAS HAMPTON FARLEIGH."

"Is it a trap?" asked Dr. Lampkin, when he had read the letter. Hendricks was silent.

"Any answer, sir?" The messenger-boy stood waiting in the open door-way.

"No. But wait," cried the detective. "Do you know what time this message was left at your office?"

"About nine, sir, I think. The instructions were to deliver it exactly at one o'clock."

"Ah!" Hendricks pulled his beard thoughtfully, as he looked at a clock on the wall. "You are punctual."

"The man said that it must be taken exactly on time."

"Tall, gray-haired, dark-skinned fellow?"

"Yes, sir."

"Has any one called to ask about it since it was left?"

"No, sir. I have been in the office ever since."

The conversation paused for a moment; then the detective seemed to collect his thoughts with a start. He gave the boy a quarter.

"Call a cab for us at once, as you go out. Have it at the door." He turned to the doctor as the boy went down the stairs.

"We must go to Mott Street at once. Are you sure you feel like it?"

"Nothing could please me more. It seems to me that you have been doing all the work. I want to get into it."

CHAPTER XIX.

HARDLY a more disreputable spot could have been found in all New York than the immediate vicinity of the house to which they had been directed. Along the street were several opium dens, dimly lighted, and on the corner, not far away, a man was selling hot sausages from a steaming vessel over a charcoal fire.

As Hendricks and the doctor were alighting from the cab near the house to which they were going, a solitary policeman approached, and was about to pass, when Hendricks called to him. The detective introduced himself and told the astonished fellow to stand in readiness near the door of No. 567. The policeman consented, evidently highly flattered at being in the service of the famous detective.

As they went up the steps to the little stoop, Hendricks advised the policeman to pass on, so as not to be noticed by whoever opened the door. The detective rang. There was a faint light shining through the grimy transom over the door, but no sound came from within.

Hendricks rang again, and when the clanging of the bell had died out, a door beneath the stoop opened, a chain rattled against an iron gate, and a woman half clad and with hair dishevelled came out amidst a heap of garbage and ash-barrels and glared up at them.

"What do ye want?" she asked, crustily.

"We have an appointment with a Mr. Farleigh, who has a room here, I think," Hendricks replied.

"A purty time o' night for it!" snarled the woman. "But I promised the gentleman to let ye in, an' so, if ye'll wait till I come up, I'll open the door."

In a minute she admitted them.

"Ye was to go up to his room,—the top floor front; ye can't miss it. I would go up ahead o' ye, but I'm that stiff that——"

"We'll get there all right," Hendricks interrupted, passing her. "We won't be long. Would you mind leaving the door unlocked?"

"Not at all, sir," she replied. The detective thanked her, and went up the stairs.

The door of the room in front, on the top floor, was closed. There was a transom over it, but no light shone through. Hendricks knocked, and waited. Then he put his hand on the latch. As he did so, Dr. Lampkin drew his revolver.

Hendricks laughed grimly. "Put it up," he muttered. "You won't need it."

The door was not fastened. Hendricks pushed it open, and as he did so some strips of cotton batting fell to the floor from the side and the top. The room was very dark. The outside blinds had been closed, and the curtains drawn, so that no light came in from the street below nor from the moon above.

The detective struck a match, and lighted the gas near the door. The yellow glare filled the room and revealed a gruesome sight. A bed stood in the right-hand corner, and on his side, his face to the windows, lay the body of a man. A forty-four calibre, old-style

pistol had been tied to the back of a chair in such a way that the muzzle was within three inches of a dark hole in the man's temple.

"Original idea!" was Hendricks's first observation. He pointed to a faint line of ashes from the chair, across the bare floor, to the air-hole of a little stove in the fireplace.

"I can't understand it," said Dr. Lampkin, stooping to examine the ashes.

Hendricks opened the door of the stove.

"I have never seen this method before," he said, reflectively. "The line of ashes was made by a fuse running from the tube of the pistol to a candle in the stove. See, here are the remains of the wick, and some of the tallow. The fuse was fastened in the end of the candle; he lit it, closed the door of the stove, to keep the light from disturbing him, and lay there waiting for it to burn down to the fuse and thus fire the pistol. It must have been his intention to have death come upon him while he was asleep."

"My God! what an idea!" exclaimed Dr. Lampkin. "I see. He calculated on a painless death by hypnotizing himself to sleep."

"Can it be done?" asked Hendricks.

"Hardly," the doctor replied. "I don't think the creature was ever born who could, in that way, put himself to sleep while facing eternity, especially after committing a crime. His conscience would not allow it." Dr. Lampkin bent forward, and made a close examination of the dead man's features. "Poor fellow!" he said. "He evidently tried to sleep. I think he wanted to be found with a smile on his face. But he failed. Even in death he shows the awful dread he must have had. There is no doubt that he mentally suffered. Do you know what a friend of mine is doing? He is making a study of the features of the dead, for the purpose of scientifically proving to people who don't believe in the immortality of the soul that there is a future life. He says if only our sight were educated sufficiently we could read on the faces of dead people expressions that could not be put there by mortal thought,—expressions that are formed just as the awakened soul is leaving the body. I agree with him that it is a great field for study. He is an artist, and has painted the strongest picture that I have ever seen. It is the living face of a man distorted by the worst of human passions, and by its side is the same face, after death, wearing the spiritual expression I mentioned."

"I hope," Hendricks remarked, with a shudder, as he glanced at the dead man's features, "your friend would not argue that the horrible expressions on the faces of some suicides would prove that—that they have no—chance, you know."

"Not at all," replied the doctor. "He says the soul is simply separated from the body so hastily that there is no time for it to leave its real expression. But we are certainly on a gruesome subject. I suppose Farleigh used the cotton batting to close up the chinks in the door, to deaden the sound of the pistol."

Hendricks nodded, lowered the gas, and led his friend down to the street. He hastily explained to the policeman what had happened, and told him to stand on guard at the place till he could summon the coroner.

"I suppose you are going to notify the coroner the first thing you do," observed Dr. Lampkin, as they were entering a telegraph office on Broadway. Hendricks took a blank from the desk, and, without replying, hastily wrote a message. When he had finished it, he handed it to his friend, with a hearty smile.

"That's the first thing on the programme, and I thank God that I am able to do it."

"MISS ANNETTE DELMAR," ran the message,—*"Murderer of Strong just suicided, leaving complete confession. Whidby shall be released to-morrow."*

"LAMPKIN AND HENDRICKS."

"Will it be so soon as that?" the doctor asked.

"Yes; a telegraphic report from the chief of police here will do the work. I can manage that. But the little girl will be happy enough when she gets this telegram."

"Now you will inform the coroner, I suppose," said Lampkin.

"Not before I fire a message at Whidby," said Hendricks. "There is no hurry about the other. It won't take a coroner's jury long to give a verdict when they read the confession."

The next day at twelve o'clock Hendricks called at Dr. Lampkin's office. He found the doctor alone.

"It's all right!" he exclaimed. "I thought you'd want to feel sure about it, so I ran up. The news has just reached the police here that everything is satisfactory. Whidby is out by this time. Here's something you are interested in." He handed the doctor a telegram.

It was as follows:

"MINARD HENDRICKS AND DR. LAMPKIN, New York:

"God bless you both! I never was so happy in my life. Papa went with me to the jail to see Alfred. I am dying to thank you personally. Do come down if you possibly can.

"ANNETTE DELMAR."

Dr. Lampkin folded the telegram and put it into the envelope. Hendricks had thrown himself on a lounge, and was gazing up at the ceiling.

"Well, shall you go?" Dr. Lampkin asked.

"I hardly know," said the detective. "It would be nice to see that boy and girl happy together and know that we had something to do with it. If I had failed to carry my point in Whidby's case it would have driven me crazy: I should never have tried to do another piece of detective work so long as I lived. But I can't get away easily just now, for I have the Sixth Avenue jeweller's matter to dig at. Perhaps we can both go a little later."

THE END.

NAVAL WARFARE IN 1896.

THE conditions of naval warfare are to-day largely a matter of speculation. More than ever before the materials, in the form of facts and statistics, are accessible to all; less perhaps than ever before can the true conclusions to be drawn from these facts and figures be fully realized even by the best-equipped practical authorities. The truth is that in the domain of naval warfare more perhaps than in any other of wide-reaching importance to the world we are to-day without that practical information which comes only of actual experiment. Eighty years ago the very reverse of this was the case. The civilized world was then at the close of the longest and most extensive naval wars of which the world has any record. Its naval armament had not greatly changed for any practical purposes for more than one hundred and fifty years. Its ships, indeed, were somewhat larger and more swift than they had been in the days of Blake and Van Tromp, their cannon and ammunition more modern and effective, but in all essentials they were very much the same. The same conditions attached to their use, the same or practically the same limits were set to their employment, that had existed through a century and a half and had exercised the genius of a dozen great naval commanders.

To-day all this is changed. The ships, the armament, the conditions, are more radically altered from what existed less than a century ago than these were from what had existed eighteen centuries previously. It is true that gunpowder had in the interval revolutionized war in some respects; yet it had not done so to half the extent, so far as naval operations are concerned, since brought about by the introduction of steam. In the time of Nelson a naval engagement was partly a matter of skill, indeed, but largely one of hardihood, daring, and even physical strength on the part of the seamen engaged, very much as it had been at the battle of Actium, fought some eighteen hundred years before. Cannon, it is true, had taken the place of Greek fire and rocks, while muskets had superseded slings and spears, but to a large extent the effective force was the same, and it was the quality of the sailor as an individual fighter, and his skill as a hardy mariner, that, as a rule, determined the result. It would, of course, be rash to say that these qualities will have no place, or only a very trifling place, in the naval warfare of the future, but it is hardly possible that they should have anything like the same place that they have had in the past. The age is one of mechanical forces impressed into the service of man, and just in proportion as these take effect the influence of merely human strength and daring, and even of human skill, outside the rigid limits imposed by the new state of things, grows less important.

It was the First Napoleon who made the cynical remark that Providence is on the side of the biggest battalions; and, although undoubtedly experience was largely crystallized in the remark, he had himself many instances to prove that there were not a few exceptions

to the rule. It may well be questioned whether the statement will not be found to be far more nearly literally true of naval than of military operations. The big battalions,—the fully-equipped battleships, the best steaming power, the best and most far-sighted arrangements,—these, far more than mere dash and hardihood, are likely to be the controlling factors in the success of nations hereafter when they engage in naval wars. The nation which has added to efficient sailors and undaunted men the greatest number of ships fitted with all modern appliances for warfare—the best guns, the soundest armor, the most available steam power—may be said to have assured success. Mere bravery, a little more or less, will do little except in rare and unlikely cases; superior skill in seamanship will but seldom have the opportunity of making its influence felt; even the quickness and deftness of expedient with which, rightly or wrongly, we as a people are apt to credit ourselves beyond others, will only in rare cases have a chance of showing themselves. It will be the ships, the guns, and possibly most of all the steaming power of the vessels, that will tell.

The exact results that may be looked for as the effect of the contest between guns and armor which has been going on for the last twenty-five years are confessedly matters of debate among experts. Whether the chances are in favor of the cannon or of the armor is, after all, a point of very little importance where the guns of all naval powers are very much alike, and the armor of all the world's great navies really differs very little on the whole. It may be taken for granted that the most modern cannon will penetrate all but the most modern armor plates, and therefore that the ships armed with the newest guns will, as a rule, knock holes in all but the newest ships. It is, however, important to bear in mind that in all navies the proportion of old armored ships and old guns is very nearly the same, so that this fact makes scarcely any practical difference to-day, except, it may be, in so far as one nation may have greater means of turning out new armored ships and supplying guns of the newest pattern than another. Even this is not of much consequence, however, because these are not the days of long wars, and it is hard to see how even a naval contest could be protracted long enough to enable any slight superiority in these respects to make itself felt. In another respect it matters even less, because it will be found that the preparedness of each nation of the civilized world to produce at short notice the appliances of naval warfare is in proportion to what they have been doing in the way of supplying them during the last few years, and therefore in proportion, roughly speaking, to what they have at command to-day.

So far, then, as the armored ships and rifled cannon of the world's navies are concerned, the position in 1896 would seem to be this, that they may be looked upon as efficient and dangerous in proportion to their size, armament, and speed. The biggest ships, carrying, as a rule, the most and biggest cannons, and being also encased in the heaviest armor to resist attack, are the most formidable, always supposing they can be on the spot where they are wanted, and the smaller ones in proportion to their size and speed, where extra speed is required. With the aid of statistics, which nowadays are ready to hand, it is a

comparatively easy task to ascertain how the world's fighting fleets stand in these respects. Allowances, indeed, should be made in one or two instances, if we desired to be absolutely correct, but for the present purpose this is not material. The object before us is to get a fair general idea of the naval fighting power of the larger European nations in 1896, as well as of our own, and this can be done without going into details of naval construction.

The armored fighting ships of all the countries of Europe to-day comprise a total of three hundred and one, ranging in size from about 2500 tons to 14,900 tons. In addition to these, this country possesses in all, ready or nearly ready for use in war, a total of twenty-four armored ships, ranging in size from 1875 tons up to 10,231 tons. In addition to the armored fighting ships of the world's navies, there are also a certain number of modern and to some extent effective war-vessels which have no protective armor, and of these the European navies possess three hundred and seventy-four, while there are in our own navy thirty-one such ships. Thus we may reckon that there are available roughly for purposes of war about three hundred and twenty-five armored and four hundred and five unarmored modern fighting ships in the navies of the world, without counting those of Asiatic states, or the few vessels that make up the navies of the smaller American countries. We may also for practical purposes omit from calculation the navies of the European powers too small in numbers to be likely to take part in any great naval wars, should such unfortunately arise. Thus the fighting ships of Austria, Turkey, Portugal, Denmark, Sweden and Norway, and even Spain, may be disregarded in considering the available navies of the world in 1896. These embrace in all sixty armored ships and eighty-nine that are unprotected, leaving for practical consideration three hundred and four armor-clad and three hundred and sixteen unarmored fighting ships. There are in addition to these a variety of other classes of ships and vessels, such as gun-boats, despatch-boats, and torpedo vessels, all of which might prove of no inconsiderable importance in naval operations, but the limits of space forbid any lengthened consideration of anything but what may be termed the regular fighting force of the nations likely to be drawn into naval operations.

Of the nations that remain on our list, Germany, Italy, and Russia have about the same number of vessels, protected and unprotected, those of Russia being, however, on the whole the largest and most powerful. The French fleet consists of about sixty armored and sixty-five unarmored war-vessels; our own embraces twenty-four armored and thirty-one unarmored ships, and that of Great Britain ninety-nine armored and one hundred and forty-four unarmored ships. Among the various fleets there are, of course, diversities of armament of different kinds, but, as there is as yet no practical experience worth mentioning to enable even experts to assign positive values to these different arrangements, it may be wise to assume that, on the whole, the size, number, and armament of the ships of each country fairly represent their fighting value. Looked at from this point of view, it is evident that the available navy of Great Britain considerably exceeds in strength the navies of any

two other nations combined. Of these France and Russia in combination would be the strongest, having between them ninety iron-clad ships and ninety-two unarmored vessels, probably on the whole exceeding in size and fully equal in equipment to those of any other continental European nation. If these two powers were engaged in a naval struggle against England, the island kingdom would have the advantage of a greater number of iron-clad ships and half as many more unarmored vessels of war as they could command in combination. It would require the intervention of a third nation such as Germany, Italy, or the United States to give an absolute preponderance of armored ships to the coalition, and even then the unarmored war-ships of Great Britain would be in a majority in point of numbers and would probably have a still greater advantage in size and equipment.

Such, plainly stated upon the authority of the official returns of the various governments, is the position numerically of the war fleets of the world in the beginning of 1896. It is true that it is only a statement of part of the truth, but it is an important part of it, and one which no nation can afford for a moment to lose sight of. The other considerations that enter into the problem of the comparative maritime strength of nations in case of war may be stated briefly as including ease of concentration at a single point, provisions for enabling fleets to remain at sea, accessibility of ports for shelter, coaling, or repair, and the means of rapid reinstatement after damage in such ports; and lastly, and perhaps chiefly, the means of supplying the waste of war in the shape of competent seamen to man the vessels.

It has been said that Great Britain's weakness in case of a naval war would be found in the impossibility of concentrating her force. In proof of this it is the custom to point to her world-wide commerce and conclude that its protection would employ a great part of her available fleets. This is evidently a reminiscence of the wars of the Napoleonic era, and is probably wholly unfounded in relation to the present day. The days of merchant fleets and convoys are at an end. They are much more definitely at an end to-day than they were in the time of the *Alabama*, and even then they were out of date. During the last twenty years the merchant shipping of the world has been rapidly changing from a sailing to a steam fleet, and for the most part the steam-ships of the merchant navy are fairly well able to look after themselves. In any case it would no longer be possible to gather the commerce of an ocean under the protecting wing of a man-of-war convoy, and it is practically certain that no such attempt would be made. This would form no obstacle in the way of England concentrating her fleets near home. It may be said that the great and wide-spread colonial possessions of Britain involve the scattering of her ships over many oceans; and to a certain extent this is true, but by no means to the extent that some people seem to think. One point, at least, is important: she does not scatter her iron-clad fleet to any considerable extent. The fleets on distant stations, such as the Pacific, Australian, South African, and Indian Ocean, and at ordinary times that of China, are made up of unarmored vessels, with a single armored cruiser of the first or second class as flag-ship. Britain's iron-clad fleet is either at

home, or at furthest on the Mediterranean station, within easy reach of home.

And for the purposes of naval warfare against European powers it must be admitted that Britain holds a geographical position of unequalled value. Its value was demonstrated again and again in the early years of this century, when the combined fleets of more than half of Europe were arrayed against her, and her fleets were able to strike to north and to south, now in the Mediterranean, and now in the Baltic, from her central and isolated position. The changed conditions of warfare have enhanced rather than diminished this advantage. To strike at France in the Mediterranean, and at Russia, or even Germany, in the Baltic and at the mouth of the Elbe, would be less rather than more difficult for Britain to-day than it was in the days of Nelson, Collingwood, Duncan, and Jervis. The strength of the fleets of France lies, and must continue to lie, in the Mediterranean; and there Gibraltar guards the entrance, Malta lies opposite to Tunis, and Egypt, with its great port of Alexandria, is in the occupation of Britain. The Russian war-ships that are not shut into the Black Sea by the Straits of Constantinople are either in the far East or in the Baltic, at a distance from its narrow entrance considerably greater than the eastern ports of England. Thus, from her central station it is evident that the island kingdom could practically hold her enemies apart and bring an equal or perhaps a superior force to bear against each in detail.

Nor is this all. War, it must be borne in mind, is an exhausting process. Ships, men, money, would be poured out like water in any great naval contest of to-day. The waste of material would be enormous, and if it lasted for more than a very few months the country rich in men trained to the sea, rich in money, rich in mechanical appliances and the skill to use them to the best advantage would have a vast advantage over others less richly endowed in these respects. And here Britain would have the advantage over all other countries of Europe, and in some respects over all countries of the world. She is to-day the world's carrier, and her people are almost as much as a century ago the world's sailors. In ship-building and all pertaining to the art she is to-day the workshop of Europe. She builds the iron-clad ships of Russia, and supplies much of the naval machinery for both France and Germany. Her dock-yards can turn out more sea-going fighting ships than all the dock-yards of the rest of Europe put together.

That all these things might not avail her in case of a great naval war in which two or three of the nations of Europe should be banded against her is, of course, true, but they are all elements in any calm consideration of probabilities, even in such a case. It is true that Britain is isolated, though even the extent of her isolation may have been exaggerated by those who would fain believe it complete, but it must be remembered that she is accustomed to isolation, and far beyond any other European nation can afford to disregard its dangers. Standing on the outside fringe of the continent, she has made the sea her own peculiar domain as well as her own special bulwark; she holds the external commerce of Europe mainly in her hands, and the very fact

strengthens her incalculably on the ocean; her ships are on every sea, her people are in possession of the ports and coaling-stations on or close to every continent. In the event of a great naval war in which Britain should be engaged at present it cannot reasonably be doubted that she is to-day in a position almost if not quite as good as ever to hold her own against a considerable part of a world in arms.

Owen Hall.

CRIMINAL JURISPRUDENCE.

IF the above title should suggest to any reader that crimes and criminals present no very agreeable subject for reflection, on the other hand there are some facts connected with them that no American can afford to ignore. Notwithstanding numerous disputes concerning statistical details (nearly always relating to misdemeanors and statutory offences of minor importance), there can be no reasonable doubt of the continued increase of crime in the United States in much greater proportion than the growth of population. Nor is such increase confined to any limited district of country, but is in different degrees prevalent wherever judicial and prison records are kept and accessible. If this increase were common throughout the realm of civilization it might merely imply the existence of some undiscovered social intricacies mysteriously connected with excessive social development. But opposed to any such flattering conclusion is the additional fact that crime has during recent years steadily diminished and still tends to diminish in most of the principal European states.

Hence, unless we are willing to admit that our people are more criminally disposed than others,—which there is no reason to believe,—it follows that there are errors either in the jurisprudence or the penology of our criminal system, which have been measurably corrected in other countries, and which it is in the highest degree incumbent on us to search out and remove. It is of no consequence whether such errors are antiquated relics of a former age, or the result of mistaken modern legislation. If they exist they must be found, and if the way to do so has been successfully indicated in the recent jurisprudence of other countries, it will be quite as valuable to our people as if due to the original genius of our own statesmen. If either through inattention, neglect, or erroneous legislation this country be permitted to retain such bad pre-eminence, increasing depredations on the public will not merely cause augmented loss and suffering to industrious people, but must inevitably lead to popular discontent and disgust at the supposed impotence of *all* legal methods, and to wide condonation of the extra-legal violence which already finds increasing favor in many parts of the country, and ominously tends to invade the oldest and most conservative communities.

As has already been indicated in the April (1896) number of this magazine, the study of *criminology* naturally divides itself into that of criminal jurisprudence, or the treatment of the criminal before

sentence, and penology, which concerns his management and punishment afterwards. The former seeks to detect, arrest, convict, and assess legal punishment, the latter to inflict the penalty in conformity with law and sentence, but in such manner as to reform the offender if he be reformable, or at least to make certain that he shall be no worse after punishment than before; that he shall be exposed to no new contamination while forcibly held in custody, and that his subsequent career shall be hampered with no new dangers by vicious intimacies forced upon him by bad methods of confinement.

Notwithstanding the thought and study bestowed upon penology in many countries, and the substantial advances it has made, it is still no doubt very imperfect. Official reports of the highest Pennsylvania authority abundantly prove that many of the county jails of the State are little better than seminaries of crime, that they are often without system, classification, or even separation, and are in some cases closely connected with the pecuniary profits of individual officials. Moreover, a portion of even the State's penitentiary prisoners are still herded together in the old congregate method, which is being more and more discarded elsewhere, so that convicts from all parts of the country are forcibly brought to mutual acquaintance, and, notwithstanding futile injunctions of silence, enjoy ample opportunity to instruct each other in vice, and, still worse, to blackmail the repentant convict after his discharge. But, on the other hand, the separate system of confinement, originally devised and practised in Pennsylvania, has been widely adopted and is now generally prevalent in several European countries, and knowledge of its advantages both to the prisoner and to the public has become so diffused that preparations are now making for its introduction in some of the most enlightened American States, notably in Massachusetts. In short, the Pennsylvania public has reason to hope for an early extension, in the State of its birth, of the method of separate confinement and individual treatment, by the construction of suitable penitentiaries, and by a closer superintendence of county jails, or their consolidation under the direct government of the commonwealth.

But, while the continued imperfection of penology is thus freely admitted, it is the branch of criminal jurisprudence that as yet remains most backward and immovable, and, being to a certain extent conserved by private interests, requires the most immediate attention in Pennsylvania. Penology, incomplete as it is, has long been studied and taught by many humane persons in all countries, and is in this State far in advance of penal jurisprudence. In fact, the latter has not only failed to receive any recent improvement, but in some respects is in worse condition to-day than a century ago. It requires no prolonged or very close examination to justify what seems such a harsh conclusion. It must now be regarded as axiomatic that mere severity exerts little remedial effect in deterring crime, and accordingly severity has been largely discarded. But the really deterring agencies of *certainly* and *celerity* of punishment have by no means been introduced in its place. If there be any doubt of the comparative efficacy of these agencies, which no one has ever publicly asserted, by all means let it be shown.

But if their value be admitted, what excuse can be offered for a legislature that has done nothing to foster them for a century past? But there is no doubt whatever of their deterring efficacy. It has long been inculcated in every language and asserted by all students, both from observation and experience, alike in civil and military life, that where the penalty is uncertain, remote, and retarded by complicated and dramatic legal adventures, criminals will continue to risk it, whatever severity be incurred at last.

Now, so far from increasing celerity and certainty of punishment in Pennsylvania, legislation has during recent years travelled backward, and interposed new obstacles and additional delays. The practice in these cases is antiquated and highly technical, and remains very much as it was centuries ago, when life was lightly taken for common larceny. And when to this obstacle are added new legislative inventions of appeals and stays of execution, it almost seems as though the chief object of the cumbrous legal machinery was not so much the prompt conviction and sequestration of the criminal, as to interpose new delays, to disperse the witnesses, to review and rereview every incautious word or technical "error" of the judge, and finally to lead the gentle object of solicitude safely through all the intricate thickets of the law and turn him loose among fresh victims.

That this language is neither fanciful nor exaggerated may easily be seen by a very slight review of a few of such enactments. From an early period in this province the county courts of oyer and terminer possessed original and practically final jurisdiction in criminal cases. The judges and juries of the vicinage were deemed competent to administer final justice according to law, while the facts were yet fresh and witnesses accessible, and for more than a century and a half did so administer it, without appeals, procrastination, or delay, and to the satisfaction of several generations of our predecessors. But in 1860, without apparent reason, the legislature granted appeals in all criminal cases.

In 1870, in order to retard or defeat punishment in a single case,—that of one Schoeppe, sentenced to death for murder by poison,—an act was obtained from the legislature giving appeals in murder cases as a matter of right, and requiring the Supreme Court to review the evidence as well as the law of the case. That vicious measure, instead of promoting justice, has infinitely increased the obstacles and the time required for final conviction, and removed farther than ever from malefactors the fear of punishment. And yet it is now the universal rule of practice in Pennsylvania, and, it is much to be feared, has become embedded in the Constitution of 1874.

In 1895 the legislature extended the right of appeal to the newly established Superior Court in all criminal cases except homicide,—which last is left reviewable by the Supreme Court. The general result is that convicted felons of all grades at present possess a right of appeal to one court or the other, or to both, with stay of execution frequently accompanied by admission to bail. The effect, of course, has been to increase the expense to the counties, to multiply proceedings, to complicate and retard conviction, and in many cases, by the

dispersion of or negotiation with witnesses, to promote the criminal's escape and baffle justice altogether. Even the probabilities of technical "errors" are increased rather than diminished by multiplicity of proceedings, and if the avoidance or correction of microscopic "errors" of no real consequence be offered as justification for such indefinite reviews, postponements, and appeals, it is questionable whether more of them do not slip in during a protracted proceeding, dragged through many courts, than in one short and simple trial.

The following are some actual causes of reversal cited in J. D. Lawson's "Leading Criminal Cases Simplified" (St. Louis, 1884); and, though they occurred in the courts of another State, they can probably all be paralleled in Pennsylvania:

1. Because the clerk spelled "breast" in the indictment "brest."
2. An indictment for murder charged that the deceased did *instantly* die instead of *did then and there die*.
3. One of the subpoenas had no seal on it.
4. A witness was asked whether she had ever been in the penitentiary.
5. The judge read the law to the jury instead of writing it down.
6. The jury misspelt the verdict by leaving out one letter.
7. The clerk's record omitted to mention that the prisoner was present when sentenced, and the court could not condescend to ask him.

The same author has well pointed out how, when a judge and jury have tried an offender and reached a verdict, the appellate court proceeds to try, not the prisoner for his guilt, but the trial judge for his procedure. Unless the latter can show that throughout the long and wearisome trial he made no mistakes, the case is sent back for new trial, by which time the witnesses have generally disappeared.

The consequences of prolonged discussions and voluminous judicial essays on such details as the empanelling of a jury, the spelling of a juror's name, the initials of a witness, or the omission or misstatement of some legal fiction or antiquated phrase, tend not only to remove punishment far off from the criminal, but to depreciate the dignity and usefulness of courts. The decision of the court that tried the case comes to be of small consequence in public estimation, when it may be and often is reversed by some distant judge who never saw the jury or heard a witness. The court above, after many months of delay, often decides on minute points, sometimes of mere practice, which non-professional persons can scarcely regard except with hilarity. Hence frequency of appeal in criminal administration has a mischievous tendency to minimize the respect with which every community should regard its local court, and to impair the prudent reflection with which the people should select their judges. For what signify the qualities or capacity of a county judge, if he is to be a mere conduit through which all cases where the prisoner has any money must flow on to more distant courts for the only real and final decision?

The appellate judges have frequently reprehended the class of frivolous "exceptions" referred to, as, for instance, Mr. Justice Williams of the Supreme Court in an opinion on writ of error in a recent

murder case. But the injury has been fastened on courts and public alike by pernicious legislation, and it is not the mild dictum of a judge, but new and effective legislation and drastic rules of practice in the appellate courts, that must be invoked to protect the people from criminals and those who thrive upon them.

Improved methods of penitential imprisonment have long claimed the attention of many conscientious citizens, including the present governor of the commonwealth, and it is freely admitted that these now are, and are always likely to be, worthy of their anxious care. But it has been a chief object of this article to remind the reader that jurisprudence is an equal, or even more important, branch of criminology, that its existing condition urgently demands improvement, that nothing possesses more deterrent efficacy than certainty and celerity of results, and that these are at present mischievously absent. Whether they can be effectually restored by the simple repeal of former legislative inadvertence, or require new and affirmative legislation, is for lawyers and statesmen to decide. Repeal of former injudicious legislation would certainly accomplish much, and the remedial value of simple repeal has been powerfully asserted with pertinent illustration by a great historian and statesman of our race, who, with a mind filled with all facts of ancient and modern history, has expressed his matured opinion that the annals of no race or age afford more striking examples of beneficial legislation than "legislation repealing some former legislation."

I. J. Wistar.

A FELLOW-FEELING.

"**A**N' to-night's the night for Jarge Freeman to be comin', is it? A poor, mis'erable creature! It's all he can do to be sittin' up straight in his chair: he'll never suppart no one but himself. I don't see what ye're after findin' in him, Janey."

Mrs. Ann McGathern habitually spoke in a thunderous voice, but she raised it even higher now, to make herself heard in the front room, where Janey was moving about, lighting a bracket-lamp and placing books upon a table.

"I reckon she finds all she looks for," said Mr. McGathern. He lay upon a box-lounge, smoking a "dudeen,"—his day-long occupation since receiving his pension for forty-eight years of service in the Moribalt Company.

Ann glowered at him. "What do *ye* know about it, T. C.?" she said. T. C.'s opinions, as coming from a man who had lost his health, were not worth much.

"Janey's not searchin' for a husband at present," he went on; "nor Georgy ain't after a wife, neither: he's only taychin' her the branches."

"The branches!" scornfully, and pounding the floor with a crow-bar which she had been employing to lift the kitchen stove in order to place a new oil-cloth beneath. "Them two'll not be stayin' up in the branches long; they'll be gettin' down to the root o' the matter, an'

don't ye forget it, T. C." This in a tone which, to one unacquainted with Mrs. McGathern, would seem to indicate a belief in love and marriage as the basic facts of the universe. In reality, she regarded both as highly superfluous, though not so superfluous as sickness: that was more than a superfluity—it was a high crime and a misdemeanor besides. She could not tolerate it. Nor could she tolerate the fuss some people made about it,—“jist as if it wasn't their own fault, fallin' into disayse.” She herself had given birth to seven children, Janey being the last one left at home; but, beyond what she called “the inconvenience of the thing, stayin' three days in your bed for nothin', an' all the world starin' at ye with both eyes,” she minded “the thing” not at all. Since Janey came into the world, twenty-seven years ago, Ann had never been in her bed except at night, when decent folks should be. But it caused her the severest mortification that a husband of hers should “fall into disayse.” She really was fond of the old fellow, but she could never quite forgive him for not dying standing.

A step was heard outside; then a knock. Janey flew out of the front room, but her mother already had the door open. A big, high-shouldered, shiny-faced young fellow, clad in a suit of newly-washed jeans and wearing the miner's lamp in his cap, stood there. It was Florence Freeman.

“George can't come,” he said: “he's sick. He sent you this note, Janey.”

Janey reached past her mother for the note, but Mrs. McGathern's hand was nearer.

“Won't ye come in, Flory?” called Mr. McGathern from his lounge.

“No; I'm off to work on the night-shift. That there water's gettin' ahead of us.”

“An' will ye be pumpin' till mornin'?”

“That I will.” And Florence had gone.

Mrs. McGathern banged the door shut. “*Him's* the sort o' fellow!” she exclaimed. “Look at the back an' the legs of him. There's bones there. Did ye hear him say he'd be up all night a-workin'? *Him's* the kind o' shtuff! Where'd Jarge be, do ye think, after such exercisin' as that? He'd be in his grave. Let's see what he says.” And she sat down, placed the crow-bar between her knees, and looked hard at the superscription.

Now, Mrs. Ann McGathern could no more read writing than the Latin in her prayer-book, but she had never been known to admit this fact, and her family dutifully assumed that she could read it if she would.

“Mother,” said Janey, “that is my note: I ought to read it first.”

Mrs. McGathern was pleased with this remark, nevertheless she held on to the note for some time, turning the yellow envelope over, and gazing wistfully at the gummed lap. At length she handed it to her daughter, modifying the thunder of her voice as she said, “What do ye think o' me, that I'd be pokin' me nose into other folkses' letters?”

Janey was so long in reading her note that even her father grew

impatient. "What's the matter with Georgy that he don't come?" he asked.

"He's real sick," said Janey; "I'll read you what he says. 'I am hardly able to take my pen in hand to tell you——'"

"Is that the beginning of it?" shouted Ann.

"Yes," faltered Janey.

"It's not the true beginnin'. What comes first of all?"

Janey blushed to the roots of her thick black hair as she read out, "Dear Janey."

"What did I tell ye, T. C.? the *branches*, heh! Go on, Janey."

Janey went on: "'To tell you that I shall not be able to be with you this evening. I am sick in my bed. Have had Dr. He says I may not be able to leave it for some time, but I hope to get out in two days. My cold is much worse. Will you take my classes to-morrow?—all but the first class in arithmetic; I've sent for them to come to me. Miss Garrick will take your department. I'm sorry about your own lessons, for the superintendent writes me that the examinations are to come off next week. Try and do all you can without me."

"Truly yours,

"GEORGE FREEMAN."

"He's no good," said Mrs. McGathern.

"Sure the poor fellow's unfortunate," said T. C., kindly,—he liked George Freeman better than any young man in Culm-Banks,—"but there's different kinds o' good, ain't there? Maybe he'd not be much at pumpin' out water, but he's a boss hand for pumpin' in learnin': hey, Janey?"

Ann McGathern helped her bulky self up with the aid of the crow-bar, then, flourishing it with as airy a grace as if it had been a bamboo cane, she uttered the word "*Learnin'*," which word with its accompanying inflection served as a comprehensive statement of all her views upon educational matters.

Janey returned to the front room. The two chairs that were drawn up under the lamp she set back against the wall; she removed her school-books and spread the stamped woollen cover again upon the table, replacing the big Douay Bible, the album, and the sea-shells. Then she turned out the light, gathered together her books, and, passing through the kitchen, went up-stairs without a word. Her mother was in the "but'ry," and did not see her, but her father noticed the firm-set mouth and decided step of the girl.

"Her feelin's is hurt," he said to himself. "Ann's too hard on Georgy."

Janey sat up late over her books, but she did not study much. She read the little note over and over. It was such as he might have written to any one,—barring the "dear Janey,"—yet to her it seemed warm, tender, confidential. He had never written to her before, nor, indeed, had any man. Janey felt quite satisfied with her love-letter, for that it was, surely. She knew George Freeman loved her,—knew it as birds know spring-time while the snow yet lingers.

And she cared too deeply for him to feel any hurt from her mother's

words. Love not sure of itself makes its owner sensitive; love well founded and genuine is as proof-armor even against ridicule. But not against harm to the loved one. So pained was Janey over the broken health of her teacher that she experienced no disappointment at thought of her possible failure to pass the long-worked-for "permanent." She knew the doctor was right. George would not be fit to go out again in a long time,—perhaps never. She had marked the change in him of late,—his weariness when he came to her in the evenings, the efforts he visibly put forth to surmount the strain of the hard daily school-work, his failing voice and walk. And he had no home, no care, no comforts in his illness. Mrs. Peters was kind in her way, but even a "first-class" miners' boarding-house is not a home. Florence, Mrs. McGathern's ideal type of manhood, was a selfish, gay fellow, always out amusing himself at night when not at work. George had no one to coddle him, or to keep him in bed when he ought to stay there. He had the headstrong imprudence of those who feel that the world is in any sort depending upon them: he would be getting up in a day or two, crawl around to the school, and—kill himself.

The next fortnight was an extraordinarily interesting one for Culm-Banks. First of all came the announcement—official—that the public school principal was dying. Soon after came another announcement,—likewise official,—from the committee on examinations for a permanent certificate, to the effect that of all the applicants Miss Jane McGathern alone had received such certificate; moreover, by way of official compliment, the committee stated that Miss McGathern had passed the very best examination ever passed in the county.

Culm-Banks looked with jealous dislike upon the McGatherns, who were suspected of thinking themselves more "decent" than their neighbors: still, it could not reject its own undeniable share in the committee's compliment. So that when the following week brought news of Miss McGathern's elevation to the vacant principal's chair, Culm-Banks, though gasping with surprise, fairly smeared its soul with flattering unction. What other school-district within ken could boast of a "lady" principal? But would she be able to manage the hoodlums of the A and B room?

"Janey's hair don't curl for nothin'," said Joe Foggot, the cobbler. "An' look at that purty square chin of her. If Janey set out to eat sole-leather, she'd eat sole-leather, an' nobody could stop her."

Culm-Banks remembered Joe's words a few days later, while in the throes of amazement over the marriage of Miss McGathern to the dying George Freeman,—more particularly when it became known that the marriage had been arranged and accomplished without the knowledge or consent of the bride's parents. Who had arranged it,—Janey or George?—a question sufficiently answered by these two facts: George could not utter a word, and he could barely make signs. So, at least, said Dr. Boyle, and Dr. Boyle's word had to be taken, since George was such an unsociable invalid that no sympathizing visitors were admitted into his room. Was Janey, then, really mean enough to take advantage of a speechless, helpless man?

Culm-Banks saw no possible avoidance of this conclusion, after

pumping Mrs. Peters, Florence, Dr. Boyle, and even Father Claretie,—all of whom, to be sure, were dryer than wells in August; but then their very dryness proved something. Father Claretie acknowledged that he had supposed himself summoned to administer extreme unction, and was as much surprised at the wedding as anybody: whatever he might know beyond this his position forbade him to disclose.

But there was one question which needed no priest of the Church, no voice from heaven, to answer: How would Mrs. McGathern accept the situation? The poorest of guessers could tell what sort of fate was in store for Janey. Eat sole-leather, indeed! There were tougher things than sole-leather to swallow. All held their breath and stood agog, watching to see what would happen. They were prepared for anything—except for what did happen.

For weeks after the death-bed ceremony, George lay apparently at his last gasp. Janey's hands were more than full. Her new position engrossed her greatly, and the five nominal school hours oftentimes stretched out to six or seven. All the time remaining out of the twenty-four hours she gave to George.

"They'll be both buried on the same day," prophesied Mrs. Peters. "Some nights she never once shuts her eyes, then off she goes next morning to school with her face the color of dough. They tell me she gets on real good with them big scalawags, though; never scolds 'em or nothin', just looks at 'em, and they behave. But she's working fit for three: it'll surely kill her."

It was indeed an intense vital strain that Janey put upon herself. Several white hairs came to light in her black mop. She pulled them out furtively and threw them away: George had terribly sharp eyes for so sick a man.

But it soon began to look as if he would not die immediately. He could sit up a little every day, and was sensible of a physical inclination to try his legs. According to Dr. Boyle, this improvement showed the benefit of good nursing; but Mrs. Peters, a long-time widow, whose tears had never dried up, attributed all to love. "It helps you along heaps to know you've got some one caring about you," said she, wiping her eyes. "Now all day while Janey's at school, George is a-looking out for her to come back, and that kind o' keeps him going. I seen how it was from the minute the wedding was fixed up: he picked up immejetly." But when asked who had fixed up the wedding, Mrs. Peters recollected that "her baking was a-burning."

One morning a closed carriage drew up in front of the boarding-house. "George Freeman is going to take a drive," said the onlooking neighbors. Presently a trunk was carried out. "He must be going on a journey," said they. In a few moments George came out, supported between Janey and Mrs. Peters. By this time, in response to the telepathic influence which causes a deserted street to swarm on the instant, the entire home-keeping portion of Culm-Banks appeared at its front doors and gates. Were the Freemans going to move away? Very best thing they could do. Mighty cool in Janey, though, to run off and leave the school. Anybody heard of her resigning? Perhaps she was only going to take George away for a little change of air.

But the carriage did not drive down the hill, station-ward. It drove straight up hill, and stopped—oh, wonder-world!—stopped at the McGatherns'. T. C. stood on one side of the gate, and Ann stood on the other. Janey jumped from the carriage, kissed her parents, and then all three helped George into the house.

Life, so frequently compared to a theatre, bears one essential unlikeness to that form of amusement. In the latter, when the curtain goes down, the play is over; whereas in the former, the most entertaining part often takes place behind the scenes. In fact, it may be asserted that the most important parts are generally enacted for the benefit of the actors alone,—an exasperating state of things for people of inquiring minds.

Long after the curtain had fallen upon this excruciatingly interesting comedy, the baffled spectators remained in the street, jabbering their wonderment, and gaping hopelessly towards the McGatherns' closed door. By what witchery had such momentous things been accomplished unawares under their noses? Mrs. Peters's kitchen was crowded and her work much retarded by tousle-headed, bare-armed women, whose own work was also suffering, but who "*must* know all about it."

Mrs. Peters, who of course knew the whole matter, would tell nothing. Now, in Culm-Banks to be close-mouthed about anything that you knew or did not know was considered "high-toned," and to be high-toned was disgrace. Mrs. Peters was worse than a thief. She kept to herself matters that were public property, reaping a despicable advantage from the fact that she could not, like a thief, be arrested and made to yield up her ill-gotten gains.

But the most amazed person was Janey herself. She had been so ever since Florence brought the word of command from her mother to "pack up straight and come back home where she belonged."

"And your mother says," added Florence, with a sly smile, "that you might as well fetch George along too."

Once inside the house, her amazement did not decrease. In one corner of the front room stood a bed. Janey looked inquiringly at it.

"I had it set up," explained Mrs. McGathern, "on account o' thinkin' Jarge'd not be able to climb them steep stairs. Besides, it'll be handier for ye to wait on him down here. An' him an' T. C. can be kind o' neighborly, seein' they're both laid up, as ye may say."

T. C. winked solemnly at Janey, as if to say, "Just watch your mother: she can't be quite right in her mind."

Yet it was a very kindly sort of madness that the old lady had fallen into. It manifested itself in persistent, though for the most part misdirected, efforts to make her invalid guest comfortable. Her own idea of comfort—notwithstanding her bulk—was to keep warm ("Ann can stand more hate than a cat, a cricket, an' a taykettle all together," T. C. frequently remarked): so George, spite of the mild weather and a burning fever, must be surrounded by hot flat-irons and loaded down with coverlets. When Janey protested, she was reproached with "wantin' to kill her poor husbind, after she'd been so crazy wild to get him."

Moreover, Mrs. McGathern fought desperately against the sick man's being kept on a milk diet. Many were the toothsome dishes thrust under his nose "to timplt him."

"But he mustn't be tempted," Janey would say: "he's only too ready to eat things when he gets the chance, and the doctor says his life depends on his taking nothing but milk at present."

"The doctor may go to Ballyhack an' take his milk along with him," was the reply: "do ye think I'm goin' to see me own son-in-law witherin' an' wastin' for the lack of a good bellyful o' solid victuals?"

One afternoon Janey came home earlier than she was expected and found George feasting upon boiled corned beef and cabbage. Her mother sat by, watching the viands disappear, with unconcealed glee.

The subsequent relapse of the patient caused Mrs. McGathern no less terror than it did Janey, but the good woman, far from admitting her own responsibility for it, maintained that George would never have survived the attack had it not been for the corned beef and cabbage. "He was runnin' down so fast on that there pig food that I jist thought I'd build him up a bit; if only he'd been pairmitted to finish his plateful it would no doubt 'a' saved him intirely."

Never once since his coming had she cast blame upon him for his condition; on the contrary, her commiserations were even more oppressive than her quilts.

"Your mother would make a sick man out of a well one," George remarked to Janey.

"She's makin' a well man out of a sick one," said T. C., who sat by with the eternal dudeen in his mouth. Since George had become able to talk, the lounge in the kitchen was neglected. "Now that the old lady's decided that *you've* got a right to be aillin', she's a heap aisier on *me*, an' it kind o' makes me feel better."

T. C. was tremendously puzzled over the change in his wife. "I'm not able to make it out, at all at all," he said to Janey. "She turned round as square as ye'd turn a corner. She niver made no explanaytions nor nothin'; she jist said, 'I'm goin' to send for George an' Janey to come.' Ye may know I had no objections to that. An' seems she's gettin' more *tolerable* toords the bodily ailments of them as ain't her own people. Once ye'd think she thought dyin' itself was a sin; but let me tell you: last week I heard her inquirin' kindly o' Mrs. Tenney how her child was that's got the big rickety head, an' yesterday she was talkin' over the fence with T'resa Martin about T'resa's man,—ye know he's got the rheumatism a-tendin' the inside engine so long,—an' your mother said, 'Poor fellow! poor fellow!' She raley did, Janey."

It was fast becoming evident that, whatever might have led Mrs. McGathern to invite the formerly abhorred George Freeman to her house, and to treat him from the start, culpably ill as he was, with such consideration, the motive which now inspired her conduct towards him could be nothing less than genuine affection. This showed itself in her very tones when she addressed him or spoke of him, no less than in her unwearying and almost pathetically inadequate efforts for

his well-being. She gave up trying to feed him according to her own notions, because the doctor and Janey scolded her so unmercifully after his relapse; but she heaped on covers whenever Janey was out of the house, and now and then thrust in a surreptitious flat-iron, which George as surreptitiously thrust out.

"She ain't used to sick people," T. C. would say, apologetically; "not raley bed-sick people. She don't know no more about how to care for 'em than a baby does. If ever she got sick herself it'd mortify her to death;" here the old fellow took his pipe out of his mouth and peeped into it with one eye, laughing all over as if he saw something rarely amusing at the bottom; "an it'd mortify anybody to look at sich a ridic'lous sight as she'd be,—ridic'lous as a hen with the mumps."

George certainly was improving. The alarming corned-beef-and-cabbage episode had brought on a crisis from which, to the doctor's surprise, the progress was upward, not downward. Janey's love, Ann's clumsy kindness,—which amused albeit it went nigh to killing him,—together with T. C.'s pleasant converse, warmed his heart, and diverted his mind from painful consideration of his future. He did worry over Janey's hard work, during her absence, but no sooner did that good little girl come skipping in from school, looking as bright and unworn as if she had been to a picnic, than he forgot his worryment, and believed her when she told him it rested her to go every day and tussle with those youngsters after tussling with such a big baby at home.

When he was able to leave his bed and move about a little, he spent most of the time in the kitchen, where T. C. generously gave up the lounge to him. George and T. C. talked endlessly, while Ann potted over her work and listened. Nothing so delighted her as to behold her husband worsted in an argument, and worsted he was sure to be by his educated son-in-law. It is true that Mrs. McGathern knew no more of logic than a cat, nor was she able to appreciate the merits of most of the matters discussed; but whichever side George was on, she was on. When he fired a fact straight between his opponent's eyes, causing him meekly to ask, "Is that so, sure?" Ann would rush forth from her pantry like a gleeful Fury, wave her dish-cloth, and exclaim, "There! T. C. There! See that? What d' I tell ye? Listen to that, now, will ye?" Learning as well as physical infirmity seemed to be growing less obnoxious to her. She had tried hard to cover up her pride when Janey was made principal, but she now took no pains to conceal what she thought of "Jarge's informaytion."

The burly Florence, with his pretty girl-face, once the delight of her eyes, was visibly losing ground in her estimation.

"He jist sits round like a great lump," she complained, "an' has nothin' a-tall to say when T. C. an' Jarge is discoorsin' their sintimints."

But George could do more than discourse. He won the remotest stronghold of his mother-in-law's affections by the interest he showed in her household labors, and the help he insisted upon rendering therein.

"Convalescing is a hard business, mother," said he: "do humor a poor nervous man by letting him make play of work. Here, give me that towel: I'll show you how to dry dishes." Or, "Please let me peel the potatoes; my fingers are fairly jerking for something to do."

No, she could not trust him with that delicate task; men were too "heavy-handed with the knife; T. C. always cut all the insides away and left nothing but the skins to boil."

"Try me, mother," pleaded George.

"An' sure," Ann told Janey, "he wasted no more o' the peelin's than if they'd been new pitaties."

He would help with the cooking, too. Ann stood by in admiring wonder watching him dexterously concoct strange and delicious dishes out of the commonest ingredients,—“all be the head-learnin', too, an' him havin' no 'xper'nce.”

On Ann's birthday, which came on a Sunday, he put everybody out of the kitchen and prepared the dinner entirely by himself. Father Claretie, Dr. Boyle, and Florence were invited guests, and all agreed that George had found his vocation in the noble art of cookery.

"You shall set up a caterer's shop," said Janey, "and I'll keep on with the school till you make your fortune."

Next morning Janey was roused by her father, who crept down to say that her mother could not stir out of her bed.

"What's the matter with her?"

"I don't know; she'll not tell me."

"Perhaps it's the birthday dinner I cooked for her," suggested George.

"No, I reckon it's not that," T. C. hesitated: "I'm afeard your mother's been ailin' some time unbeknownst. I seen it was hard for her to git about, but I said nothin' to any o' yees,—mostwise not to her, for I knowed it'd break her heart if I persayved it, seein' she was doin' her best to hide her trouble, whatever it was, an' step around same as she'd always. But now there's no savin' her feelin's any longer, 'cause she's struck down helpless."

"We must send for the doctor."

"She won't have him."

"But she must."

"*Must* ain't a word your mother's very partial to, you know, Janey."

"Well, I'll go up and see her myself."

"She says she'll not have you lookin' at her in bed. She's in a kind o' shtate o' humility about it just now, though I reckon she'll git over that by and by."

"What *shall* we do?" exclaimed Janey, desperately.

"She says she wants no one but Georgy," T. C. went on. "She thinks Georgy knows more'n the doctor, or anybody in the world."

"She shall have me," said Georgy, hopping out of bed like the well man he was fast getting to be.

Mrs. Ann McGathern lay stricken with the rheumatism in her back and legs,—so sorely stricken that she was unable so much as to turn herself.

"The devil's got hold o' me at last," she said to George, "an' he's gripin' me for all he's worth."

It was three days before she could be persuaded to let Janey come up. Janey urged upon her the necessity of having the doctor.

"I'll *not* have him," she screamed; "he'll be for givin' me pison things which I niver took a drop of in me life nor I niver will."

"He shan't give you anything, mother, if you'll only let him come and see you."

"I'll not be seen by him; it's bad enough to be seen by all o' yees," persisted the old woman, with a tone and look which plainly showed where her keenest sufferings lay.

"Well, I'll be your doctor," said George. He had studied a little medicine, and held very advanced views. Diet and massage alone were to cure Mrs. McGathern. Dr. Boyle instructed him in the principles of massage treatment, but George meant to follow his own theories as to diet.

"Don't begin with corned beef and cabbage, Freeman," said the physician, roguishly.

"Do you ever take your own medicines, doctor?" asked George. And they laughed at each other good-naturedly. Dr. Boyle understood Mrs. McGathern too well to be jealous of his "lay brother."

"When you've cured your patient," said he, "I'll come up and call on her."

It was late springtime before Dr. Boyle came to call. All the winter Ann lay in her bed, tended chiefly by her faithful son-in-law, who, moreover, took care of the house. He enjoyed his labors hugely, for his physical strength had returned, though the doctor warned him against taking up the strain of mental work for a year at least. Next autumn, if all went well, Janey would relinquish the principalship to him, but meanwhile he was grateful for the constant occupation of his hands. Ann, though delighted to have him for an attendant, did not altogether approve of his "demayning himself" by dish-washing and the daily round of cleaning and cooking.

"It was well enough," she said, "when ye played at it; but ye're too clever-headed a man for to be given up to sich maynial occupations."

"Oh, it's good for a fellow to have plenty of trades," George replied. "Maybe Janey will want to hold on to the school when the time comes for me to go back; in which case I can hire out to do general housework."

His cheerfulness was Ann's true medicine. She, poor soul, developed an astonishing resignation. In the beginning her rebelliousness was so ludicrous that George often recalled T. C.'s image of "a hen with the mumps;" but after she had outlived the first overwhelming mortification at finding herself actually in the clutches of "disayse," she showed a determination to follow her own oft-enunciated saying, that "sick folks haven't no right to complain; it's a bad enough disgrace to be helpless."

She would not obey any one except George: with him she was submissive as a little child.

Thanks to his intelligent care and to her own patience, the mild spring weather found her able to go about the house again.

George cooked a fine dinner to celebrate her coming down-stairs, and the doctor, the priest, and Florence, who had been present when she last appeared at the family table, were bidden to welcome her return. Ann was in gay spirits, though withal something softened from her former brusque self. She was pleased to be gay at her own expense, too, and invited rather than evaded allusions to her late illness.

"Confess, now, Mrs. McGathern," said Dr. Boyle, "don't you think you ran an awful risk in trusting yourself to an inexperienced practitioner like Freeman? For my part, I believe you got well in spite of his treatment. Do you really think him a better physician than I am? Tell the truth, now."

Ann shot a shrewd glance around her cap-frills at George, who sat next her, and delayed the disburdenment of her well-laden knife as she replied,—

"I'll deliver me final opinion after he's sent in his bill."

"Mother," said George, quickly, leaning forward upon the table and looking her squarely in the face, "my charges are very slight; I ask one thing only: that you answer a question—here, before us all. What made you send for Janey and me to come home?"

She laid down her knife, and her face changed. T. C. and Janey looked anxiously at George, as if to say, "How dared you?" The doctor and Florence were alert, while Father Claretie, though he caught Ann's eye for an instant, preserved a proper know-nothing demeanor.

"I'll tell ye," she said presently, in a grave manner; "I'll tell ye all about it. It was this way. Ye know I was always that set ag'in' disayse an' ivery kind o' ailment that I couldn't abide it nohow. I could 'a' put up with the divil an' his angels,—savin' your riverence, Father Claretie,—so long as they was hearty an' strong on their legs; but a sickly an' ailin' saint, I'd no use for him a-tall, not if he was the biggest o' the lot.

"When I was a tiny wee little gyurl, we'd a picture o' Saint Jarge, a pretty young man, as strong as a bull, an' him a-straddlin' the dragon, an' another picture of a saint what'd laid out nights till he'd got himself in a bad way. Well, me mother she wanted me to pray to 'em both, but I'd not do it. I'd pray to Saint Jarge, but I used to tell her the other had all he could do to look after himself, an', besides, I hated the sight of him, so woe-begone. Nor she couldn't talk me out of it.

"When I growed up it was the same; an' what encouraged me in this way o' feelin' was that I niver got sick meself, do what I would. I was always as sound as a roach.

"Ye can guess I was quite dissatisfied to have T. C. go be the boord; I felt he'd married me on false pretences, for a healthy husband was the thing above all others I'd looked out for; but when Jarge come along so kind o' lackadaisical, an' him an' Janey begun makin' eyes at one another, I jist thought for sure the good Lord had somethin' ag'in' me.

"Well, there's no denyin' I got mad at Janey for runnin' off to be

married, an' I was that wicked I got mad at Father Claretie." The priest smiled a bland, forgiving smile. "Oh, ye were right enough, father," she went on; "Janey was of age; she might do as she liked; only I could 'a' spanked her for bein' so silly. T. C. he was for pardonin' 'em both at once, but I says to him, 'T. C., I'd 'a' given Janey a fine weddin'-party if she'd married to suit me, but I ain't a-goin' to furnish her a weddin'-funeral jist 'cause she's gone an' taken a man with his very grave-clothes on him.'

"Well, one night I was layin' awake, thinkin' o' Janey's silliness, an' cherishin' ill-feelin's toords Jarge for gittin' himself into a dyin' shtate, when somethin' went shootin' through me like a knife or a double-p'inted darnin'-naydle. I'd niver felt sich a thing before. It sthruke me here an' there an' all over, an' made me that wake that the sweat poured off me like water. I had all I could do to kape quiet, so that T. C. shouldn't know. I laid there all night a-sufferin' from head to foot, an' them darnin'-naydles an' carvin'-knives jabbin' into me like that many voices sayin', 'Now we're a-showin' ye what it's like to be sick.' Then I thought kind o' tenderly o' T. C. an' Jarge, for I seen how it was ye couldn't help yourself when it was the Lord's will that sickness should take ye. But for all that I hated meself; oh, I jist hated meself, as if 'twas the devil that had hold o' me.

"An' next mornin' I could hardly crawl about, but I'd settled me mind regardin' Janey; I sort o' 'xcused her for wantin' to be tendin' on Jarge: so I says to T. C., 'We'll have Jarge an' Janey home,'—sayin' no more'n that to him, thinkin' it was none o' his business what rason I had.

"So *that's* how I come to do it."

"I knowed your rason all along," said T. C. He had left the table during Ann's recital, and lay on the lounge with his dudden.

"And so did I, mother," said George; "or I guessed it as soon as your message came."

"Then why'd ye make me tell all this out now?"

"Oh, just for a little penance, to atone for all the bad things you once said about me. I filled Dr. Boyle's place so well—though he won't acknowledge it—that I thought I'd try my hand at Father Claretie's trade and bring you to confession."

"I'm not sure that I should have ventured to prescribe public confession as a penance," said Father Claretie.

Ann looked lovingly at George, and a bit of her old daring came into her voice as she said, "Ye've done me more good than the doctor and the priest together."

Edith Brower.

SHADINGS.

WRONG casts a halo o'er the brow of Right,
And shadow is the emphasis of light.

Grace F. Pennypacker.

THE FEIGNING OF DEATH BY ANIMALS.

THE habit of feigning death for the sake of protection can be observed among many of the lower animals,—animals which differ widely in family, genus, and species. Indeed, this habit is to be observed in creatures microscopic in size and of exceedingly low organization, as well as in those as high in the scale of animal life as man himself; for even man does not hesitate, on occasions, to avail himself of this natural subterfuge when he thinks it will aid in the preservation of his life.

With the aid of the microscope one can observe and study the natural history of the minute animal world which otherwise would remain a closed and unread volume. This instrument has shown me, beyond cavil, that creatures as low in the scale as actinophryans, very minute, microscopic animalcules, practise death-feigning when surprised by an enemy from which they cannot otherwise escape. Thus, I have repeatedly seen actinophryans fold their delicate, hair-like legs or cilia and sink to the bottom of their miniature lake (a drop of water) when approached by a water-louse, which preys upon them. They remain to all appearances absolutely without life until the water-louse swims away, when they unfold their cilia and go back to their feeding-grounds,—a bit of water-weed, or moss, or decayed wood.

A fresh-water worm is in the habit of making use of this stratagem when approached by the giant water-beetle. This little thread-like worm can be found in almost every pond, as can also its natural enemy the giant water-beetle: so this interesting bit of natural histrionics may be witnessed by any one who will take the trouble to secure these creatures and place them in a jar of clear water. They are large enough to be seen with the naked eye: a lens, therefore, will not be necessary. The worm will be seen swimming with gentle undulations, when suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye, it will appear bereft of all motion, and, hanging in the water like a bit of thread, the sport and plaything of every current, will seem utterly lifeless. The cause of this sudden change is not far away, for, cleaving the water with arrowy swiftness, its broad oar-like legs working with all the regularity of the oars in the well-manned cutter of a man-o'-war, a giant water-beetle will make its appearance. As soon as it has disappeared from the immediate neighborhood, however, the worm will "come to life" and resume its swimming.

Even an anemone, a creature of very low organization indeed, has acquired this habit. On one occasion, near St. Johns, Newfoundland, I noticed a beautiful anemone in a pool of sea-water. I reached down my hand for it, when, presto! it shrivelled and shrunk like a flash into an unsightly green lump and appeared nothing more than a moss-covered nodule of rock.

Very many grubs make use of this habit when they imagine themselves in danger. For instance, the "fever worm," the larva of one

of our common butterflies, is a noted death-feigner, and will "pretend dead" on the slightest provocation. Touch this grub with the toe of your boot, or with the tip of your finger, or with a stick, and it will at once curl up, to all appearances absolutely without life. A gentleman recently told me that he saw the following example of letisimulation (*letum*, death, and *simulare*, to feign). One day, while sitting in his front yard, he saw a caterpillar crawling on the ground at his feet. The grub crawled too near the edge of a little pit in the sandy loam, and fell over, dragging with it a miniature avalanche of sand. It immediately essayed to climb up the north side of the pit, and had almost reached the top, when the treacherous soil gave way beneath its feet, and back it rolled to the bottom. It then tried the west side, and met with a like mishap. Not discouraged in the least by its failure, it then tried the east side, and reached the very edge, where it accidentally disturbed the equilibrium of a corn cob poised upon the margin of the pit, dislodged it, and fell with it to the bottom. The caterpillar evidently thought that the cob was an enemy, for it at once rolled itself into a ball and feigned death. It remained quiescent for some time, but finally "came to life," tried the south side with triumphant success, and went on its way rejoicing. This little creature evinced conscious determination and a certain amount of reason; for it never tried the same side of the pit in its struggles to escape, but always essayed a different side from that where it had encountered failure.

The scarabæus, or "tumble-bug," is a gifted letisimulant, and one with which experimentation can easily be carried on. It can be seen any bright day in the latter part of July or in early August busily engaged in rolling its precious balls of manure, seemingly, here and there and everywhere along the roads and paths. This is not a purposeless pastime, however, on the part of this industrious little worker. There is a method in her seeming vacillation: she is looking for a proper place in which to bury her treasure. The future welfare, nay, even the very existence, of her offspring depends on the judicious selection of a proper soil in which their cradle and their food (the ball of manure) is to be deposited until they emerge, young and vigorous "tumble-bugs."

Touch this little mother with your foot, and at once her busy legs are drawn close to the sides of her body, her vibrating antennæ or "feelers" are drawn beneath her head, and she sinks to the ground, seemingly "as dead as a door-nail." Step aside and wait a moment. Soon one of her antennæ makes its appearance from beneath her head, followed in a second by the other; her ears are in these "feelers," and she is listening for dangerous sounds. Stamp your foot, and, presto! the antennæ disappear and she is again in the land of departed tumble-bugs. You may cause her to do this once or twice, but she soon discovers that the noise you make does not presage danger, and, her maternal instinct getting the better of her caution, she will busily resume the rolling of her ball. From some experiments, I am confident that these beetles know their individual balls; that is, they are able to select their own property when placed among a number of balls. If,

however, only one ball is given them, they will accept it, whether it be their own or not.

The "stink-bug," or bombardier beetle, is another gifted death-feigner. This creature feigns death, however, only when it has exhausted its other means of defence. Along the margins of its body are small orifices leading to bags or sacks containing an exceedingly offensive and acrid secretion. Whenever the stink-bug is approached by an enemy, it sinks down on one side, thus elevating the other; from the elevated side it discharges a broadside of foul-smelling, acrid abomination at the enemy. If its opponent is not put to flight by this fire, it quickly tacks about, like a ship in a battle, and lets go the other broadside. If the enemy still perseveres, it drops upon the ground, slightly opens its wing-cases, and feigns death. Very few of its enemies are able to withstand both broadsides; consequently it is rarely forced to have recourse to its last weapon of defence, letisimulation.

Some snakes have acquired the habit of feigning death, notably the black viper and the tree-moccasin. Last summer I had the pleasure of witnessing a realistic bit of acting in which a black viper enacted a death-scene. I found this snake in a meadow in which there were no bushes or rocks among or beneath which it could hide. I teased it for a while with my stick, when it suddenly bent backward and seemingly bit itself in the back. Immediately it shuddered throughout its entire length, turned over upon its back, and feigned death. It was a wonderful bit of acting, which I have never seen surpassed, or even equalled, on the stage. I retired several yards, and, seating myself upon the ground, remained perfectly quiet. In a few moments the snake turned upon its belly and rapidly made off towards the wood on the outskirts of the meadow. Farmers and country-people call this viper the "suicide-snake," and insist that it actually poisons itself. As they generally pound it to mince-meat in order to make sure of its death, and never wait about to see whether it comes to life again if left intact, they have some warrant for their belief, especially when the extraordinary talent of the actor is taken into consideration. This snake, however, has no fangs, no poison-glands whatever, and is entirely harmless.

Ants very often make use of this subterfuge when attacked by creatures more powerful than themselves or when they have been wounded in battle. I have frequently seen these insects, when overpowered by larger and stronger ants of a different species, submit themselves to be pulled about and maltreated without giving the slightest sign of life. At length, when abandoned by their enemies, I have seen them jump up and run away, no doubt heartily congratulating themselves on the success of their ruse.

Some of the higher animals, such as the hare, the opossum, the ground-hog, and the wombat, also make use of death-feigning on occasions. The opossum is an especially talented actor in this line, and has given his name to an expressive word, "possuming," which had for its origin his habit of feigning death when captured. Man himself makes use of it when he thinks that his safety depends upon a

successful imitation of death: witness the many tales of hunters, soldiers, *et al.* The origin of this habit seems to me to be as follows. Most animals are slain for food by other animals, and there is therefore a continuous struggle for existence. In a state of nature, carnivorous and insectivorous animals, with the exception of a very few, prefer freshly killed food to carrion, and will not touch tainted meat when they can procure fresh.

It is a mistake to suppose that carnivora prefer putrid or tainted food; the exigencies of their lives and their struggle for existence are the factors which often compel them to eat it, and not any innate desire for it. Domesticated, well-fed dogs will occasionally take it, but sparingly, and apparently as a relish, just as we eat certain odoriferous and ill-smelling cheeses, such as Limburger, for instance. Carnivora and insectivora would rather do their own butchering: hence, when they find their prey apparently dead, they will leave it alone and go in search of other quarry, unless they are very hungry. Putrid or even tainted flesh is a dangerous substance to go into most stomachs, certain ptomaines rendering it, at times, exceedingly poisonous. Long years of experience and inherited impressions have taught this fact to animals, and therefore most of them let dead or seemingly dead creatures severely alone. Besides, they think that there is no use in attacking and destroying a thing that is already dead; it cannot get away: therefore, if a living victim cannot be found, a return can be made at any time to the dead.

James Weir.

YOUTHFUL READING OF LITERARY MEN.

THE literary taste usually manifests itself at an early age in a passion for books. Many men of letters have begun to read almost as soon as they began to talk. To the youthful enthusiast in literature his adoration for favorite works and authors is an emotion as profound and sacred as that of a religious experience or a first love-affair. No friendships are so delightful as those founded on a basis of similar tastes in books, and the most fascinating stage of an acquaintance is that in which we learn each other's literary preferences. We are attracted at once to any one who appreciates our favorite authors, and find ourselves separated by an impassable gulf from those who fail to perceive their merits.

Andrew Lang says, "A difference in taste in books, when it is decided and vigorous, breaks many a possible friendship." He indicates the passport to his favor by telling us that "he or she who contemns Scott and cannot read Dickens is a person with whom I would fain have no further converse."

Hamerton also recognizes the necessity of intellectual companionship in friendship, saying that he has never had "any natural or easy conversational intercourse with those who have not been readers at some

time of their lives," and that he has never found himself "in anything like intellectual intimacy with men who had not been classically educated." There may seem a narrowness about such a requirement for fellowship; but it illustrates the inherent desire to find in our friends tastes similar to our own.

As lovers of books never come to anything more than a superficial acquaintance until they have learned each other's likes and dislikes, so we feel our comprehension of the character of an author greatly assisted by knowing the books of which he was fond. It is strange that many biographers either ignore or pass lightly over a matter of so much consequence. Autobiographies are generally more satisfactory. When a man's books have been one of the chief pleasures of his life, he is not likely to fail to mention them in giving an account of himself.

The important place which books filled in Mr. Hamerton's life, and the direction of his tastes, can be inferred from the remarks quoted from him. He lacked one of the essentials to Andrew Lang's favor, since he admits that he "finds it hard work to read Dickens." He also confesses to having read Balzac and George Eliot only as a study. Scott and Thackeray are the two novelists he most enjoyed. In his youth he says that Scott's poetry was his delight. Later he was captivated by Byron, Shelley, Keats, and Tennyson, while Montaigne, Emerson, and Ruskin were among his favorite prose writers.

Mr. Stevenson also mentions Montaigne as an author whose acquaintance he made early and who was very influential with him. Shakespeare, he says, served him best of all, and outside of Shakespeare his dearest friend was D'Artagnan. Besides these, "The Pilgrim's Progress," Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," the Gospel according to St. Matthew, the "Meditations of Marcus Aurelius," and "The Egoist" form part of an enumeration which indicates that Mr. Stevenson was versatile in taste as well as in style.

It is seldom that so marked a connection exists between the reading of the child and the pursuits of the man as in the case of Ruskin. When quite a child a friend gave him a copy of Rogers's "Italy," illustrated by Turner, and this early familiarity with Turner's art is claimed with much show of reason by one of Ruskin's biographers to have been the "chief formative factor in his after-life." Ruskin himself tells us that from his early childhood he regularly read aloud to his mother Pope's Homer and the novels of Walter Scott. On Sunday "Robinson Crusoe" and "The Pilgrim's Progress" were substituted. "My mother," he says, "forced me to learn long chapters of the Bible by heart, and to that discipline I owe the best part of my taste in literature."

Rider Haggard is among the many who have named "Robinson Crusoe" as a childish idol. One Sunday morning, when he was expected to go to church, he relates that he hid himself under a bed with the treasured volume. His sisters discovered him and attempted to drag him from his retreat; but the boy clung to the legs of the bed and kicked so desperately that they were obliged to give up the struggle and leave him to the enjoyment of Crusoe. Next to this book he liked the "Arabian Nights," "The Three Musketeers," and the poems of

Poe and Macaulay. At present the two novels he likes best, he says, are "A Tale of Two Cities" and Lytton's "Coming Race."

Walter Besant says, "The book which most seized my imagination was the immortal Pilgrim's Progress." Among other youthful preferences he names "Nicholas Nickleby," Shakespeare's "Tempest," and Pope's Homer.

The early literary taste of Walter Scott furnishes another instance in which the child was indeed the father of the man. Before he learned to read he knew by heart ballads of Hardyknute and bits of Josephus which an aunt read to him. Before he was eight years old he had read extensively Bunyan, Milton, Pope's Homer, and border ballads. While never much of a classical scholar, he yet had read Cæsar, Livy, Horace, Sallust, Virgil, and Terence before the age of twelve. Among his other reading at the same period are mentioned Percy's Reliques, the songs of Ossian, Spenser's "Faerie Queene," Tasso's "Jerusalem Delivered," and Ariosto's "Orlando Furioso," with the works of Mackenzie, Fielding, Smollett, and others of the best English novelists. He is said to have neglected his Greek, but he read with facility French, Spanish, Italian, and German. When he was eighteen years old we are told that "he had already studied the Anglo-Saxon and the Norse sagas, and was especially profound in Fordun, Wyntoun, and all the Scottish Chronicles, so that his friends called him Duns Scotus."

In these days, when Scott has fallen temporarily out of fashion, it is refreshing to notice how many of the foremost men of letters of our time profess a fondness for him. Hamerton, whose liking for him has already been mentioned, says, "Of all authors it is Scott who has given me the greatest sum of pleasure, and of a very healthy kind." To this healthiness of tone, joined to his literary gifts, is due the permanent attraction which Scott exercises for readers of fine taste and sound nature.

Mr. Mabie says of Macaulay that "the man who knew his Popes so well that he could repeat them backward stood in sore need of the grace of forgetfulness to save him from becoming a scourge to his kind." This omnivorous reader, who never forgot, began to imbibe literature in copious draughts at the age of three. Some conception of the scope of his reading can be gained from his own compositions before he was eight years old. Among them are mentioned a compendium of universal history, a long poem inspired by Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel" and "Marmion," and another in imitation of Virgil. To Mrs. More he is said to have "read prose by the ell and declaimed poetry by the hour."

John Stuart Mill's mind was formed by a method suggestive of the process by which unfortunate geese are treated for the sake of furnishing the delicacy of *pâté de foie gras* to epicures. He was from his babyhood so systematically crammed with knowledge of all kinds that there was little opportunity for his childish taste to assert itself. One sighs regretfully over the evidence of a ruined childhood when one reads that he was studying Greek at three. His reading before the age of eight is said to have included the "Anabasis," Herodotus, the

"*Memorabilia*," the Dialogues of Plato, and the historical writings of Robertson, Hume, Gibbon, Watson, Rollin, Mosheim, and others. It is a relief to learn that "*Robinson Crusoe*" delighted him through his boyhood, and that he also had the "*Arabian Nights*," "*Don Quixote*," and Miss Edgeworth's "*Popular Tales*."

Quite different was the development of that cyclopædia of learning, the historian Buckle. He hardly knew his letters before he was eight years old. Then he began to read the "*Arabian Nights*." Until he was eighteen he read nothing else but Bunyan, "*Don Quixote*," and Shakespeare. It is related that "his mother bought him books without number," but he cared for none of them. His late start was compensated by a prodigiously rapid progress in literary knowledge later. By the time he was thirty he had acquired nineteen languages, and his biographer says, "He was an omnivorous reader, no book of any kind coming amiss to him; and he had the power, accorded to few, of plucking out, as it were, the heart of a book by doing little more than turning over the pages, with here and there an occasional halt."

The boyish reading of that eccentric genius Charles Godfrey Leland, as related in his memoirs, surpasses everything on record in respect to both quantity and oddity. He seems to have been born with the fully developed taste and instinct of the collector for black-letter volumes. He tells us that "he never read of a boy who knew so many ballads and minor poems" as he. As a child he "not only read, but collected and preserved, every comic almanac" he could get. He was a great reader of Scripture. "*The Apocrypha* was a favorite work," he says, "but above all I loved the Revelation." The application which he made of his biblical knowledge, drawing from it objectionable epithets to apply to the servants, rather spoils this statement for use in a Sunday-school book. His chief relish was for books of "curiosities and oddities," and all such works seemed to gravitate towards him. "*The Devil on Two Sticks*," the "*Narrative of Captain Boyle*," and the "*Marvellous Depository*," a remarkable collection of old legends, were among the works of thrilling interest to him. "All of this," he says, "was unconsciously educating my bewitched mind to a deep and very precocious passion for mediæval and black-letter literature and occult philosophy." Stumbling one day upon Rabelais, he declares that "one-quarter of an hour's reading of Rabelais was to me as the light which flashed upon Saul journeying to Damascus." The amount and style of the material with which his mind was stocked at the age of fourteen may be gathered from the following passage from the memoirs. "I discovered in the Loganian section of the library several hundred volumes of occult philosophy, a collection once formed by an artist named Cox, and I really read nearly every one. Cornelius Agrippa and Barrett's *Magus*, Paracelsus, the black-letter edition of Reginald Scott, Glanville, Gaffarel, Trithemius, Baptista Porta, and God knows how many Rosicrucian writers, became familiar to me." The boy must indeed have been an enigma to his far from bookish companions: he implored his father to buy for him the "*Reductorium* or moralization of the whole Bible by Petrus Burchorius" of the date of 1511, with MS. notes on the margin by Me-

lanchthon. His explorations in French literature were of such a character that the French professor to whom he was sent for preparation for college threw up his hands in horror when his precocious pupil told what he had read, exclaiming, "Unhappy boy, you have raked through the library of the devil down to the dregs." One must search far and long to find a parallel to the youthful literary diet of Leland.

Bryant, like many children of his day, was sent to school before he was four years old. At the age of ten he was already writing poetry and devouring "whatever poetry fell in his way." In those days he and his brothers read Pope's *Iliad* with great delight. He was fond of Burns, Cowper, Thomson, Southey, Wordsworth, and later of Henry Kirke White, "whose poetry had for him at that time a peculiar fascination."

It is said of Bayard Taylor that "reading had charms for him from his earliest years." He delighted in poetry and history, and says of himself, "An enthusiastic desire of visiting the Old World haunted me from early childhood."

The biographer of J. G. Holland says that books were a rarity in his father's house. The literary taste was nevertheless so strong in the boy that, lacking other means of gratifying it, he borrowed from the minister his works in divinity by Emmons, Griffin, Hopkins, and Edwards, all of which were read through.

James Freeman Clarke had access in his boyhood to a good collection of standard authors, from which he became familiar with the histories of Hume, Robertson, and Gibbon, Miss Edgeworth's *Tales*, Scott's novels and poems, the *Spectator*, and the *Guardian*. He says, "It did us no harm to read over again and again *Paradise Lost*, Pope's *Essay on Man*, the *Vicar of Wakefield*, Robinson Crusoe, Gulliver's *Travels*, the poems of Prior, Gay, and Peter Pindar, Miss Burney's *Cecilia* and *Evelina*, the *Scottish Chiefs*, Thaddeus of Warsaw, Thomson's *Seasons*, and Shenstone's poems."

The completest and most fascinating literary autobiography yet in print is contained in Mr. Howells's "My Literary Passions." No one who possesses in any degree the true passion for books can read this without feeling a debt of gratitude to the author. To be given the opportunity of a familiar acquaintance with the enthusiasms and the development of taste of one of the most interesting men of letters of the day is a rare privilege. Mr. Higginson has deplored the absence of literary background in the writings of Mr. Howells and Mr. James, and has ascribed it to the lack of an academic training. Mr. Howells's reminiscences reveal an early familiarity with classic literature far superior to that of the majority of college students, and Mr. James in his charming critical papers shows a broad literary culture which amply refutes Mr. Higginson's theory. Both of these men belong to the class of modern writers who prefer that the richness of their culture should be judged by the perfection of their style rather than by their wealth of literary allusions. In this they are like the modern society women of literary tastes whose boast it is that a stranger might talk with them for an entire evening without ever imagining that they had read a book.

Edith Dickson.

THE CHANGEFUL SKIES.

I cannot read;
 'Twixt every page my thoughts go stray at large,
 Down in the meadow.

THOREAU.

DOWN in the meadow!—a poem of four words that will never need explanatory notes. I am “down” in the sense of being nearer the level of the sea, when there, but up, high up, in exhilaration. Lord Bacon says that this emotion is not as profound as joy; but what use in such fine distinctions? I joy in the exhilaration that comes from breathing the meadow air, and let us attend to it, rather than to the meanings of words, that keep our cheap champions of erudition so busy. I went down to the meadows to-day, that I might more readily look upward, having thought before starting how little apt are we to consider the sky when taking an outing, and yet Shakespeare’s “skyey influences” are more potent than we think. I do not mean such influence as that which leads to glancing upward in the morning, and, in the fulness of our conceit, contradicting the barometer. There are men who do this, get caught in the rain, and, denying it the next day, prove themselves not only fools, but worse. Thoreau encountered such folk even in Concord, and thought they poisoned their immediate atmosphere.

In going out of doors, it is a little strange that that which is most prominent is likely to be least noticed. The truth is, the sky, which is but a name for an appearance, is nevertheless the most obvious of facts. If not palpable as the earth beneath, it makes itself felt, which is much the same thing so far as the Rambler is concerned; and certainly much is lost if we fail to respond to skyey influences.

We think little about the sky, can roam for hours beneath it without looking up; and yet it is the most assertive object in the outlook: poets have applied to it more adjectives than to any object beneath. They descant on “the witchery of the soft blue sky,” but what of the heartlessness of the steel-blue canopy, when there is not a trace of life within sight or hearing? The cloudless sky of June is not that of January.

Because there were few birds, fewer flowers, and but little green grass where I chanced to wander, I took the hint from Ovid: the skies are open—let us try the skies. So I looked long upon them as they overhung the old meadows, old as the glacial period, and yet how new as compared with the sky that now looked down upon them! To-day the sky was blue, fading to violet, with one great white cloud that slowly marched to intercept the sun. It was with keen pleasure that I watched this rolled and rounded mass of drifted snow, for such it seemed, draw near. It did not dissolve nor hurry in torn fragments from the fray, but with bold front shut out the sunbeams. What a marvellous change takes place when the meadows are shifted from sunshine to shade! That short-lived shadow brought in its train a whis-

pering breeze, but so gently did it pass that I fancied it was the shadow itself that whispered.

A word here as to the imagination. If it is kept within too close bounds, your outing is likely to prove so many miles of walking to no purpose. It is not fair to say that inaccuracy is sure to follow the free play of the imagination. Our fancy need not act as a distorting glass, and does not, except with the author's connivance. The greatest blunderers about Nature have been the precise students who occasionally find themselves outside their closets. It is one thing, as Bryant puts it, to

Go forth under the open sky and list
To Nature's teachings,

but another to know what to do when you get there. My suggestion is to let your imagination have scope as well as your appreciation of the actual facts you meet with. There need be no conflict in your mind, nor any misleading statement, if you are moved to speak.

To return: quickly again the sky was bright and blue, and the meadows were filled with light,—a clear, warm, penetrating light, that was reaching the rootlets and bulbs in the damp soil, quickening them. The grape hyacinth had already responded, and reflected the deepest color the April skies had offered; and the earliest of our larger lilies was above the grass, with the yellow of the noonday glare in its blossoms. These flowers show well together, representing on earth the sun and sky; but how seldom do we turn from them to the high heavens! A few flowers will hold us while the firmament is marked by conditions which may, at least in our lifetime, never again occur.

There hangs in the hall a barometer that has foretold for many years, without blundering, the kind of weather that we are to have, and it can be read with profit when interpreting the skies. For instance, it often happens that before the great masses of sullen clouds, bringing the summer shower or the day-long rain, appear above the horizon, we are informed by it, and so can anticipate their coming and watch their progress. This is akin, in the pleasure it affords, to finding a new flower or hearing the song of a rare bird. There is less sameness in the cloud-flecked skies than upon the earth when light and shadow dash across the scene. I recall one long cloud that slowly rose from half the horizon at once and moved like a huge curtain overhead. The air was "light" as that on mountain-tops, and so free from dust that the senses of sight and hearing were unusually acute. The sky seemed more distant than when free from clouds, or, as the phrase goes, was hollow. The nearer objects in the outlook were more removed than usual, as though we looked through the wrong end of a field-glass, and yet every outline was distinct. Sounds that we often hear without recognizing as other than part of the general hum of the day's activity were now startling. There was not a crow in sight, yet the clamor of a hundred was plainly heard, and the whistle of a cardinal redbird and the clear call of a crested tit came from the hill-side half a mile away. Such sounds as these, coming from unseen creatures, added interest to these "hollow" skies, and from them all revelations were expected. Much besides rain comes from above. From my comfortable resting-

place against a sloping willow I saw the *avant-coureurs*, it might be, of the coming storm, a long line of small black dots that slowly altered shape and, while yet afar off, proved to be herons,—long-necked, long-legged, broad-winged herons, that give such a wildness to the remaining marshes hereabouts. With a background of blue sky they might have passed unseen, but now each was grandly pictured against the leaden cloud, and in the still air I fancied I could hear the rustling of their wing-beats.

Slowly as they came they passed from sight. When they were lost to me, I turned hopefully to the point where they had appeared, and, to my surprise, saw others. These were not black specks, but white dots that lengthened into lines and grew to great white herons, following in the path of their blue brethren. The clear air and leaden background brought out every outline. I could see them move their heads from side to side, as if to view the old haunts of their ancestors. How vividly they brought back the days of old delight, when I was young and the world newer than I find it now,—those over-full days that in many a way might have continued but for the ignorance of man and the vanity of woman. It is a red-letter day of late when we can see the white herons on the river shore; yet I have seen them in great numbers, and it is on record, "the white cranes did whiten the river bank like a great snow-drift." Let heartless fashion demand a feather, and the death-warrant of thousands of birds is signed. Here and there a protesting voice may be raised, but only to be drowned in the sneers of an indifferent people. I once was foolish enough to speak of the rights of a rambler to the wild life left about us, and was met with ridicule. "I've got to practise on swallows to learn to shoot quick," was my interlocutor's reply. My summer sky must be cleared of its swallows, it seems, to meet the useless skill of a brute neighbor. How I rejoiced when his gun burst!

There is a world of suggestiveness in the words just used, "my summer skies." Therein lies ownership of a wholly satisfactory kind. They are mine without cost, without even the asking, and, better still, without depriving others,—mine, yours, the common wealth of all; and yet few, it appears, place any value upon them. To many they are of as little importance as the frame of a picture; yet often they are the real picture and the earth is but the naked platform upon which we stand to view it. It is hard to find a fitting phrase for many a panoramic sky; as the skies of early June, blue of incomparable shade, with white clouds, pink-edged and piled into fantastic shapes,—great castles that are unbuilt before you can people them with the merry elves and fays of the month of roses. In June we have those bright skies that deepen when the day is done to blue-black, and, losing their flatness, are lifted to a hollow dome that, star-studded, shows you at last how very far away it really is. The skies that at noon rested on the tree-tops that hem in the little space about us grow immeasurably grand at midnight; and when from out these starlit skies we hear strange voices, they assume a new importance, and we begin to realize better their significance. The upper region, our sky, is seldom lacking in animal life. Probably hundreds of birds, in the course of a day, pass over us, just out of

sight; and when in the silent watches of the night we plainly hear the voices of wanderers, a new chapter of ornithology is opened to us. The clear-toned call of a plover, the hoarse croak of a raven, the chirping of many finches, the fretful scream of an eagle, have all been noted in a single night. We can only follow these birds in fancy, but the fancy will not lead us astray. The direction in which they are going can be determined, the probable elevation of their flight-path estimated, the guiding features of their course made probable. Their purpose can, of course, only be conjectured. It is not strange that birds of many if not all kinds travel in the dark, for this absence of light is but relative. The stars of themselves are nothing to the birds but as they are reflected in the water. When visible in this way, they act as finger-posts along a river valley. Such doubtless is the guide to much of the annual migratorial flight; and the black lines of mountains would be readily recognized as such, while the lights beyond would indicate those of another valley, with its star-reflecting river. So comprehensive is a bird's-eye view that migration has nothing marvellous about it. May it not be, too, that these long journeys are commenced in daylight, and that when great elevation is reached the direction at the outset can be readily maintained? A bird does not fly in a circle, as a man walks when lost in the woods. When fog or excessive cloudiness is encountered, wandering birds drop to the earth, as is shown by water birds being found upon our upland fields, perhaps miles from their accustomed haunts.

Whatever the time of year, we have excellent reasons for expecting much of the sky, and should not let our eagerness to see the objects there from close at hand cause us to forget from whence they came. Do not tell me that a bird, or a butterfly, or even an inanimate object, is but a wind-tossed accident. Do I not know it? If an object is seen to come from the sky above, why not at least endeavor to meet it in mid-air? By so doing, you take a step into the realms of fancy. Such a whim deceives no one, not even the self-elected professors of bird-lore. Some facts without fancy are as repulsive as birds without feathers, and the world is not likely to suffer because of other views than those of the painfully prosaic. Dispute this if you will; but now

There is a light cloud by the moon,
'Tis passing, and 'twill pass full soon,

and to it I would rather attend than listen to any argument.

Charles C. Abbott.

THE JAR.

TIME is a deep-mouthed jar, pictured and dim,
Wherein Life's potent purple juices swim,
With Mirth the vanishing bubble at the brim.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

WOMAN IN BUSINESS.

WOMAN'S introduction into the business world is no longer an experiment. The feminine wage-earner is now a permanent factor in the national economy. The individual drops out of the ranks to form a centre around which a home springs up, but another woman, not a man, takes her place. The type remains. More and more places are being made for women to such an extent that a recent census bulletin reports the increase in the number of women employed in gainful occupations during the period between 1870 and 1890 to have been one hundred and thirteen per cent., while in trade and transportation the increase was ten hundred and fifty-one per cent. This change is significant. It is, in fact, a revolution. Twenty or indeed ten years ago the girls of an ordinary middle-class family in which the father was a small business-man, an expert mechanic, or a farmer, capable of supporting his family with decency if not absolute comfort, were expected to stay at home and help with the housework until they went to preside over homes of their own. It was considered something of a slur to say that a man's daughters were obliged to go out to work. Nowadays this sentiment is reversed. A business training is as much a matter of course for the daughters as for the sons. And no one is surprised when the daughters prefer putting the training into practice instead of devoting their time to household duties enlivened with social amusements. The growth of the idea that woman is an individual, not an appendage, that she has social duties and moral responsibilities as well as men have, is really at the bottom of the revolution.

The change of sentiment in a great measure accounts for the large increase in such occupations as book-keeping, copying, typewriting, stenography, teaching, selling goods. Of course the new inventions have had much to do with woman's entrance into trade and transportation. Until business was done on an immense scale, necessitating a great deal of specializing, there was no opportunity for women. When a salesman in a dry-goods shop had to go from counter to counter with his customer, showing her delicate laces here and heavy bolts of flannel there, women were not physically equal to the task of selling goods. When the lace counter became a department in a great shop, a weak-backed girl was capable of attending it, providing she had other necessary qualities.

The extension of railroads and the invention of the telephone, the unprecedented development of the means of communication and transportation, and the changes in methods of trade, have had much to do with the revolution in woman's position.

In discussing woman as an economic factor, it is always well to remember that it is the business woman who is the new force, not the working woman. The industrial revolution has taken the old-time domestic arts of spinning and weaving, shoemaking, preserving,

canning, and butter-making, and a host of other employments, from the home to the workshop, and the women of the working class who once eked out the laborer's wages by home industry have followed their lost trades to the factory. It is doubtful whether the change has really affected the relative importance of woman's labor in manufacturing processes.

It is with the business woman, therefore, not the working woman, that discussion of the chances of success or failure has to do. The factory-worker has no prospects before her, while there are conspicuous examples of success among business women. There are also many conspicuous failures. In fact, the failures are much more in evidence, and the woman who has gone to the top, where there is a high salary, appreciation, and a chance to be a live factor in the dynamic social movement, is almost an exception.

Reasons for the apparent lack of success of the majority of women in business and industrial pursuits are numerous. Over some of the causes the individual has little control. Time and the general uplifting and evolution of society alone can make women strong-nerved, self-controlled, far-seeing, dependable, responsible individuals. Only the development of a strong public sentiment and a feeling of social responsibility among employers as well as workers can bring about the first requisite for good work,—good wages.

Woman's under-development in all the warring centuries when because of her physical inferiority she became an appendage of the family has made her lacking in judgment, self-reliance, concentration, persistence, unable to sink self and family and to take the broad view of the whole field,—all which are qualities absolutely necessary for success. The law of compensation has not been inoperative in her case, it is true, and the combination of the latter-day qualities with her old-time virtues must make her a moral power in the solution of social problems.

There are some defects which the individual may overcome if she elects. And every woman who aspires to be more than a raw recruit in the hopeless army of the unskilled must consider how to overcome them.

Many of the working woman's inefficiencies are the results of imperfect health. Much of the apathy and of the lack of thoroughness which characterize the less skilled workers may be traced to their low physical condition, due to overwork and underpay. Statistics show that nearly half the women in gainful pursuits are obliged to absent themselves from their places of employment on an average fifteen days each year because of ill health.

Good health is the first requisite for the success of the business woman. A good brain needs a good body to live in. Too much stress has been laid on the cultivation of the mental faculties. We must transfer the emphasis to the physical needs. To a certain extent the material wants of humanity must be satisfied before any desire can be felt for intellectual or spiritual gratification. On good physical health as a foundation a woman may construct almost anything she chooses. Proper food, baths, rest, and sufficient exercise in the open

air are the chief elements that enter into the preservation of good health. The business woman must take time to keep well. If social pleasures encroach on her resting-time, she must give them up. On the other hand, her anxiety to keep up with the fashions or to keep up to date in other matters ought not to induce her to make twins of herself. It is much better to do one woman's work well than to make a failure in two lines. Only in exceedingly rare instances can a woman be at the same time a successful business woman and her own dressmaker, milliner, and housekeeper. Business women ought to take a few leaves from the experience of men, who have been longer in business and therefore know more about it. They take innumerable little recreations, and do not attempt to crowd all of life into one day. They get more pay, largely because they have a higher standard of comfort. Woman's standard is gradually going up and bringing with it higher wages and greater efficiency. Manual and technical education, clubs, the bicycle, and the extension of political rights, are gradually elevating woman's standard of comfort by increasing her wants.

Concentration is another thing women need: the bicycle is bringing it to them in a limited way. The business girl needs to keep her mind on her work. If she would reach the goal of success, which ought to mean being a thoroughly good workman, she must not let her mind wander off to half a dozen things. She must pay attention,—learn the details of her business. She cannot afford to stop with knowing just what she is paid for doing. One of the most successful of the foreign buyers for a New York dry-goods house began her career as a stock girl at the lace counter. She spent her spare moments asking questions about differences of quality and price, where different laces were bought, and the processes of making them. After working-hours she haunted the libraries for books on the history of lace, and in time became an expert on lace, with a salary of three thousand five hundred dollars a year and expenses.

Good manners are an absolute essential to success. A woman has no business in the workday world unless she knows how to be patient and polite to others. For her own peace of mind she will never allow courtesy to degenerate into familiarity. A certain reserve is desirable always in a gentlewoman's manners. In an office or a workshop it is a safeguard. It also insures the employer against the inconvenience of having his business impeded by some silly, undignified quarrel. In a large insurance office the business was blocked for a day because two of the stenographers fell out and refused to explain necessary details in passing some documents from one to the other. This absurd proneness of girls to be intimate friends, exchanging chewing-gum and curling-irons one day, and refusing to speak to each other the next, has made necessary the rule which is common to all the large mercantile shops in New York, that the employees shall not talk to each other during working-hours.

A woman's personal appearance has a great deal to do with her success. It doesn't matter whether her features are Grecian or her nose is a plain retroussé; but it does matter very much whether she

wears a lot of feathers, a much-ruffled silk skirt, and several diamond rings. These things have no place in the business world. The first element of a business woman's dress should be suitableness. It should also be comfortable. A woman cannot give her undivided attention to business if her dress is tight. Some day, no doubt, there will be a distinctive dress for business wear. The bicycle is bringing about a revolution. Skirts are heavy and clogging when rapid walking and quick motions are necessary. They are certainly more graceful and prettier, and for home wear and social occasions every one will hope to retain them; but divided skirts or bloomers of dark tweed in winter and of black or brown China silk in summer are near the ideal for business wear.

Good health, good manners, persistence, the desire to advance, energy, and suitable clothing will go a long way towards making a woman a success at anything. If they are not business ability, which is, after all, like the inheritance of the poet and the artist, to which one is born and which cannot be made, they are the next best thing. If business ability means, as some folks think it does, shrewdness, a certain unscrupulousness, callousness to the suffering which a certain economic process will inflict on great numbers of human beings, it is perhaps just as well that women should not have the genuine article—or is it the counterfeit?

Perhaps woman has a greater mission in business than her own development. It may be that she is to humanize it, to reconcile it to morality, from which there is growing up a suspicion that it has been divorced. And this suggests that there is another important qualification which the business girl needs,—a sense of social responsibility. But that's another story.

Mary E. J. Kelley.

THE END OF A CAREER.

THE great grief of his life had come to Robert Graves, society man and lady-killer. His diamond engagement ring, which had done service in many a season's campaign, seemed at last gone beyond recovery. He had reached thirty-five summers, during the last fifteen of which he had been six times engaged to be married. Six times the engagement had been broken. His first engagement, entered into at the early age of twenty, had been comparatively easy to break, as he was able to urge the plea of extreme youth, but as the years passed by he found himself unable to use this plea, and usually found considerable difficulty in getting a release from his promise. However, the desired result had been brought about by one means or another.

Now Robert Graves, with all his faults, was not a spendthrift, and, as he had managed in various ways to secure the return of his engagement ring after the breaking of the first five of these engagements, he

had made the same ring do for the whole collection of girls. To be sure, occasional repairs to the ring were needed, especially as one of his ex-*fiancées* threw it in a rage at his feet. Then, too, the setting of the stone had to be changed from time to time to keep pace with the prevailing styles. Still, it was much cheaper to keep the ring in repair than to get a new one.

But at last Robert's career of love-making had come to a sudden halt, for girl number six, who had just been thrown overboard, was not like other girls, or at least not like girls numbers one, two, three, four, and five of the Graves collection. In accordance with his custom, Robert had sent her a letter telling her that all was over between them, and asking for the return of his ring. In reply he had received a letter in which the writer said that she was only too happy to release him from his engagement, but she flatly refused to return the ring. And there he was; he had lost both girl and ring. To be sure, he could get another girl. In fact, he had had his eye on one before he had ended his affair with number six. But it wasn't such an easy thing to get another ring, and, even if he did, girls were getting so terribly avaricious that he might lose it in the same way. So economical Robert Graves decided that he must in some way get that ring back from number six, in order to give it to number seven as soon as she accepted him. Of course she would accept him, for the hero of so many engagements was looked upon as irresistible.

As his letter had failed to accomplish its object, he resolved upon a personal interview with number six. Upon calling at the well-known house he found that the fair one who but a short time ago made his heart beat so wildly was at home and would see him.

She received him coldly. She still wore the ring, but it was on her right hand. Politely, but earnestly, he insisted that his ring be returned, and politely, but firmly, number six refused.

"Mr. Graves, ever since you reached manhood you have had a mania for getting engaged; you have, in fact, become a professional *fiancé*. I don't know how many girls have accepted you only to be thrown overboard as soon as your fancy was caught by a new face. I once thought I might cause you to change your ways, but I have found out my mistake and see that I am no more to you than the others. I accept your decision, but I certainly must insist upon keeping this souvenir of our two years' intimacy. It is all I have; I have eaten all the candy you brought me, and the books you gave me you have borrowed and failed to return."

As Robert Graves, society man, looked at firm, unyielding number six, he saw that she was not to be turned, and that further argument was useless. Then there came into the mind of this economical man a solution of the whole difficulty, and thus he spoke: "This ring has from years of association become very dear to me. I cannot part with it now, and, as you refuse to return it, I don't see but what I shall have to marry you."

"I thought you would," said number six, softly. And so he did.

Harry Irving Horton.

AFTER SEEING A POOR PLAY.

THERE is not much in the plays and playing of the period to lure one from the companionship of books in winter. There is so little in these performances that *means* anything, that is not a mere invention, a charade, a child's picture ingeniously put together with blocks, but showing the seams and lacking real value and significance. It is less a reflection of nature, an exposition of the motives of human conduct in their relation to current conditions, than a combination of selected emotions ordered for theatrical effect. It is the afternoon-tea drama, with the gossip inexpertly reported.

Vainly we search in it for something that seizes on reality and character and vitalizes them for our great-grandchildren who are to write our history. The last quarter of the century is slipping away in this country with scarcely a dramatic expression of its meaning that is more than ephemeral. It seems to me an absurdity to assert that because we no longer habitually seek revenge by poison and dagger, or carry off damsels from towers, or sack the cities of our neighbors through mere lust of gain, we are not dramatic. We shall cease to be dramatic only when we are wholly virtuous. True, we have learned to suppress much show of feeling; but not only does it rage as fiercely as ever in our bosoms, but it leaps forth at moments of our existence which would fill the hours of a play. We are indeed so dramatic, so tragic, in our lives, the under-current of emotion is so strong, that intelligent persons capable of feeling are seldom deeply moved at the theatre, because the intensity of their own experience transcends the mimic scene. The merest quack of a dramatic doctor may profess familiarity with the operations of the mind and heart, yet he lays none of them bare before us. It is only genius that can do this at all; because mediocrity is without second-sight, and sees only the things flaunted in its face. It is a trite reflection that Shakespeare is for all time because he exposes the essential nature of humanity. But contemporaneous conditions need new adjustment of old truths, and the art of our age is impotent to effect it.

One turns for cheer from the insipidity of the drama up to date to the zestful atmosphere of the romantic play,—the play of Fechter and the younger Salvini. Here is something at least superior to one's own encounters with the world, something that is neither dilettantish nor analyzed out of all strength. Here is something—be it only melodrama—that meets the imagination half-way and tramples the conventional under foot. I know a manager whose specialty is the production of "society" plays. His actors are well chosen, his dramas the choicest on the market; no one is better at the business. But I found him once in a box of a Bowery theatre, and he sat out the performance.

Why should theatrical amusement in the popular sense be interpreted to mean mental dissipation and nothing more? Why should

recreation of the spirits involve an entertainment from which thought must be excluded? The man who is physically tired may find enjoyment in the performance of acrobats; and surely one whose brain seeks distraction need not employ it laboriously when he observes the intellectual and emotional exercise of others. The clown has his place in the economy of nature; but who finds folly desirable for daily food? It is my own experience that when worn out in body and spirit the reaction after much thoughtless laughter is worse than the previous condition I sought to dispel; whereas true comedy is a gentle stimulant. Also, the attention turned to a serious drama excites a sympathetic connection which soothes one's own private and special discomfort.

How few of us are able to surrender ourselves completely to the illusion of the theatre! We may enter into the spirit of good pantomime with all of a child's enjoyment; the circus may still have attractions for us; we may hope never to find fairy-tales far-fetched. But it is different with the drama. Somehow, there seems to be too much calcium light in front and too little of the light of genius behind. A hackneyed complaint, no doubt; but was there ever more cause for it than now?

We moderns are clever enough, and as long as we limit ourselves to cleverness no one need yawn. But beyond that we cease to be Gilberts, and are only dull without profundity, or didactic without discernment. Either that, or we drift into the joyless exposition of the day and become "philosophers of frankness," like Ibsen, or anatomists of evil, like Zola. Sometimes we are none of these, but only dramatic weathercocks, like Sardou.

Moreover, acting has always seemed to me a rather wretched occupation: its triumphs as exhilarating and evanescent as a glass of champagne; its sober moments like the recovery from a debauch. The player must always be filled with the excitement of it, or suffer the consequences of reaction. It is a perpetual trade in the emotions for the benefit of the careless looker-on; so that one can fancy the actor coming to doubt the sincerity of his own feelings. Insensibly he coins his private griefs, hires his soul for plaudits, auctions his most sacred experiences to the lowest bidder, and puts his heart on exhibition. Talma, the illustrious Frenchman, acknowledges something of the kind when, in describing his devotion to his art, he says he has caught himself in moments of real sorrow unconsciously studying its tokens.

The sensitive soul of Shakespeare felt its anguish keenly. "He was a comedian," says one of the poet's most analytical students,— "one of 'His Majesty's poor players,'—a sad trade, degraded in all ages by the contrasts and the falsehoods inseparable from it; still more degraded then by the brutalities of the crowd, who not seldom would stone the actors, and by the severities of the magistrates, who would sometimes condemn them to lose their ears. He felt it, and spoke of it with bitterness:

"Alas, 'tis true I have gone here and there
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear.

"But the worst of this degraded position is that it eats into the soul. In the company of buffoons we become buffoons: it is vain to wish to keep clean if you live in a dirty place; it cannot be. No matter if a man braces himself; necessity drives and soils him. The machinery of the decorations, the tawdriness and medley of the costumes, the smell of the tallow and the candles, in contrast with the parade of refinement and loftiness, all the cheats and sordidness of the representation, the bitter alternative of hissing and applause, the keeping of the highest and lowest company, the habit of sporting with human passions, easily unhinge the soul, drive it down the slope of excess, tempt it to loose manners, greenroom adventures, the loves of strolling actresses. Shakespeare escaped them no more than Molière, and grieved for it, like Molière:

"Oh, for my sake do you with Fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means, which public manners breeds."

The gentle François Coppée, in his description of an actor's funeral, has a word of pity, too, for this plight of the player. Yet to-day such sympathy seems almost an impertinence,—to-day, when it is thought worth while to chronicle the most trivial detail of an actor's private life; to-day, when the actor is found of more importance than his art.

I fancy, though, that even Edwin Booth, with his genius and his conscious power of moving in men and women the springs of true emotion, was yet sensible of these things. I fancy that in tracing the greatness of his Hamlet to his kinship with Hamlet's temperament and character one may take into account this noble actor's reported antipathy to acting,—his probable sympathy with the declaration that "most of Hamlet's speeches would sound better from the mouth of an actor than from that of a prince."

At the present time we may try to invert the real meaning of the lines,

And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.

We may contend that the counterfeit of lofty characters should operate to impart their dignity of thought and action to the person of the mimic. We may argue that this subjugation of the nature is a refining rather than a coarsening process; that it represents the effect of contact with beauty more than the deteriorating results of its professional mimicry. But in our hearts we know this to be a fallacy.

It is something of this sort that almost unconsciously enters into one's observation of a theatrical performance. The trick of it is transparent, the veneering too thin; the borrowed plumes sit awkwardly on the actors; the imagination is not taken by assault, but merely cheated. It is like watching a play from the wings.

William Trowbridge Larned.

HER HAPPINESS.

I.

SINCE that day, of which no word
From her lips is ever heard,
She has known that at her side
Sorrow evermore must bide,
Drink her cup and eat her bread,
Walk her paths and share her bed,
Be the last to say good-night,
Greet her first at morning light,
Go with her through all her ways,
To the ending of her days.

II.

This is hers at last : to know
Life has dealt its heaviest blow.
She has nothing more to dread ;
All her bitterest tears are shed.
Pain has now no poisoned dart
That she fears may reach her heart ;
Neither day nor night can bring
Any untried suffering.

III.

It is something, just to rest,
Of this dreary peace possessed ;
Just to slip the long control
Of her pride-encompassed soul,
And to let the days move on
In accepted monotone.
Not to more anticipate
This severest blow of fate ;
Not against its doom to pray,
Any more by night or day ;
Not to fear its deadly blight,
Any more by day or night.

IV.

As the storm-tossed mariner
Finds the desert island fair
After all the storm's wild stress,
So she too is almost glad.
Is there aught in life more sad ?
What have been her strife and loss,
Her despair and pain and cross,
Who at last can almost bless
Such a hopeless happiness !

Carlotta Perry.

TIMELY.

THE loss of profitable tenants is always a serious annoyance to a landlord. Especially is this the case when circumstances render it extremely doubtful whether satisfactory successors can be secured. This was the situation confronting Mr. Jimerton of San Francisco. He owned four large buildings situated in the centre of Chinatown. The houses covered nearly one-third of the block, and were occupied principally by the Gow family and their numerous ramifications.

The Gows were model tenants. They never troubled Mr. Jimerton about repairs, or worried as to sanitary improvements. All they desired was to be allowed to burrow tunnels underground and divide up the space into narrow passages and little compartments, dear to the Chinese heart. For these houses Mr. Jimerton received every month a rental considerably greater than the value of the structures themselves. The income derived from these buildings was Mr. Jimerton's principal source of income. His daughter was finishing her education in Paris, his son was attending a medical college in New York, and he and his wife lived very comfortably on California Street, on the rental of these houses.

At this juncture, when it would have been extremely unpleasant to suffer from a reduction of income, the Gows threatened to leave. Ten years ago other tenants could easily have been found, but times are not what they once were in Chinatown. Mr. Jimerton sought the chief member of the family and the leader of the society to which they all belonged.

"What is the matter?" he asked. "Have I interfered with you in any way? Haven't I used my influence successfully with the authorities? Have your opium-joints or gambling-rooms or your slave-quarters been interfered with? Have you ever been called upon by the police or the sanitary officers to contribute an excessive amount? Why, then, are you leaving me?"

The representative of the Gow family was a short, fat, elderly man, whose good-natured face was decorated by a pair of big round spectacles and a solemn smile. He admitted that they had not been molested; still he feared they could not remain in Mr. Jimerton's buildings. He explained that the Gows were a commercial and a peaceable people. Ever since the original Gow had landed in San Francisco thirty years before, prospered, and brought over from Canton hosts of his relatives and friends, they had been engaged in trade. Almost every conceivable industry was packed into Mr. Jimerton's buildings, either under- or above-ground. The Chinese goods displayed in the store on the first floor and guaranteed to the Eastern tourist as direct importations were made in little holes and corners at the back of the place. Jewelry, shoes, clothing of every description, hats, and furniture were manufactured on the premises. There were also restaurants, gambling-rooms, opium-joints, female slaves, a joss-house, and a theatre. Everything

that a Chinaman or an American in search of novelty could demand was to be found there.

So the Gows prospered, and their society increased until they excited the envy of the Sam Yups. The Sam Yups were fighters and predatory by nature. They would not work, but lived by blackmail. The highbinders had approached the Gows and demanded money. For a time it was paid, but the demands became so exorbitant that the Gows refused longer to submit. Then one of the fierce factional fights which periodically sweep over Chinatown began, and threatened seriously to cripple Mr. Jimerton's finances. Several of the Gow family had been assassinated and others beaten into insensibility by the Sam Yups. Their customers were intimidated. Few dared to deal with them, and their business dwindled to almost nothing. Fate was against them, and they had decided to seek another place, where they would be undisturbed. Mr. Jimerton was in despair. He saw his comfortable income vanishing just at a time when he needed it most. Even if he succeeded in reletting his building, he knew it would be at a greatly reduced rent. Mr. Jimerton's reflections were painful as he dwelt on these things.

"Can nothing be done? Is there no way of getting at these infernal Sam Yups? I have considerable influence with the chief of police."

Gow Hin shook his head. It was a case far beyond the reach of the police. No American could possibly understand or have the slightest influence in these Chinese quarrels. It was fate. A malignant devil, whose power was greater than that of their joss, was at work. Indeed, the joss had ceased the struggle and commanded them to move, and there was nothing to do but obey and wait till the evil influence of the Sam Yups was removed. They expected to go to a town in the interior of the State, where they would be undisturbed. Gow Hin assured Mr. Jimerton that personally he did not care to make the change. He was fond of life in a large city, and there were certain lines of business that must be abandoned in a smaller place; but what could one do when those devils of Sam Yups threatened to stick a knife between the ribs of every customer or beat him into insensibility? Besides removal, there was but one way out of the difficulty, and that was impossible. Mr. Jimerton caught at the hope. "What is it?" he asked, eagerly. There was no such word as "impossible" in Mr. Jimerton's dictionary.

Gow Hin replied that in the street of the one hundred and seven grandfathers in Canton, where the Gows had lived for thousands of years, there was a powerful joss, which invariably brought good luck to its possessors. Could this joss be brought to America and set up among the Gows, the evil spirits which were at present tormenting them through the Sam Yups would at once take their departure.

"For heaven's sake," cried Mr. Jimerton, "let us have this joss."

Gow Hin shook his head.

"Then they won't part with it?" said Mr. Jimerton. Gow Hin intimated that the branch of the family residing in China could no doubt be induced to part with their little brown joss for a considera-

tion. If there is anything a Chinaman will not sell, it has yet to be discovered.

"Then," said Mr. Jimerton, "let us buy it. I will stand any reasonable expense rather than have my houses empty."

But Gow Hin still shook his head. The little brown joss could not be moved except by a member of the family.

"Then why not send a member of the family for it?" urged Mr. Jimerton. "Surely there are enough of you."

But still there remained an objection which appeared insurmountable. While the little brown joss brought good luck to its possessors, it was fatal to the man who moved it. Not a Gow could be found who was willing to cross the Pacific and bring the joss to America, for if he did he would surely die within a year.

Mr. Jimerton cursed such stupid superstition. He interviewed a dozen members of the family in vain. All acknowledged that if the joss could be brought over their prosperity would return, in spite of the Sam Yups; but no one could be induced to go after it, notwithstanding Mr. Jimerton's liberal offers. Not only would the man die, but he would be debarred from the enjoyment of happiness hereafter.

When Mr. Jimerton had abandoned all hope of finding a Gow who would risk his life and future happiness by moving the joss, he was surprised by a visit from Gow Hin, who informed him that a foolish young fellow had been found who would undertake the mission. His name was Gow Sing, and he worked in a laundry near the Presidio. Gow Hin believed his relative mad, and did not know whether to attribute his condition to the daily sight of the soldiers at the fort, or to the influence of a Sunday-school which Gow Sing attended for the purpose of perfecting himself in the English language. It may be that both these civilizing institutions had influenced Gow Sing's mind and rendered him less superstitious. Still, he could never have been induced to undertake to bring the joss across the sea had he not been in love. He loved Lue Sue, a slave-girl, and desired to purchase her. Lue Sue was beautiful, and the price asked for her was enormous. Gow Sing had long despaired of raising the money required to secure possession of the girl. Like other members of the family, he heard of the liberal offer for bringing the joss to San Francisco. Life without Lue Sue was worth nothing: so, after communicating his intention to the head of the family, he sought an interview with Mr. Jimerton.

"You are a sensible young fellow," said the landlord. "It's all nonsense about any one dying who removes this joss. We Christians know better."

Mr. Jimerton was well pleased, and contributed liberally to the fund that was raised to send for the joss. He also undertook to procure a certificate that would enable Gow Sing to land on his return without question. The man who was undertaking such a perilous mission must have everything made smooth for him. In the matter of the certificate Gow Sing was firm. He would cheerfully assume the risk of death and future punishment, but not the possibility of being refused a landing. That would deprive him of ever seeing Lue Sue again.

"That's all right," said Mr. Jimerton. "We'll have the certificate made for a merchant. Then there can be no question about your landing."

So Gow Sing was described in the certificate as a Chinese merchant, Mr. Jimerton and two of his friends appending their signatures to the document.

Gow Sing sailed away through the Golden Gate on the City of Peking, bound for China, promising his friends that he would not return without the little brown joss. Already there was a better feeling among the Gows. Confidence was restored by the prospect of the presence of the powerful joss. The matter had been kept a profound secret from the Sam Yups, for had these fighters been aware that so mighty a joss was coming to their rivals the messenger would never have reached China alive.

In due time Gow Sing arrived in Canton. He was warmly welcomed at the street of the one hundred and seven grandfathers by the members of his family. He was regarded as a martyr and a hero who had deliberately sacrificed himself for the good of his family. Gow Sing did not mention his newly acquired scepticism concerning the power of the joss, neither did he say anything about Lue Sue. Sometimes when they dilated on the instances where the man who moved the joss had fallen a victim to sudden death—and his friends appeared to delight in relating these gruesome stories—he felt a trifle uneasy. Even a residence in America and an attendance on a San Francisco Sunday-school cannot entirely eradicate all superstition. The liberal terms which Gow Sing was empowered to offer for the use of the joss pleased the family. No serious objection was made to carrying this powerful protector across the sea. Some of the more grasping members of the family thought that a little more money might have been squeezed out of the American Gows, but in the end all were fairly well satisfied.

The joss was a little wooden affair, about two feet high. The expression on its face was one of extreme confidence. It looked as though it did not know what defeat or failure meant. Some such expression may be seen on the face of an unusually successful commercial traveller in America. It had been made so long ago that the species of tree from which it had been carved had become extinct. For thousands of years this self-satisfied, smirking little joss had brought prosperity to the Gows.

Gow Sing did not remain long in Canton. The Gows in San Francisco were impatiently awaiting his return, and Sing himself was anxious to be where he could again see his beloved Lue Sue. The members of the family bade farewell to Gow Sing, confidently expecting that within a year the young fellow would pay for his temerity with his life.

In due time the City of Peking again entered the Golden Gate. Gow Sing presented his certificate and was promptly passed ashore. The names on the document, attesting that he was a Chinese merchant, were above suspicion. The little brown joss was escorted with many ceremonies to the Chinese quarter and installed in the place of honor

in the joss-house. The fighting Sam Yups were dumfounded. They slunk away into dark holes and corners of the alleys of Chinatown, and at once ceased their warfare on the Gows. As for the Gows, increased prosperity came to them. Customers flocked to their shops, and Mr. Jimerton's houses were again packed full to overflowing. Gow Sing purchased Lue Sue, made her his wife, and took her to a room which he had fitted up over his laundry near the Presidio. Here he enjoyed himself, apparently indifferent to the threatened catastrophe hanging over him.

But Lue Sue had another admirer, who grew wild with rage and disappointment when Gow Sing carried her off to his laundry. His name was Sam Hee, and he belonged to the Sam Yup society. His friends urged him to restrain his anger. Would not the joss soon avenge his removal on Gow Sing? and then the girl would again be in the market. But the methods of the joss were altogether too slow to suit the impetuous Sam Hee. He began to investigate matters, believing that the joss would be none the worse for a little private aid. He soon made an important discovery. Gow Sing had been landed on a certificate describing him as a merchant. This was a common device, and always excited congratulations and laughter among the Chinese, when successful. This joss which these barbarians of Americans called "Uncle Sam" made a nice distinction between a laborer and a merchant. Uncle Sam was a foolish old joss, and had been bamboozled and swindled a thousand times. There were occasions, however, when he got a grip on some unfortunate and never let up till he had deported the offender. Now Sam Hee had no objection to using a knife or a hatchet when necessary, but if the same end could be accomplished by other means he preferred milder methods. He would make this Uncle Sam assist him in getting rid of his rival. If it could be proved that Gow Sing, a laborer, had been described as a merchant, he would be deported. Sam Hee sought the official representing the great joss Uncle Sam, and laid the matter before him. The official looked up the certificate, and found that Gow Sing had been described as a merchant. Sam Hee offered to prove beyond a doubt that Gow Sing had always been a laborer.

When the official saw the names on the document he gave a long, low whistle. Here was an opportunity he had long been waiting for. Mr. Jimerton and his friends were his bitter enemies. Had they not tried by every means in their power to prevent his appointment to office? Had they not sent derogatory reports of his administration to Washington? Was not Mr. Jimerton himself a candidate for the place?

"Oh, this is too rich," chuckled the official. "This is simply a pudding, a snap. This ridiculous Gow joss has brought luck to more than the Gows. Let me prove that this Gow Sing is a laborer, and the men who have carelessly made oath that he is a merchant will dance to my tune, and dance lively too."

The official acted promptly. The man who would live and hold office in San Francisco must not be dilatory. That same day Gow Sing, while at work in his laundry, thinking of the beautiful Lue Sue,

who was now all his own, was arrested, charged with landing on a false certificate. There was consternation among the Gows, but their trepidation was nothing compared with that felt by Mr. Jimerton and his friends. The Gows saw the beginning of the vengeance of the joss; Mr. Jimerton saw the ugly word perjury looming in the distance. Hundreds of laborers had been landed on similar certificates: there had never before been any trouble in these cases.

Bail was promptly furnished for Gow Sing. Mr. Jimerton sought Gow Hin, the head of the society.

"Something must be done," he said.

"It is the will of the joss," replied Gow Hin, his solemn smile growing a little deeper, his almond-shaped eyes blinking behind the big, round spectacles.

"The joss be d—d!" cried Mr. Jimerton. "If it is proved that Gow Sing is a laborer, and is deported, I and my friends will be prosecuted for signing that certificate."

But the Gows were somewhat indifferent. They had their joss, and were enjoying a season of unparalleled prosperity. Let the landlord fight his own battles in the courts. As for Gow Sing, they regarded him as doomed from the moment he undertook to transport the joss from China.

Mr. Jimerton, however, determined that the Gows should help him in the time of his trouble.

"You've got to help me out of this," he said. "If you don't I'll evict every last one of you, joss and all. Out of my buildings you'll go."

But now the Gows were as anxious to stay in Mr. Jimerton's buildings as they had formerly been to leave. Another removal of the joss was not to be thought of. If such an indignity were offered it, it might avenge itself on the whole family. It would be absolutely impossible to find any one who would undertake the responsibility of moving it. No other member of the family would incur such a fearful risk, even for the sake of a woman, as that assumed by Gow Sing. Clearly the Gows could not move. Mr. Jimerton saw his advantage and pressed it. Something must be done. Before his arrest Gow Sing might have been spirited away to some other part of the State, or even to New York, but now that was impossible. They well knew that the eyes of a deputy marshal were never off him. The official had no idea of losing sight of the young Chinaman.

Gow Hin settled his yellow-buttoned cap more firmly on his shaven head. "Rest easy," he said; "the joss must not be moved again."

When the case of Gow Sing, charged with illegal landing, was called for trial, a certificate was handed to the court. It was a death certificate, and stated that Gow Sing had died of a disease known as beri-beri. It was signed by a physician duly appointed by the health officers to certify to all deaths occurring in Chinatown.

"That," said Mr. Jimerton, "was what might be called timely."

Gow Sing's bones were duly shipped to China, and Lue Sue went weeping back to slavery, after her brief dream of happiness.

H. C. Stickney.

THE WASHINGTONS IN OFFICIAL LIFE.

DEEPLY appreciative as Washington was of every mark of confidence and affection that came to him from the country that he had served, it is evident from various expressions in his letters that the official communication brought to Mount Vernon by Mr. Charles Thomson in April, 1787, was not received by him with unmixed



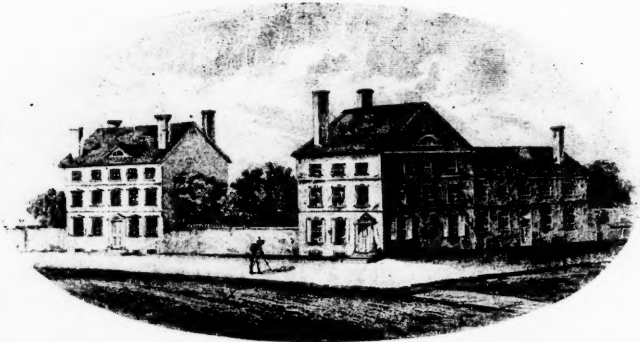
ELEANOR CUSTIS, GRANDDAUGHTER OF MRS. WASHINGTON.—FROM MINIATURE, BY SULLY, IN POSSESSION OF EDWARD SHIPPEN, ESQ., OF PHILADELPHIA.

pleasure. The acceptance of the honors and duties of the chief executive office in the new republic necessitated for Washington the relinquishment of much that was dear to him. The active, useful life of a country gentleman was especially suited to his habits and tastes, with its experiments in farming or in rearing stock, its days spent in the saddle superintending the work of fencing and ditching or the laying out of roads, varied by an occasional dinner with a neighbor or by the entertaining of guests at home; and we can well believe that he spoke

from his heart when he wrote in January, 1789, "The first wish of my soul is to spend the evening of my days as a private citizen on my farm."

Leaving Mount Vernon at this time meant to Mrs. Washington the breaking up of many cherished family ties. The two younger grandchildren, Eleanor Custis and her brother George Washington Parke Custis, whom his grandmother usually called Washington, accompanied her to New York, but her elder granddaughters, Martha and Elizabeth, who were in the habit of spending weeks with her at Mount Vernon, remained with their mother, Mrs. David Stuart, in Alexandria.

Mrs. Washington did not accompany her husband upon this journey to the capital, which was really a triumphal progress, but set forth some weeks later, under the care of the General's nephew, Robert Lewis, and several other gentlemen. Young Lewis has left in his diary a fresh, boyish account of the journey as far as Baltimore, near which place Mrs. Washington was met by a number of gentlemen, Dr. McHenry



HOUSES ON HIGH STREET, PHILADELPHIA, OCCUPIED BY PRESIDENT WASHINGTON AND ROBERT MORRIS DURING THE FIRST AND SECOND ADMINISTRATIONS.

among them, who conducted her and her escort from Hammond's Ferry to the Carrolls', where, according to the narrator, a most agreeable reception awaited them. "Mrs. Carroll," he says, "expected Mrs. Washington, and had made considerable preparation. We found a large bowl of salubrious ice punch, with fruits, etc., which had been plucked from the trees in a green House, lying on the tables in great abundance; these after riding twenty-five or thirty miles without eating or drinking was no unwelcome luxury. However, Mrs. Carroll could not complain that we had not done her punch honor, for in the course of 1 quarter of an hour (the time we tarried) the bowl which held upwards of two gallons was entirely consumed, to the no little satisfaction of us all. We then made our congee and departed, the gentlemen to their respective homes,—myself with Dr. McHenry, who invited me very politely to take a family dinner with him."

In the evening there was a reception at Dr. McHenry's, where, says young Lewis, "was gathered together the handsomest assortment of

women that I had ever seen," and where, he later records, he himself fell a victim to the charms of a certain Miss Spear. Nor were the weary travellers allowed to rest after they had retired to their rooms for the night, as poor Mr. Lewis tells us that while he was struggling to sleep and to think of Miss Spear at the same time, a serenade began which lasted until two o'clock in the morning. This left but a short night for repose, as five was the hour for rising, in order to leave Baltimore betimes and thus avoid any further celebrations.

At Chester Mrs. Washington was met by the First Troop of City Cavalry, under Captain Miles, and another troop of horse, under Captain Bingham, accompanied by which mounted escort she proceeded to Gray's Ferry, where she was joined by her devoted and congenial friend Mrs. Robert Morris, who conducted her to her own home, amid discharges of artillery and the enthusiastic rejoicings of the populace. When she reached the Morris house, on High Street, Mrs. Washington made her only public address of which there is any record. She rose, and, standing in the carriage, thanked the companies of soldiers which had escorted her, and the citizens also, in a few gracious words. Two days later, when the same military escort was in readiness to accompany her to Trenton, Mrs. Washington, with the thoughtful consideration for the comfort of those about her which was one of her strongly marked characteristics, begged them to return home, when a few miles from Philadelphia, as the weather appeared threatening. The welcome which Mrs. Washington met on her journey through New Jersey was second only to that which had been accorded the President a few weeks earlier, and when his Excellency, Mr. Morris, and other distinguished gentlemen met her and Mrs. Morris at Elizabethtown Point, long and loud were the cheers of the people, while shouts of "Long live President Washington, and God bless Lady Washington!" resounded from all sides.

Mrs. Washington was fifty-seven years of age at this time, being three months younger than her husband, although for some reason writers who had better opportunity of knowing the truth upon this subject than Mr. Thackeray have represented her as older than the General. The portrait painted nearest to this period is that by Robert Edge Pine, but this picture is so much less attractive than that painted by Stuart ten years later that we like best to think of "the first lady in the land" noble and dignified as she



MINIATURE OF MRS. WASHINGTON.—FROM ORIGINAL IN POSSESSION OF GENERAL G. W. CUSTIS LEE, OF LEXINGTON, VIRGINIA, ARTIST NOT KNOWN.

appears in this favorite portrait, which makes us realize that she possessed a beauty in advanced years quite different from the beauty of her girlhood, but just as charming in its own way.

The President was painted so often during the early years of his administration that he almost daily records a sitting to some artist,—one of the penalties of fame that greatly annoyed him. Both John Ramage and Edward Savage painted portraits of Washington in 1789, and the spirited Turnbull, which Mr. Custis says gives the best idea of his figure and bearing, was executed in 1790.

When Pine was at Mount Vernon in 1785, in addition to his portraits of the General and Mrs. Washington he painted charming pictures of Elizabeth Custis, who afterwards married Mr. Law, a son of Lord Ellenborough, and of her brother Washington. The former represents a lovely girl of nine with a profusion of brown curls, while the latter is a graceful picture of a boy of four or five with a bow or branch in his hand.

The old Virginia in which Washington and his wife were reared was essentially aristocratic and English in life, customs, and traditions. That from this colony, and from its most exclusive circle, should have come the two persons who were destined to give form and balance to the political and social life of the Republic, must be looked upon as something more than a happy accident, unless we count birth, breeding, early surroundings, and all the circumstances that go to form character simply accidents. An executive mansion presided over by a man and woman who combined with the most ardent patriotism a dignity, elegance, and moderation that would have graced the court of any Old World sovereign, saved the social functions of the new nation from the crudeness and bald simplicity of extreme republicanism, as well as from the luxury and excess that often mark the sudden elevation to power and place of those who have spent their early years in obscurity.

Washington, to whom nothing connected with his office seemed small or unimportant, and who realized that this was naturally a period for the establishment of precedents, gave much time and thought to the proper adjustment of his social as well as of his political duties. Mrs. Washington warmly seconded her husband's efforts to combine republican simplicity with the form and ceremony befitting the dinners, levees, and receptions of the Chief Executive. Thus, although the President simply bowed to each guest as he was introduced to him at his Tuesday afternoon levees, making it very evident that the more familiar hand-shake was to be omitted, at Mrs. Washington's Friday evening receptions he chose to be considered simply as "a private gentleman," mingling with the company and entering into conversation according to his own inclination. Upon these occasions he is described as wearing "a fancy-colored coat and waistcoat, and black small-clothes, without hat or sword, while at his own levees he appeared in a black velvet coat and breeches, his hair in full dress powdered and gathered behind in a silk bag; yellow gloves, and holding a cocked hat with a cockade on it, and the edge adorned with a black feather about an inch deep. He wore knee- and shoe-buckles, and a long sword with a

finely wrought and polished steel hilt, the coat worn over the blade, the scabbard of white polished leather."

At the President's levees the guests were introduced by one of the secretaries, Mr. Tobias Lear or Major William Jackson, or some personal friend, who was expected to pronounce the name distinctly. Later, when the doors were closed and the circle formed for the day, the President, who possessed the royal trait of remembering faces and associating the name with the face, began at the right hand and passed from one guest to another, calling every person by name and saying a few words to each one. In these days of hurried official receptions and great crushes, such a levee as this seems dignified and elegant, and yet sociable enough to be removed from any imputation of the monarchical form, towards which some of his detractors accused Washington of tending.

More than one description has come down to us of Mrs. Washington's Friday evening receptions, with their plum-cake, tea, and pleasant intercourse, all ending at the early hour of nine. There was nothing excessive in the gayety of these drawing-rooms, and they may even have been a trifle dull; but the hostess wisely set the fashion of early hours, rising about nine o'clock and saying, with a graciousness and dignity that well became her, "The General always retires at nine, and I usually precede him." The short evening proved to be like the small caviare sandwiches that are now handed around to whet the appetite, making the guests feel like coming again, for these receptions were largely attended by the old Knickerbocker and Patroon families, the Vons and the Vans, as well as by the wives and daughters of all government officials resident at the capital. The President sometimes records, "A great number of visitors (gentlemen and ladies) this evening to Mrs. Washington," or, "The visitors this evening to Mrs. Washington were numerous and respectable." Can we imagine them otherwise than eminently respectable, those stately dames and courtly cavaliers?

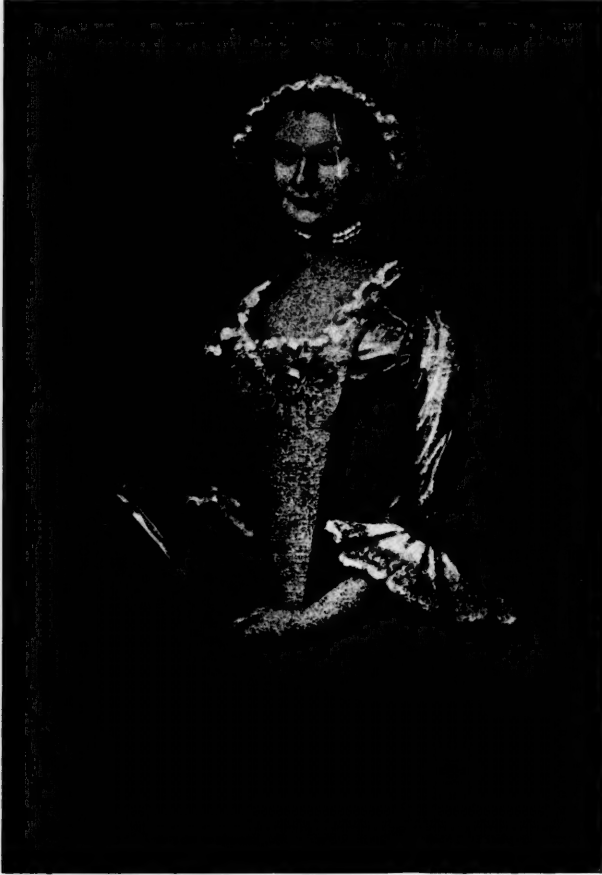
If, as Mrs. Burton Harrison says, "Mrs. Washington's heart was in the highlands of her beloved Potomac," her thorough breeding enabled her to conceal her distaste for the restraints of official life, which were compensated for in no small measure by the warm expressions of esteem and affection with which she and her husband were met at every turn. Physically as well as mentally weary she must often have been, as immediately after her arrival in New York, before she had had time to recover from her long and tiresome journey from Mount



MAJOR WILLIAM JACKSON.—FROM PORTRAIT, BY TRUMBULL, IN POSSESSION OF THE HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Vernon to the capital, two dozen or more ladies called upon her. Thus, instead of employing herself in ordering her household, as this model housewife would have liked to do, she, as the wife of the President, was obliged to spend her mornings in the drawing-room, and her afternoons at state dinners.

Among those who gathered around Mrs. Washington in New York were Mrs. George Clinton, wife of the Governor of the State, Mrs.



MRS. LIVINGSTON OF CLERMONT, WIFE OF JUDGE LIVINGSTON.—FROM PORTRAIT IN POSSESSION OF MRS. ROBERT E. LIVINGSTON, OF NEW YORK.

Livingston of Clermont, widow of Judge Livingston, Mrs. Chancellor Livingston, Mrs. Montgomery, her sister-in-law, Mrs. James Duane, another Livingston, whose husband was Mayor of New York, Mrs. Ralph Izard, better known to the gay world of the metropolis as beautiful Alice De Lancey, and Mrs. John Jay. These ladies, and many

others, came to do honor to the wife of the great general and statesman, and, finding in her the elements needed to bind men and women together in social intercourse, kindness, courtesy, and self-forgetfulness, they continued to assemble weekly in the old Franklin house on Pearl Street, or in the Macomb house on Broadway, to which the President removed some months later.

In the midst of political and social functions that were extremely wearisome to this simple-hearted and thoroughly domestic couple, it is pleasant to read in the General's New York diary of frequent drives



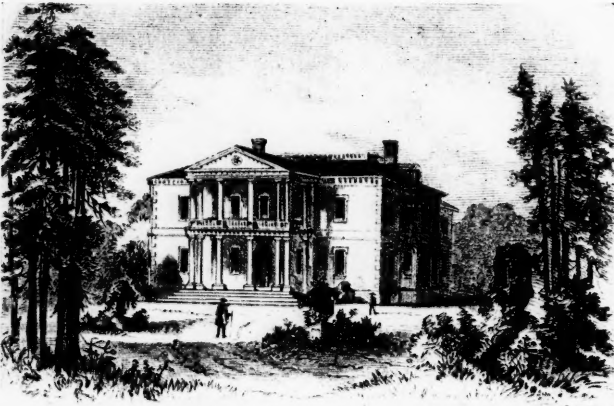
MRS. JAMES DUANE, BORN MARIA LIVINGSTON.—FROM PAINTING OWNED BY GENERAL JAMES C. DUANE, U.S.A.

into the country with Mrs. Washington and the children, and of informal dinners at Captain Mariner's tavern in Harlem with Mrs. Washington, Mr. and Mrs. John Adams, their daughter and son-in-law, Mrs. William Smith and her husband, Governor Clinton, Major Jackson, and Mr. Izard. The house where Captain Mariner kept a tavern at this time was the fine old mansion upon the heights, now known as the Jumel house.

Theatre-going seems to have been a favorite recreation of the Washingtons, both in New York and in Philadelphia. The theatre in the former place is described as a poor sort of affair, capable of

accommodating only about a hundred persons. It was situated on the north side of John Street, near Broadway. The President wrote in his diary, Tuesday, November 24, 1789, "Went to the play in the evening—sent tickets to the following ladies and gentlemen and invited them to seats in my box, viz. : Mrs. Adams (lady of the Vice-President), Gen^l Schuyler and lady, Mr. King and lady, Major Butler and lady, Col^o Hamilton and lady, Mrs. Green—all of whom accepted and came, except Mrs. Butler, who was indisposed."

A German, named Feyles, says Mr. Lossing, was the leader of the orchestra, and had composed the President's March for this occasion,



LANSDOWNE, THE HOME OF GOVERNOR JOHN PENN, AND SUBSEQUENTLY OF MR. WILLIAM BINGHAM.

which tune was played at the moment when Washington and his friends entered the theatre. It was afterwards slightly altered, and has been known as "Hail, Columbia" ever since.*

It was upon this occasion, or some similar one, that the following incident occurred, while Wignall was performing the part of Darby in the interlude of "Darby's Return," a play written by William Dunlap. Darby, an Irish lad, recounts his adventures in the United States and elsewhere. When he told of what befell him in New York at the

* The words of "Hail, Columbia" were written by Judge Joseph Hopkinson, of Philadelphia, in the summer of 1798, when a foreign war seemed inevitable, Congress being in session in Philadelphia to deliberate upon this important subject. Judge Hopkinson himself explained the circumstances under which this national song was written.

Some popular words to be used in the theatre and adapted to the tune of the President's March were desired. A number of persons had endeavored to compose some suitable words, without success. Judge Hopkinson essayed the task, in order to help a former school-mate who was a member of the theatrical company. The result proved eminently successful, because the verses fitted the time as well as the tune, being truly American and non-partisan. In a few weeks "Hail, Columbia" had taken hold of the popular heart, and established for itself a place which it has ever since held among the national songs of America.

inauguration of the President, etc., "the interest expressed by the audience," says Dunlap, "in the looks and the changes of countenance of the great man (Washington) became intense.



MRS. WILLIAM PETERS, BORN SALLY ROBINSON, WIFE OF JUDGE RICHARD PETERS.—FROM CRAYON IN POSSESSION OF HER GREAT-GRANDSON, MR. CHARLES E. DANA, OF PHILADELPHIA.

"At the descriptive lines,

"A man who fought to free the land from woe,
Like me, had left his farm a-soldiering to go,
 But having gained his point, he had, *like me*,
 Return'd, his own potato ground to see.
 But there he could not rest. With one accord,
 He is call'd to be a kind of—not a lord—
 I don't know what; he's not a *great man*, sure,
 For poor men love him just as he were poor,

the President looked serious; and when Kathleen asked,

How look'd he, Darby? Was he short or tall?

his countenance showed embarrassment, from the expectation of one of those eulogiums which he had been obliged to hear on many public

occasions, and which must doubtless have been a severe trial to his feelings.

"The President was, however, speedily relieved by Darby's declaration that *he had not seen him.*"

In Philadelphia there was doubtless more informal sociability in the life of the Washingtons than in New York, as during their previous visits to the Quaker City they had made many friends there. In his diary written while attending the Convention of 1787, General Washington recorded many dinners at the Willings', Bingham's, Powells', Mr. John Penn's, at Lansdowne, and Mr. Benjamin Chew's, at his country home Cliveden or at his town residence on Third Street.



BELMONT, RESIDENCE OF JUDGE PETERS, NOW IN FAIRMOUNT PARK, PHILADELPHIA.

Notwithstanding the fact that Mr. Chew was a loyalist during the war and was obliged to leave Philadelphia for a season, General Washington renewed his friendship with him when peace was declared, and, as if to prove that if he was just he could also be generous, gave Mr. Chew the position of judge of the High Court of Excise and Appeals for Pennsylvania under the new government, it having been clearly proved that he had committed no overt act during the Revolution.

No diary kept by the President during his residence in Philadelphia, from 1790 to 1797, has been found; but from letters and journals of old residents we gather odd bits of information about dinners, tea-drinkings, and calls. From these we learn that the President was upon intimate terms with Judge Peters and delighted in his hours of leisure to drive out to Belmont, where the judge and his wife lived in hospitable old-fashioned style. Hours of rest and recreation were those spent at this beautiful country home, amid whose shaded avenues, with their charming glimpses of the river, Washington's thoughts must often have turned to his own home somewhat similarly situated upon the banks of the Potomac. Here, in the delightful society of the witty jurist, he could forget, for a time, the cares of state; for, although

represented as an habitually grave man, Washington was by no means averse to a joke, and Judge Peters's witticisms possessed the admirable quality of amusing without leaving a sting behind them. Mr. Robert Morris was another friend of Washington's who by his genial humor was able to enliven many a dull hour. To him and to his partner, Mr. Thomas Willing, the General had turned for aid in the darkest days of the Revolution, and now in peace and prosperity they renewed their friendly intercourse. Living side by side on High (or Market) Street, we can imagine Mrs. Washington and Mrs. Morris exchanging all manner of neighborly civilities, while their husbands met together in council formally and informally. In addition to his own home at the southeast corner of Sixth and Market Streets, and the house at 190 Market Street occupied by the President, Mr. Morris owned another house on the same street, in which General Walter Stewart and his beautiful wife, Deborah McClenahan, were domiciled. Colonel Clement Biddle, an old friend and former companion in arms, was living at



COLONEL CLEMENT BIDDLE.—FROM A MINIATURE IN POSSESSION OF MR. ALEXANDER BIDDLE, OF PHILADELPHIA.



MRS. CLEMENT BIDDLE, BORN REBECCA CORNELL, OF RHODE ISLAND.—FROM A MINIATURE IN POSSESSION OF MR. ALEXANDER BIDDLE, OF PHILADELPHIA.

this time at 38 Walnut Street, where the sign of "Notary, Scriviner, and Broker" announced that he had renounced the sword for the quill. He and his beautiful Rhode Island wife, Rebecca Cornell, had shared with the General and Mrs. Washington the hardships of the winter of '77 and '78 at Valley Forge, where Mrs. Biddle's mother-wit and housewifely skill had won the commander-in-chief's consent for her to remain in camp with her husband. Colonel Biddle resigned his commission before the close of the war, but was made United States Marshal for Pennsylvania in 1787, and in 1794 again took up arms under his old commander when the Whiskey Rebellion called him into the field. Many interesting stories of the President's visits to her father's house on Walnut Street have come down to this generation through Colonel Biddle's daughter, Mrs. Nathaniel Chapman, who as a child was particularly impressed by the grandeur of his coach-and-four. Miss Susan Binney, who lived with her parents directly opposite the Washington residence, also retained a vivid recollection of the President's coaches. "General Washington," she said, "had a large

family coach, a light carriage, and a chariot, all alike cream-colored, painted with three enamelled figures on each panel, and very handsome. He drove in the coach to Christ Church every Sunday morning, with two horses; drove the carriage-and-four into the country, to Lansdowne, the country seat then of Mr. Penn, afterwards of the Binghams." Mr. Nathaniel Burt, in speaking of the residence of the Washingtons in Philadelphia, says that the coach with six horses, which General Washington used in going to the Senate, at Sixth and



MRS. JAMES GIBSON.—FROM PORTRAIT, BY GILBERT STUART, IN POSSESSION OF EDWARD SHIPPEN, ESQ., OF PHILADELPHIA.

Chestnut Streets, was presented to Mrs. Washington by the government of Pennsylvania, having been built in London expressly for Governor John Penn, from whom it was purchased for Mrs. Washington. It was of cream color, richly decorated with gilt medallions, and was considered by some persons "too pompous for a Republican President." Mrs. Washington used frequently to drive in this carriage, with her lovely granddaughter Nellie, to visit Mrs. Penn at Lansdowne, taking with her Miss Elizabeth Bordley, the daughters of Robert Morris, or other young ladies to whom Miss Custis was particularly attached.

The President's servants wore liveries of white cloth trimmed with

scarlet or orange, which must have added much to the imposing appearance of this coach-and-four, which was exceeded in magnificence only by that of "Mr. William Hamilton of the Woodlands," which had once been the wonder of the town.

Miss Binney, afterwards Mrs. Wallace, remembered the Washingtons distinctly, having met them often at public balls and in Mrs. Washington's drawing-room, where the General's manner impressed her as gracious and pleasant. "It was," she said, "Mrs. Washington's custom to return her visits on the third day," and when she called upon her neighbor Mrs. Binney, one of the secretaries, Mr. Lear or Major Jackson, would escort her. These gentlemen also accompanied the President upon his daily constitutional, when they would invariably cross to the sunny side and walk down Market Street together in silence. The young lady who, from her window, watched the three handsome gentlemen in their cocked hats and picturesque attire, in recalling the scenes of her youth for the benefit of a later generation says that she often wondered why they never seemed to have anything to say to each other, knowing that Washington was on most friendly terms with his two secretaries. Silence and gravity seem to have been habitual to this man, who bore upon his shoulders a heavy burden of care; yet we read of pleasant bantering between him and young Henry Lee and Lund Washington, his cousin and steward, at Mount Vernon, while Mrs. James Gibson, in later years, grew quite indignant over a newspaper article in which it was stated that Washington never danced. She said that he was exceedingly fond of the society of young people, and would often leave his study in the evening to enjoy a Virginia reel with Nellie Custis and her friends.

The Bordleys lived on Union near Third Street, not far from the Washingtons, and quite close to the Willings and the Bingham. Miss Bordley had been a school-mate of Nellie Custis at Annapolis, and, accompanied by a mutual friend, Martha Coffin from Portland, had spent many vacations at Mount Vernon.

These three friends seem to have done all the fond, foolish things of which the old-fashioned school-girl was capable. They wrote romantic letters to each other, many verses, especially Miss Bordley, the one most favored of the Muses, and finally had their portraits painted for each other. To this latter fond folly this generation is indebted for three lovely pictures, one of Nellie Custis, by Sully, in a head-dress like that in which Siddons is sometimes represented, one of Elizabeth Bordley, painted when she was Mrs. James Gibson, which she playfully calls "The Rural Lady,"* and one of Martha Coffin, who afterwards married Mr. Richard C. Derby, of Boston.

* When Mrs. Gibson sent this portrait by Stuart to Mrs. Richard C. Derby, who was then living in Portland, Maine, she mailed at the same time the following verses:

You'll now receive the "Rural Lady :"
 I fear you'll think her face too shady;
 But that's the fancy of the painter,—
 A very good one, by the bye,—
 For if that shade were any fainter,
 The wrinkles would appear,—O fye!

Mrs. Richard Durdin, Mrs. Bingham, and Mrs. John Travis, one of the lovely Bond sisters, were among the beautiful matrons of this administration. Mrs. Durdin was an intimate friend of the Washingtons, and often entertained them at her home on Walnut Street. She afterwards married William Lewis, who held the positions of



MRS. RICHARD C. DERBY.—FROM PORTRAIT, BY GILBERT STUART, IN POSSESSION OF DR. PERRY, OF NEW YORK.

District Attorney and District Judge under Washington, began life as a Chester County farmer, and later became so distinguished in his profession that he could afford to entertain his friends by telling them how Alexander Hamilton had once outwitted him. Another great lawyer, who lived on Market Street above Eighth, was William Rawle, who had married a lovely Quakeress, Sarah Coates Burge. The Washingtons frequently dined with Mr. and Mrs. Rawle, and upon one occasion, while his "elders and betters" were at dinner in the early

afternoon, as was the custom in those days, Mr. Rawle's son William, seeing the General's cocked hat and dress sword upon the hall table, put the hat on his head and with the sword in his hand stepped out



MRS. JOHN TRAVIS.—FROM PORTRAIT, BY GILBERT STUART, IN POSSESSION OF MR. TRAVIS COCHRAN, OF PHILADELPHIA.

into the street and strutted up and down, to the great amusement of the small boys in the neighborhood and of the passers-by in general.

Twice while Philadelphia was the seat of government was that city visited by yellow fever. Mrs. Elizabeth Drinker and Jacob Hiltzimer both dwell upon the ravages made among their friends and acquaintances by this dread disease, the latter stating that its frequent appearance was the chief reason why it was finally decided to make the new city of Washington the national capital instead of Philadelphia. In August, 1793, there were a number of cases of the fever,

and from this time for some years there were sporadic cases until the frightful epidemic of 1798, when Mr. Hiltzimer lost his life.

Great anxiety was felt by the President's friends during the epidemic of 1793, as he could not be induced to quit his post until September 10, when he was finally prevailed upon to retire to Mount Vernon, whither he had sent his family some weeks earlier.

In 1794, Washington's official duties not permitting him to make more than a flying visit to his Virginia home, a house in Germantown

was taken, where he and his family remained during July and August. This house, upon the Main Street, opposite Market Square, is now occupied by Mr. Elliston P. Morris.

It was while Gilbert Stuart was living in Germantown that the President and Mrs. Washington made so many visits to his studio. He executed his first celebrated head of Washington at his studio at the southeast corner of Fifth and Chestnut Streets. This portrait, which Stuart never entirely finished, he kept in his Germantown quarters, copying from it many other portraits, calling it his one hundred dollar bill, and, whether with the desire of making money by it, or because he was attached to a work



MRS. WILLIAM RAWLE.—FROM PANEL PORTRAIT, BY GILBERT STUART, IN POSSESSION OF FRANCIS RAWLE, ESQ., OF PHILADELPHIA.

which was a true inspiration of genius, persistently excusing himself from giving it up, until the patience of its owner was quite exhausted and he finally accepted a copy in place of the original.

Historians and chroniclers dwell with pathos upon the closing days of official life in Philadelphia, recalling the President's last drive to the Senate, his coach followed by enthusiastic crowds of citizens, where he read his brief farewell address, which brought tears to many eyes, while it is related that at the banquet which followed, gayety and laughter gave place to sadness. Thus it seems that whether gay or grave, genial or reserved, whatever may be the final verdict with regard to the characteristics of Washington, there have been few great men more beloved by the people and by those intimately associated with them than this man whom our nation honors more and more as the years go by as their noblest and most single-hearted patriot.

Anne Hollingsworth Wharton.

Books of the Month.

The Truth-Tellers.
By John Strange
Winter.

It is related that a lady was introduced to Sir Morell Mackenzie at a London soirée as "John Strange Winter," and when he incredulously repeated the name, she replied, "Oh, yes, I'm Bootles' Baby." Whereupon the great physician drew a friend aside and confided to him that he had just met a poor demented lady who was introduced as a man and thought herself a baby. And this same jocund lady is the author, beside *Bootles' Baby*, of a half-dozen stories which every reader of fiction knows and likes and re-reads whenever the mood for judiciously mingled fun and sentiment overtakes him.

The last book by Mrs. Arthur Stannard, called *The Truth-Tellers*, is just published in the Lippincott *Series of Select Novels*, and it is one of the most amusing and charming of her many tales. Miss Mortimer of London, sister of Sir Thomas Mortimer of Fynlan, "five hours from six hundred miles" to the north, has just learned that that eccentric baronet has died and left her guardian of his five children, whom she has never seen. She is not any longer young, and lives a fashionable life of sedate ease. The idea of going to the north shocks her immeasurably, and she decides to send for her nephews and nieces, forlornly expecting to find them youthful barbarians. They prove to be handsome and lusty, and far less objectionable than she supposed, but they have been brought up on a rigid system of truth-telling, which leads to the most amazing results in the select circle of Miss Mortimer's conventional friends. The tale runs on to a climax in the love-making of Ernestine, the eldest girl, and Lord Dalston, and ends as the amused reader would have it.

Know your Own Ship. By Thomas Walton.

"Experience is a wonderful teacher, though often a very slow one," and, we may add, a costly and dangerous one. It is with the above sentence that Mr. Thomas Walton, author of *Know your Own Ship*, the latest of the Lippincott publications in practical science, opens his well-condensed manual, and it is to supply the harvestings of experience to those who need them that the hand-book has been prepared. Mr. Walton is an eminent naval architect, and lecturer to ships' officers in the Government Navigation School at Leith, and he is therefore an authority on the subject in hand, which, more amply expressed, is the simple explanation of the stability, construction, tonnage, and freeboard of ships. The substantial little volume is designed for the use of ships' officers, superintendents, draughtsmen, and others who have to do with shipping in any form, and its text and abundant illustrations render it probably the best treatise devoted to this specialty.

In Sight of the Goddess. By Harriet Riddle Davis.

It is said to be not all fiction,—the story that the office of unliveried steward of etiquette has been created in certain Washington families, whose social code, calls, dinners, correspondence, are all managed by a polite gentleman-servant in the guise of a guest or friend. Upon this novel and piquant theme has been

hung the spicy tale called *In Sight of the Goddess*, by Harriet Riddle Davis, just issued in Lippincott's *Lotus Library*.

Like the previous novelettes of this charming little library of gold and green, this tale is a breezy narrative of American life, full of satire, banter, drollery, and love. The typical Western family newly transplanted in the fashionable soil of the capital and elevated to a cabinet position is pilloried, and the scandal of the town is served up, with plenty of light condiment, in repartee and abundant conversation. Running parallel with all this is the love-story of Stephen Barradale, private secretary to Secretary of the Treasury Childs, as well as lackey to his family, and Constance, the great official's daughter. That he wins her at last is an open secret which will not dull the edge of the delighted reader's relish.

**A Marriage by
Capture. By Robert
Buchanan.**

The author of *Idylls of Inverburn* should know well how to write stories of provincial life. He is a born celebrant of country manners and country pathos, and never has

Robert Buchanan, throughout his long and busy career as poet and story-teller, written anything sweeter or more romantic than this short tale called *A Marriage by Capture*, just published by the Lippincotts in their delicate little set of short stories in stiff covers, The Lotus Library.

The narrative is a swift one, laid in Ireland, where a lawless set of gentlemen and peasants, equally intemperate and unscrupulous, are represented as carrying off Miss Catherine Power of Castle Craig for the benefit of her reckless cousin, Patrick Blake, who wants her estates, of which he is next heir, and her love. Blake is pursued by a rival lover, Philip Langford, and is taken into custody; but when he is about to be tried, a letter is received from Miss Power which absolves her cousin. She returns quietly to her home, and the story reveals that her real captor was Philip Langford. When he is wounded nearly to death, Catherine betrays her affection for him, and thus, after all, he wins a wife by capture.



Nethersole.

WRITES:

AFTER being completely worn out from constant nervous strain, I was advised to use the genuine

JOHANN HOFF'S
MALT EXTRACT.

It has benefited me so wonderfully that I have become its strongest advocate.

Ask for the genuine

JOHANN HOFF'S
MALT EXTRACT.

Avoid Substitutes.

EISNER & MENDELSON CO.,

SOLE AGENTS, NEW YORK.

VERDI'S FIRST MUSIC.—The first musical signs made by Verdi were ominous. They were in connection with the street-organ, and all the world knows what it has subsequently suffered from Verdi being on the street-organs. Think of London alone! Also of the late Mr. Babbage, and Mr. Bass's London street-music bill! An itinerant organ-grinder used to come betimes to the Roncole inn, when little Verdi would run to stand and gaze in wonderment at the musician and his music, nor would he leave the attraction until fetched away. One especial favorite with the child was Bagasset, a decrepit violinist, who predicted to the innkeeper that his son would be a great musician some day. Verdi helped this poor fellow in after-years, when the prophecy had been amply fulfilled.

When Verdi was about seven years old, his father added a spinet, or piano-forte, to his worldly possessions. The child had already shown some taste for music, for, besides the street-music episode, the priest at Roncole had kicked him down the altar steps for paying more attention to the music from the organ than to his duties as acolyte, or server, at mass, a post which his naturally quiet demeanor had obtained for him. No sooner was the piano in the house than young Verdi went at it with a will, until one day, because he could not find some favorite chord upon the key-board, he was discovered in great anger belaboring the instrument with a hammer!—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

NO SCENE.—See the man.

Is the man wild of eye and dishevelled of hair?

The man is wild of eye and dishevelled of hair.

Perhaps the man is about to make a scene?

Ah, no.

The man is an artist of the modern school, which never makes scenes,—merely posters.—*Detroit Tribune*.

NEWSPAPER FILES UNDER GUARD.—A complete file of each of the newspapers that have been published in Chicago since the fire—in fact, more complete than is to be found in many of the newspaper offices—is one of the features of the Chicago Public Library. When the editors of the various newspapers are appealed to in regard to articles that have appeared in their papers, they with one accord refer the applicant to the Public Library. In addition to persons so referred, there are a large number of people who, knowing of these files, are constantly wanting either the whole or a portion of the articles they have read, but failed to preserve. Many of these requests are for articles of very recent date, and the area from which they come is only limited by the circulation of the Chicago papers, together with such papers as make excerpts from them.

There is probably nothing in the library that is the source of more request than these files of Chicago newspapers, and there is certainly nothing more closely guarded. This latter fact accounts for the file in the Public Library being more perfect than are many of those in the offices where the paper is published. It is not quite easy to understand why a person who would not think of tearing a page from a book will ruthlessly mutilate a newspaper file that is far more valuable. But the fact remains, and for this reason the newspaper files at the Public Library are constantly guarded. No one is permitted to examine them save under the surveillance of the guard.—*Chicago Tribune*.

The advance
of civilization

CLEANS.
SCOURS.
POLISHES

CLEANS.
SCOURS.
POLISHES

is marked by
the sale of
SAPOLIO.

SHE SNUBBED NAPOLEON.—Mme. de Chevreuse, a representative of one of the noblest families in France, declined the honor which Napoleon wished to confer on her, that of being maid of honor to his sister-in-law, the Queen of Spain. She afterwards became Josephine's *dame du palais*, but always affected to look down on the Imperial court. One day she went to a reception at the Tuilleries, blazing with diamonds. "What splendid jewels!" remarked Napoleon. "Are they all real?" "Mon Dieu, sire, I really don't know, but at any rate they are quite good enough to wear here."

ABOUT SPIDERS.—My attention was called by a clerk in a drug-store to a web which had been superbly decorated with flakes and scales of logwood. I thought at first that this beautiful *passementerie* effect had been produced accidentally, but after watching for a few minutes I saw a spider descend into the box of logwood, affix a thread of silk to a flake of the dye, hoist it to the web above, and securely fasten it to one of the transverse strands. The glittering scales moved at the slightest jar, or when they were struck by a current of air, and were dazzling to the eye. This little decorative artist had indeed constructed a truly palatial residence.

Some spiders unquestionably are affected by music to a marked degree. On one occasion I noticed a spider which had swung down from the ceiling of a church and hung suspended just above the organist's hands. The organist informed me that he had repeatedly noticed that spiders were affected by music. Several days afterward, while seated at the organ, I observed the same spider. Several times I drove her away and enticed her back by playing alternately soft andante and loud bravura selections. Professor C. Reclain, during a concert at Leipsic, saw a spider descend from one of the chandeliers while a violin solo was being played, but as soon as the orchestra began to sound it quickly ran back.—*Boston Herald*.

SOURCES OF GREAT FRENCH FORTUNES.—Madame Boucicaut was first a laundress and the daughter-in-law of a laundress, who married a hatter at Mortagne, in Normandy. She was engaged in the laundering department at the Petit St. Thomas mart, and found her opportunity in lot sales of damaged silks and odds and ends of machine-made lace. She used at night to make up what she bought at these sales into cravats, jackets, and children's frocks, according to patterns she studied at the Petit St. Thomas. On her way in the morning to her work she sold them in a market. She did so well that she had soon to get help, and then took a poky shop in the Rue du Bac, where the west entrance to the Bon Marché now stands. The rule was cheapness. Nobody was ever taken in.

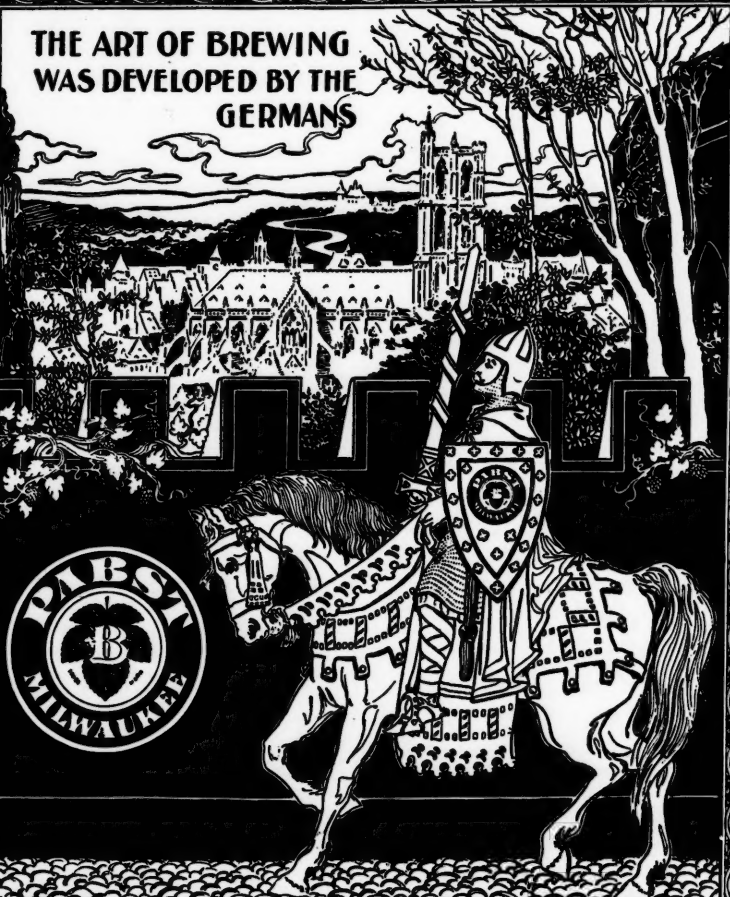
In the tentative struggles she and her husband learned business without heavy risk. She could not be called an old woman when she died. After giving away nearly three million pounds in acts of justice, friendship, and benevolence, she left a fortune valued at over seven million pounds.—*London Truth*.

COULDN'T DENY IT.—"I've taken all your loose furniture," said the constable, looking about the room, "and the judgment isn't satisfied yet. I'll have to levy on the fireplace."

"Great Caesar!" exclaimed the debtor.

"Yes," replied the constable, "that's what I am."—*Chicago Tribune*.

THE ART OF BREWING
WAS DEVELOPED BY THE
GERMANS



Languid?

Exhilaration, enjoyment and effervescence of spirits are the laughter of the constitution. The liver, which sets the whole mechanism of man at work, at times becomes torpid; it is then that Pabst Malt Extract, The "Best" Tonic, produces that healthful activity which reacts upon the whole system and gives a lifting, strengthening sensation, by seeking the place which needs it most. With its invigorating influence, and the blessed gift of slumber and mental balance, The "Best" Tonic will give courage for any undertaking, and obstacles will seem but a joyous test of energy. Take

Pabst Malt Extract
The "Best" Tonic.

MILWAUKEE BEER IS FAMOUS
PABST HAS MADE IT SO

KING JAMES'S BOOKS.—Some very fine binding was executed for King James I., who during his entire life was an enthusiastic patron of letters and art. In some of his books the thistle is introduced with heavy corner-pieces, and the arms in the centre. One fine piece of work, now in the British Museum, is in bright brown calf, powdered with flower-de-luce. Another folio in crimson velvet has the arms of England embroidered on both sides, with gold thread on a ground-work of yellow silk. The king's initials are worked above. The lettering is in leather, and the boards are tied together with red ribbon, constituting a regal book in every particular. John Gibson, in Scotland, and the Barkers, in England, were appointed to be the king's binders; but there is little trace of their work now extant.—*Chambers's Journal*.

THE WORLD'S PAPERS.—A statistician has learned that the annual aggregate circulation of the papers of the world is calculated to be 12,000,000,000 copies. To grasp any idea of this magnitude we may state that it would cover no fewer than 10,450 square miles of surface, that it is printed on 781,250 tons of paper, and, further, that if the number 12,000,000,000 represented, instead of copies, seconds, it would take over three hundred and thirty-three years for them to elapse. In lieu of this arrangement we might press and pile them vertically upward to gradually reach our highest mountains. Topping all these and even the highest Alps, the pile would reach the magnificent altitude of four hundred and ninety, or, in round numbers, five hundred miles. Calculating that the average man spends five minutes reading his paper in the day (this is a very low estimate), we find that the people of the world altogether annually occupy time equivalent to one hundred thousand years reading the papers.

WHERE SHE DREW THE LINE.—"Dishere politics is gwine ter make trouble," he said, thoughtfully.

"Is yer dis'p'inted ag'in?" asked his wife.

"I is. Ebry time I stahts in ter run dey tells me I's a dahk hoss."

"Let 'em go on. 'Let 'em go on," she rejoined, with suppressed indignation.

"Ye kin stan' bein' called a dahk hoss. But ef dey had said 'yaller dawg' or 'brindle mule' I sut'ny would hev smote 'em."—*Washington Star*.

CORMORANTS.—They are far the largest and most striking in appearance of our common English sea-fowl. A male cormorant is a yard long, and very strong and heavy, and, though more quaint than beautiful whether flying, diving, or sitting on the rocks or buoys, it is a far more interesting creature than the sea-gull,—a wonderful instance of adaptation of form to special needs, and of permanence of type enduring from remote ages, for the fossil cormorant hardly differs from those which are now fishing from the cliffs in which their petrified ancestors are embedded. Our common "great black cormorant" is not only the most representative type of his family, but a link with the inhabitants of the shallow seas of both the Old and New Worlds. He is found throughout Europe, in North Africa, Egypt, and the greater part of Asia, in Eastern North America, and, a little changed by distance, in New Zealand and Australia. Lastly, he is the only bird, except the hawks and falcons, which is trained to assist man in the capture of living prey, and in this vocation he is of all birds, by sense, memory, and affection, incomparably the best.—*London Spectator*.

CLEVELAND'S SUPERIOR



The Highest Testimony in the Land.

The Official Reports of the
United States Government, 1889,
Canadian Government, 1889,
New Jersey Commission, 1889,
Ohio Food Commission, 1887,
show "Cleveland's Superior" to be
the best baking powder manufactured,
being the strongest of all
the pure cream of tartar powders.



Baking Powder

*The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey and be attentive.*

THE TEMPEST.—ACT I., SC. I.

The wisdom of Shakspeare is unquestioned. His writings enforce conviction; and the application of some of his precepts to daily living has made for right conduct and enlightened progress.

What a fascinating story "The Tempest" is! How subtly and delightfully the play moves on from the opening scene of storm and confusion to the happy termination! So move our lives; from scenes of tempest and storm, of worry and contest in the struggle for life they pass to what we hope may be a haven of rest.

So much for ourselves; but for those others who depend upon us for their support?

No Prospero's wand, no Ariel's wing, nor spirits "from their confines called," can be of avail to them. The play is a play, but life is inexorable. In the present lives the future. In the midst of life is death.

*Listen, listen, listen well;
Canst not hear the tolling bell?
From the distance hear the knell
Of the tolling, tolling bell?*

In so far as it lies in human power **THE PENN MUTUAL** can make the ending less terrible for those dependent ones,—can to some degree rob death of its terrors.

*The hour's now come;
The very minute bids thee ope thine ear;
Obey and be attentive.*

Address, stating age,

The Penn Mutual Life Insurance Co.,

921-3-5 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

SHUTTING THE EYES TO SEE.—Mr. Trevor-Battye and his one comrade on the island of Kolgueff, off the northern coast of Russia, had sighted a choom (Samoyed hut), and were making toward it with great eagerness, when a heavy fog settled upon them, and presently as they made their way over the low hills they found themselves unable to agree as to the right direction. Time passed, and they became utterly confused. Still, they must find the Samoyeds, and finally Mr. Trevor-Battye pulled himself together.

"I remembered how one day when it was very hot I threw a jacket over the bough of a tree where my Cree Indian said we would pick it up on our return. We hunted all that day and the next, lay out that night, and the following evening as we were going home I remembered my jacket.

"A jacket hanging on a bough in the middle of a pathless forest is no very easy thing to find, but the Cree shut his eyes, remained so for a minute or two, and then, turning half round, walked straight away. I followed, and at the end of an hour or so we came straight up to the jacket.

"This, as I say, I now remembered. Then I shut my eyes and thought. After a moment I could, as it were, see the choom, and so clearly that I knew I could walk up to it.

"I opened my eyes. All was fog, dense fog, but, pointing, I said to my companion, 'There is the choom straight over there,' which was almost the opposite direction from where we had supposed it to be.

"We shouldered our things and marched on, and, sure enough, it was not long before we saw ahead of us the dim outline of the choom looming through the fog."—*Youth's Companion*.

CURIOUS FACTS ABOUT THE EYE.—A very curious fact is the impossibility of moving your eye while examining the reflection of that organ in a mirror. It is really the most movable part of the face. Yet if you hold your head fixed and try to move your eye while watching it you cannot do it—even the one-thousandth of an inch.

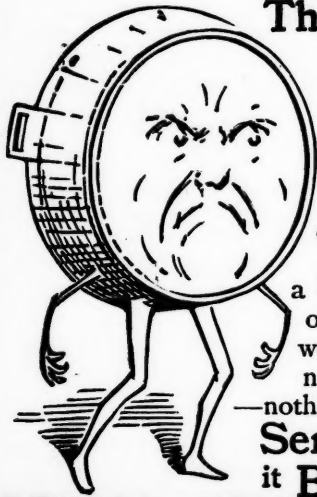
Of course if you look at the reflection of the nose or any other part of your face your eye must move to see it. But the strange thing is that the moment you endeavor to perceive the motion the eye is fixed. This is one of the reasons why a person's expression as seen by himself in a glass is quite different from what it is when seen by others.—*New York Herald*.

A LARGE-HEARTED MUSICIAN.—Gottschalk's generosity has been the subject of many anecdotes. Wandering into a music-hall in New Orleans one evening, he heard the manager announce that a little girl who was to play the piano was ill and could not appear. Gottschalk went behind the scenes and volunteered to take her place. The little girl was delighted, but remarked, doubtfully,—

"You had better look at the score. The piece is rather difficult."

Gottschalk gravely remarked that he thought he could manage it, and was permitted to go on the stage. The audience recognized him, and of course went wild with delight.

Before he left the stage the great artist emptied his small change into his hat and sent it around among the audience for collection for his little *protégée*, a kindness which resulted in a substantial benefit for the grateful lassie.—*Chicago Post*.



That terrible wash-tub!

This is the way it looks to the women who do their washing in the old-fashioned way. They dread it—and no wonder. All because they won't use **Pearline**. Use **Pearline**—use it just as directed—soak, boil and rinse the clothes—and the wash-tub won't be a bugbear. You won't have to be over it enough for that. No hard work—no inhaling of fetid steam—no wearing rubbing—no torn clothes—nothing but economy.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as **Pearline**." IT'S FALSE—**Pearline** is never peddled. 510

Millions NON-USE **Pearline**

PROVIDENT LIFE AND TRUST CO. OF PHILADELPHIA.

Attention is directed to the new Instalment-Annuity Policy of the Provident, which provides a fixed income for twenty years, and for the continuance of the income to the widow for the balance of her life, if she should survive the instalment period of twenty years.

In everything which makes Life Insurance perfectly safe and moderate in cost, and in liberality to policy-holders, the Provident is unsurpassed.



For Children While Cutting Their Teeth.

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy,

FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP

has been used for over FIFTY YEARS by MILLIONS of MOTHERS for their CHILDREN WHILE TEETHING, with PERFECT SUCCESS. IT SOOTHES THE CHILD, SOFTENS the GUMS, ALLAYS all PAIN, CURES WIND COLIC, and is the best remedy for DIARRHŒA. Sold by Druggists in every part of the world. Be sure and ask for **Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup**, and take no other kind.

TWENTY-FIVE CENTS A BOTTLE.

TAKEN ON.—“Want a situation?” said Oldtimer.

“Yes. Business was dull, and I was discharged from my last place,” replied the young man.

“You shall have a chance. I was afraid you had severed your connection with somebody.”—*Boston Bulletin*.

DO HORSES WEEP?—Do horses weep? is a question discussed by *The Admiralty and Horse Guards Gazette*. It tells us that there is a well-authenticated case of a horse's weeping during the Crimean war. On the advance to the heights of Alma a battery of artillery became exposed to the fire of a concealed Russian battery, and in the course of a few minutes it was nearly destroyed, men and horses killed and wounded, guns dismounted, and limbers broken.

A solitary horse, which had apparently escaped unhurt, was observed standing with gaze fixed upon an object close beside him. This turned out to be his late master, quite dead.

The poor animal, when a trooper was despatched to recover him, was found with copious tears flowing from his eyes, and it was only by main force that he could be dragged away from the spot, and his unearthly cries to get back to his master were heart-rending.

APROPPOS of the intense love that cavalry horses have for music, a correspondent of the *Gazette* writes that when the Sixth Dragoons recently changed their quarters a mare belonging to one of the troopers was taken so ill as to be unable to proceed on the journey the following morning. Two days later another detachment of the same regiment, accompanied by the band, arrived. The sick mare was in a loose box, but, hearing the martial strains, kicked a hole through the side of her box, and, making her way through the shop of a tradesman, took her place in the troop before she was secured and brought back to the stable. But the excitement had proved too great, and the subsequent exhaustion proved fatal.

SHARP WORDS.—Early in 1805 Thurlow's lifelong rival, Lord Loughborough, passed away, and the news brought from the surviving lawyer the confession, “Well, I hated the fellow. He could *parlez-vous* better than I could.” When told of the remark of George III. on hearing of the death, “I have lost then the greatest scoundrel in my dominions,” he added the phrase, “Said he so? Then, by God, he is sane.” To the Prince of Wales he remarked of Loughborough that he had a marvellous gift of the gab, but was no lawyer. Pitt died early in 1806, and when the news was announced to Thurlow the expression to which he gave utterance was, “A damned good hand at turning a period!”—*Temple Bar*.

EXPERIENCE REQUIRED.—One day while mending the roof of his house a Japanese lost his balance, and, falling to the ground, broke a rib. A friend of his went hurriedly for a hakim (doctor).

“Hakim, have you ever fallen from a roof and broken a rib?” was the first question the patient asked the doctor.

“Thank heaven, no,” replied the hakim.

“Then go away at once, please,” cried Chodja. “I want a doctor who has fallen from a roof and knows what it is.”

Letters from the People.

I wish to praise Dobbins' Electric Soap very highly, and say it was through my mother, manager of Bethesda Home, 78 Vernon Street, of this city, that I first used this wonderful soap, and, as a labor-saving and clothes-saving soap, I consider it the best on the market, as I have tried them all, and none of them will do the work that Dobbins' Electric Soap will. I recommend Dobbins' Electric Soap to all my friends and acquaintances as I have the opportunity, and give it all the praise I can. I use a great deal of it, as I wash my baby's clothes myself, and give it to my washerwoman to wash the family clothes with.

MRS. GEO. J. ENGLISH,
86 Charles St., Springfield, Mass.

Constantly since 1877 I have used Dobbins' Electric Soap, and, though I have tried many other kinds, I have never found any that gave me such satisfaction as Dobbins' Electric. I send you 300 wrappers for fifteen volumes of your Sunset Series of books.

MRS. F. J. BOYDEN, Leominster, Mass.

I do not care to use any soap but Dobbins' "Electric." I am very glad that I am able to get it. It is the cheapest in the end.

MRS. P. A. NEBANUS, Chicago, Ill.

I, having used Dobbins' Electric Soap for the past twenty-five years, wish to say that I prefer it to any other. It certainly is a wonderful soap. It will do more and better work than any other soap I have ever tried. I have sent wrappers to Dobbins' Soap Mfg. Co., Philadelphia, for some of their beautiful premiums.

MRS. N. P. HOLMES, Box 156, Provincetown, Mass.

I have forwarded you to-day 60 Dobbins' Electric Soap wrappers, and wish in return the picture you send out for that number. You make the best laundry soap made. I have used many different brands, but yours is the best. I use it in the bath as well. I always keep a supply on hand, as it gets dry and hard, and lasts just thrice as long as the cheap, common trash called soap.

MRS. E. B. JOHNSON, Nahant, Mass.

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DOBBINS SOAP MFG. CO. PHILADELPHIA.

THE New England Conservatory of Music, Franklin Square, Boston, Mass., is undoubtedly the best equipped School of Music in the world. Its pupils are always in demand as teachers, on account of their superior musical knowledge and their practical readiness in applying it. In addition, the Conservatory offers the best instruction in Oratory and Modern Languages. The charge is extremely small when its advantages as compared with those offered by similar schools are considered. Prospectus sent free upon application.

CLIMBING ELEPHANTS.—Elephants are able to make their way up and down mountains and through a country of steep cliffs, where mules would not dare to venture and even where men find passage difficult. Their tracks have been found upon the very summits of mountains over seven thousand feet high. In these journeys an elephant is often compelled to descend hills and mountainsides which are almost precipitous. This is the way in which it is done. The elephant's first manoeuvre is to kneel down close to the declivity. One fore leg is then cautiously passed over the edge and a short way down the slope, and if he finds there is no good spot for a firm foothold he speedily forms one by stamping into the soil if it is moist or kicking out a footing if it is dry. When he is sure of a good foothold, the other fore leg is brought down in the same way. Then he performs the same work over again with his feet, bringing both fore legs a little in advance of the first foothold. This leaves good places all ready made for the hind feet. Now, bracing himself up by his huge, strong fore legs, he draws his hind legs, first one and then the other, carefully over the edge, where they occupy the first places made by the fore feet. This is the way the huge animal proceeds all the way down, zigzag, kneeling every time with the two hind legs while he makes footholds with his fore feet. Thus the centre of gravity is preserved and the huge beast prevented from toppling over on his nose.—*Public Opinion.*

A NATURAL MISTAKE.—She is a very affable woman, and she would invariably say the right thing at the right place if she were not near-sighted.

"I see," she said, as she entered the drawing-room of her friend, "that you have caught the annual craze."

"To what do you refer?"

"The rage for chrysanthemums. And that one which you have tossed so carelessly into the corner is one of the biggest and most beautiful I ever saw. What an exquisitely odd color?"

"Yes," was the reply. "It's beautiful, and I prize it very highly. Only it isn't a chrysanthemum. It's my Skye terrier taking a nap."—*Washington Star*.

THE TOMB OF RACHEL.—The pools of Solomon lie on the left of the road to Hebron, and at a distance from Jerusalem of about two hours. Distances in the East are measured by time, not by miles, as with us. The distance in question, however, depends considerably on the condition of the road. When last I journeyed along it, the mud was so deep we had much difficulty in getting onward. At one place the horses came to a stand-still. They were unable to drag the carriage, and we had to alight in order to ease the ship to make headway. We were sorry for the poor brutes, they were so cruelly used by the driver. One of them bled from the fierce blows he inflicted.

After a distance of one hour from the city, we arrived at the tomb of Rachel. The existing building in its present form is Saracenic, without claim to antiquity. It consists of four low walls, surmounted with a dome. It is much revered by Christians, Jews, and Mohammedans. It is interesting in its sacred associations, and is much visited by pilgrims. The spot will ever be regarded with tender emotion and sympathy. Here it was that Rachel, the loved wife of Jacob, died after having given birth to the babe she named Benoni, "son of sorrow." The patriarch later on referred to the sad event and related how he buried her "in the way to Ephrath, which is Bethlehem."

The tomb is at no great distance from this latter place. For many centuries the spot was marked by a pyramid of stones, and it was in the fifteenth century that the existing structure was erected. We leave it and pass onward along the slope of the valley. We notice on our right the town of Bet-Jala, situated on the mountain-side. It appears to correspond with the ancient Giloh, noted as the birthplace of Ahithophel, the counsellor of Absalom. Its inhabitants are Christians.—*Quiver*.

TRAINING OF GREEK ATHLETES.—Greek boys began to be trained in bodily exercises at a very early age,—often at ten years. The problem was not merely to develop strength and health, but to secure grace and beauty, perfect beauty being thought the outer expression of perfect strength. It was this passion for the beautiful in every phase of Greek life which made its sculpture and architecture the noblest the world has seen. But the thought had a still deeper root. The Greek assumed that it was only in the perfect and symmetrical body that the well-balanced mind could dwell: so physical culture held a foremost place in his plan of education, and the daily toils of the palestra (or wrestling-field) and the gymnasium were a part of the life of the growing lad, and a part not to be shirked. The part taken by boys in the Olympic games shows how deeply this festival had taken root in Greek thought and life.—*St. Nicholas*.



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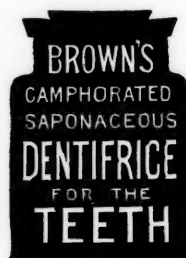
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HUNTING THE FOUND.—There are queer ways of making a living in New York. One Sunday a man advertised that he had found a wallet with a large sum of money in it, and gave street and number where he could be addressed. Thirty-five men called, and fifteen others wrote him letters. The losers stated the sum at all the way from four thousand to twenty-five thousand dollars, and most of them gave the denominations of the bills. He was promised all the way from one thousand to seven thousand dollars to restore the lost wallet, but, there being none to restore, he couldn't do it. No person advertises a "found" that he doesn't receive calls from at least a dozen people who seem to make a business of trying to get possession of lost articles belonging to others. They must be successful sometimes, or they would not keep it up.—*Detroit Free Press.*

ERRATA.—The Mazarin Bible, published more than four hundred years ago, was full of errors. In an edition published two hundred years later the word "not" was omitted from the seventh commandment, from which error the book received the name of the "Adulterous Bible." In the printed directions for conducting Catholic services appeared the line, "Here the priest will take off his culotte." The word culotte means an ecclesiastical cap or mitre. Culotte means, in broad Saxon, a man's underclothes. A blunder equally scandalous was made in a review of a historical work as follows: "It was well understood what were the plans of the opposition after the queen's chemise." For "chemise" read "demise."

The Rev. Dr. Todd was given some relics to present to a museum. In presenting them he alluded to "the lives of the saints." The remarks when published alluded to the "lies of the saints," which so enraged the giver that he wrote to Dr. Todd and demanded their return.

At a large public demonstration in England a popular and prominent man arose to speak, and was greeted with enthusiastic cheering and shouts. In speaking of it the newspaper said,—

"The vast concourse rent the air with their snouts."

Some years ago the *Philadelphia Post* published this erratum: "In our last issue a biography of Newton was said to contain this: 'Yes, the immoral Newton lived just like other men.' It should have read 'the immortal Newton.'"

A New York editor who wrote an obituary on the death of a man of some celebrity said, "He began life as a legal practitioner, but was diverted from it by a love of letters." He did not see the proof, and was confronted the next morning by this: "He began life as a legal politician, but he was diverted from it by a love of bitters."—*Philadelphia Times.*

THE WOMEN DID NOT VOTE FOR IT.—The cavalier treatment which the petitioners for woman suffrage have received at the State-House this year is directly attributable to the neglect by the women to respond to the invitation extended to them last year to express their wishes at the polls. Such a small number took the trouble to vote on the question that the Legislature undoubtedly feels fully justified in considering that the women care very little about it. The great bulk of the vote of last November favoring woman suffrage was cast by men, and if the women had gone to the polls in support of what some of them call their "rights" it would have been carried by a large majority.—*Boston Commonwealth.*

